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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Gee!"

Leslie Thrasher

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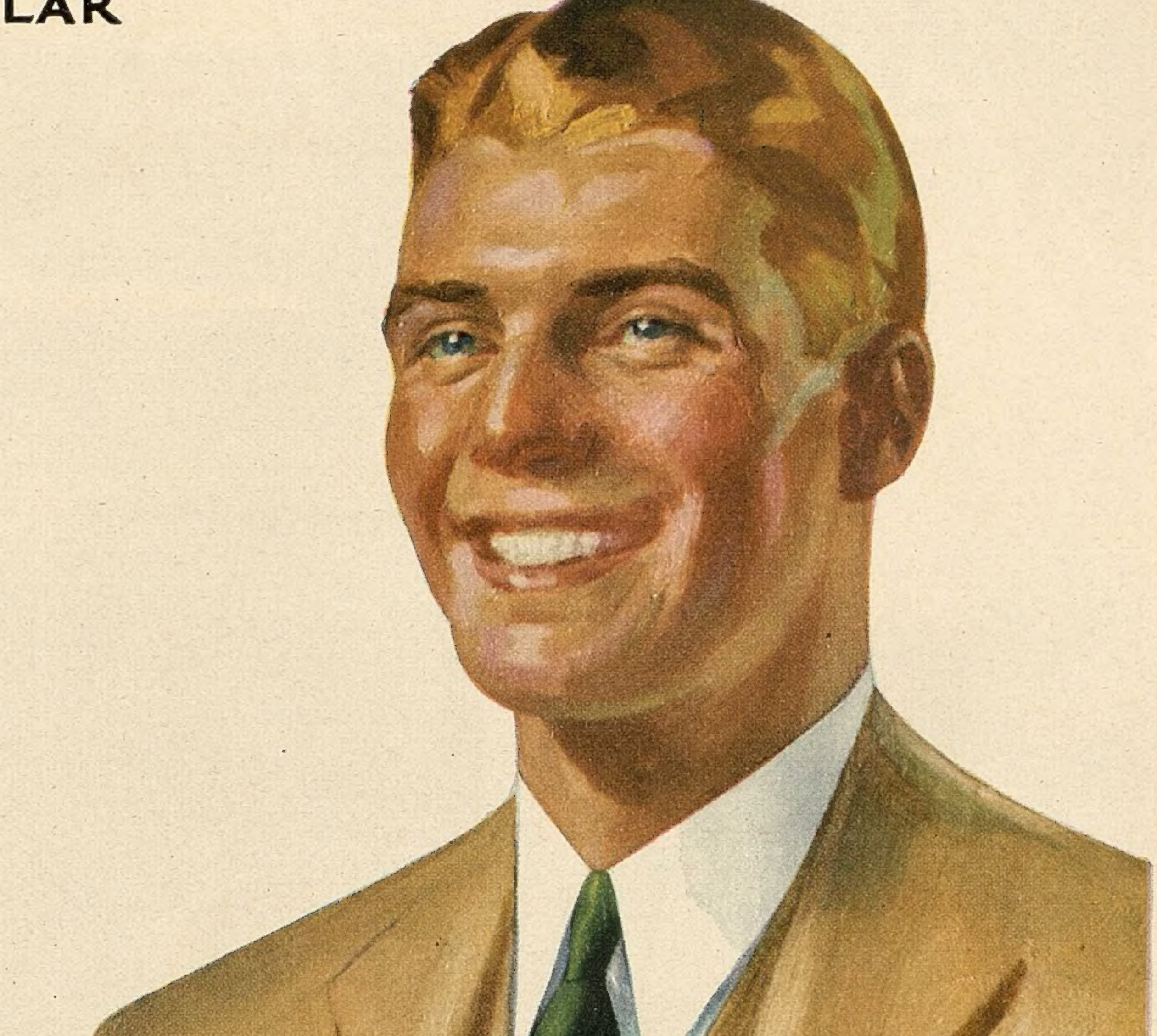

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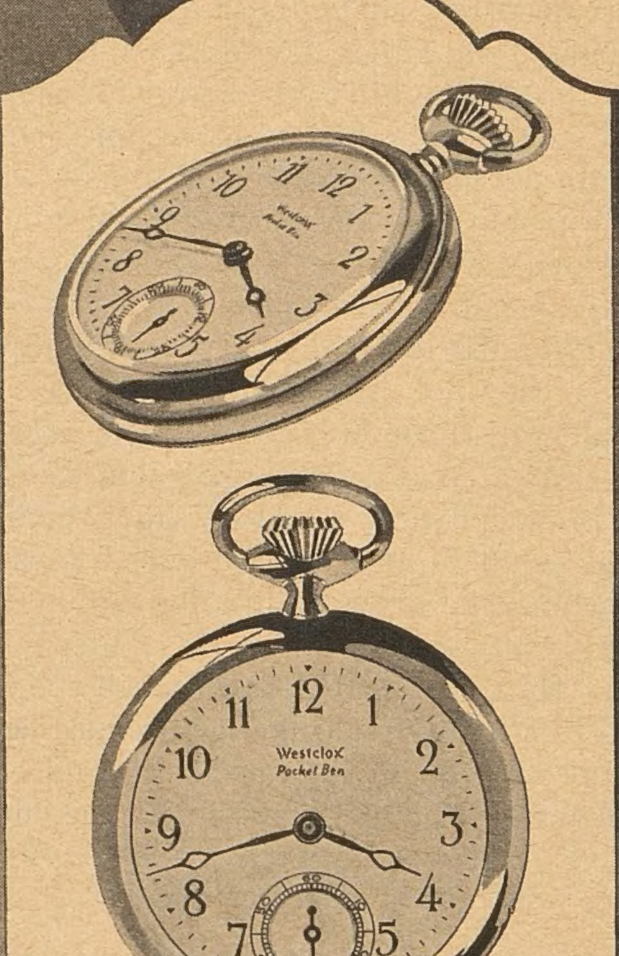

WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR IN A WATCH AT $1.50

May 10, 1930
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

οἶνος

(or, if you don't know Greek, oinos. It means wine.)

At a recent meeting of New York women to discuss Prohibition the old, familiar argument that Christ made wine came up again, and the old, familiar answer was made by Mrs. Ella A. Boole, the seventy-one-year-old president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Boole said she does not believe the Lord made fermented wine.

Well, the matter keeps coming up, and it may as well be discussed. Mrs. Boole's theory, as she explains it, is that the wine which the Bible says Christ made and served was actually unfermented grape juice, and that His miracle was merely the hastening of the natural growth of the grapevine.

The only evidence we have on the subject is in the Bible, and the original form of this evidence is the Greek texts of the Gospels. Here the word used to describe what Christ made is **οἶνος**, akin to the Latin *vinum* and the Anglo-Saxon *win*. The Greeks used the word to identify what they drank at their bacchanals, in which their conduct was not such as seems likely to have been caused by unfermented grape juice. Two professors of Biblical Greek assure us that it means fermented, alcoholic wine, always meant that, and cannot possibly be translated as meaning anything else.

We remember a childhood riddle in which a little girl said to a little boy: "Our mothers are sisters but we are not cousins. What's the answer?"—and the answer was that the little girl told a lie. This seems to be the opinion of some of the more ardent drys about the episode at Cana of Galilee. They seem to think the Good Book stubbed its toe for once and told a wrong story, because they know Jesus would not have made fermented wine.

If, for the sake of a political creed, you can just change the meaning of a word in your mind, you can, of course, move mountains.

However, this does not seem to us particularly important. If Christ did make wine, or even drink it, in 30 A. D. or thereabouts, that is no reason, we admit, why a man should drink cocktails in 1930 A. D. We think the religious angle should be ruled out of the question. But it has not been. The evangelical churches, as churches, have tried to make a part of their religion the belief that Christ taught Prohibition, which it seems He didn't.

If there is to be argument about the matter, it should be industrial—such an argument as that of Mr. Ford, who believes Prohibition keeps his workers sober. Men like Mr. Ford should know; their arguments are not lightly to be dismissed.

And there are other intelligent arguments, such as that of the Salvation Army and social workers generally who say the bums aren't getting so much liquor and what they are getting is not so good.

But we don't think any of these is an overwhelming argument. We believe the final decision should be left to the individual.

Is it good for our young men to have the alcoholic code of old ladies like Mrs. Boole imposed on them by law? Wouldn't it be better for them if they could live through this question for themselves? A certain percentage—the weaklings—would fall by the wayside (as indeed they are doing now), but the majority would meet and beat the problem as the majority of Americans succeeded in beating it from 1776 until 1919—by their own will power.

Were they not stronger for the tussle because they had gone through it as free men, not as wards of the state? Washington, Jackson, Roosevelt all drank in moderation. It didn't hurt them—much. Most of us could afford to be hurt the same way.

Lincoln, who grew up in a hard-drinking community, was an abstainer by choice—his own choice. He did not abstain because the law prohibited him from drinking, but because he prohibited himself. There is quite a difference.

When the old ladies ordain how the young men shall live, it may strengthen the weak ones, but it likewise weakens the strong ones.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

"Pink tooth brush" means trouble ahead . . .

Start tonight with Ipana

ANYONE who deliberately ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush" is storing up a future crop of troubles for teeth and gums. Anyone who goes on daily using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is ignoring the past ten years' progress in the field of oral hygiene. For we doubt if there is a dentist in the land who won't tell you that your gums as well as your teeth must be cared for—that no matter how white and perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound.

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But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and speed the fresh, rich blood through the tiny capillaries. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana. For it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by dental specialists in treating gum disorders.

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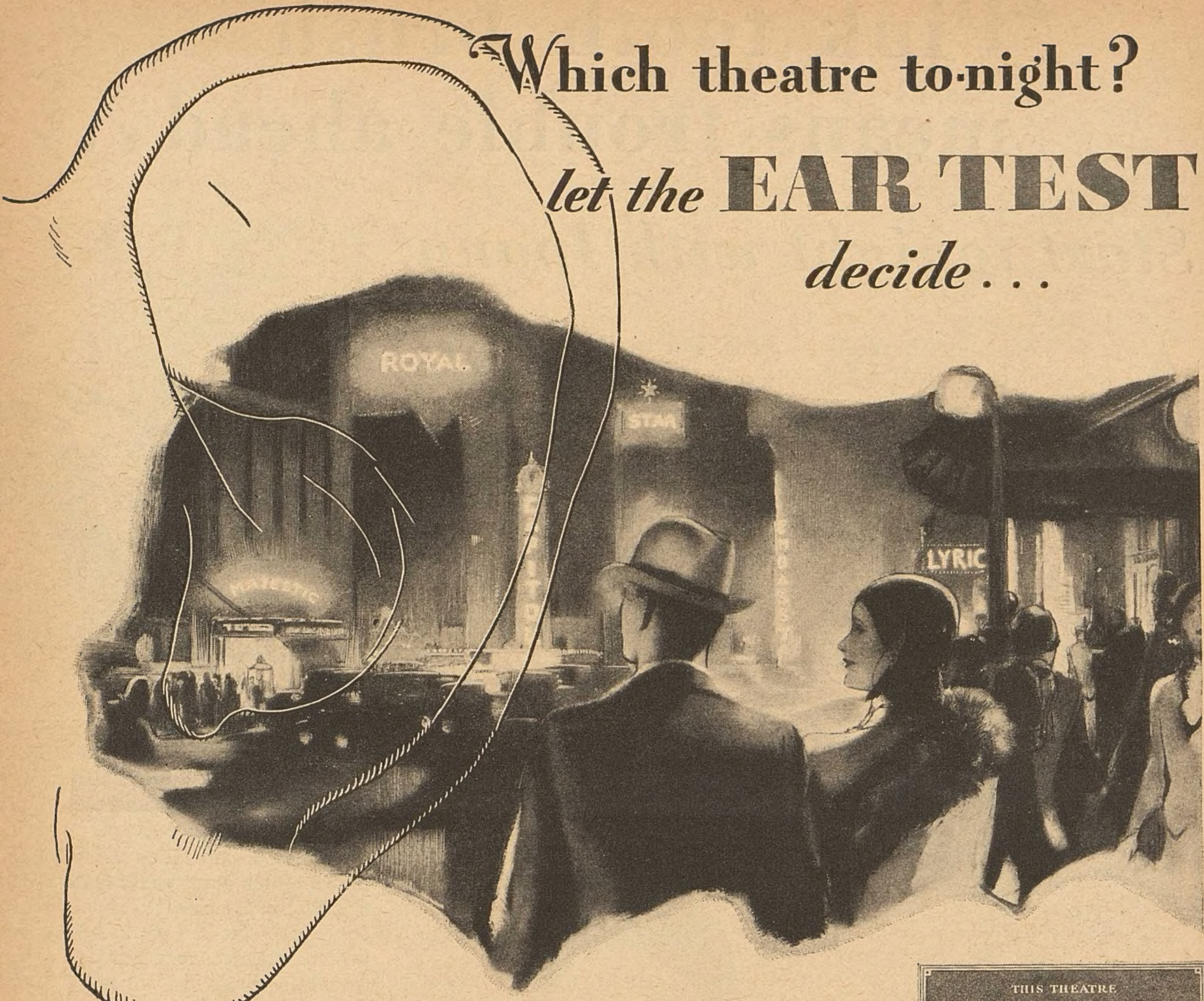

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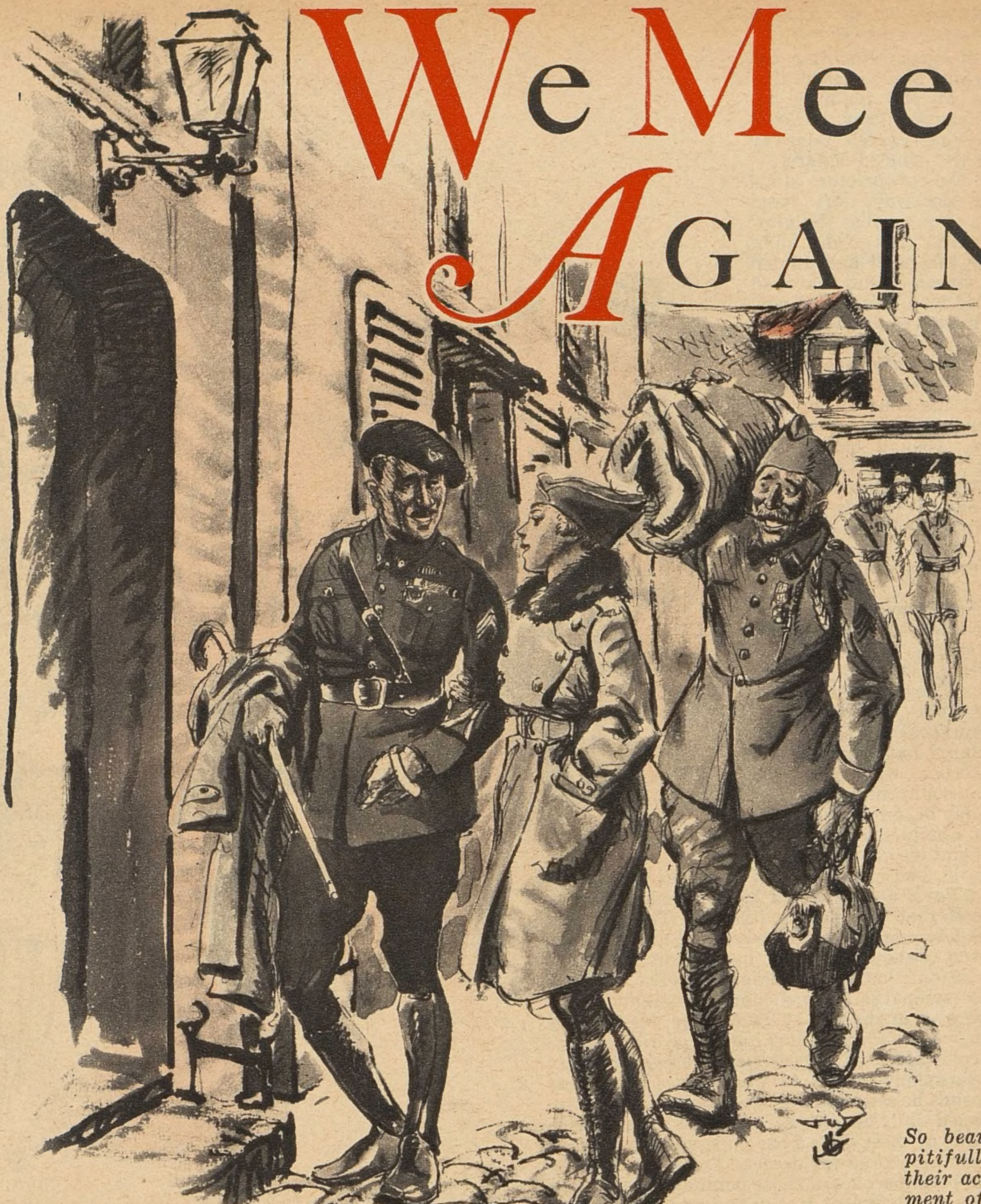
We Meet Again



So beautiful—so pitifully short their acknowledgment of love. It had granted them just a few brief holidays together.

The Story of a Soldier's Love

By

RITA WEIMAN

who was born in Philadelphia, began writing during her school days, studied in Paris, vorked for the New York Herald, and then settled down to the production of many stories, short and long, and a number of plays. She is married now and lives in New York.

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

SUNSET played upon the windows with such a flash of gold that fires of youth seemed kindled inside the old inn. It faced the main cobbled square of Compiègne along a much-motored route from the battlefields to Paris.

Twelve years ago war had ended in the forest at the city's gate. A bronze eagle, with magnificent wings brokenly drooping, guarded the entrance to that historic spot where warring nations had met to bear aloft the blood-soaked dove of peace.

Today tourists and trippers swarmed down the wide avenue leading from the broken eagle to a cryptic slab of marble that commemorated the meeting. Like eager ants from far corners of the world on the hunt for some curiosity-satisfying souvenir of a great holocaust.

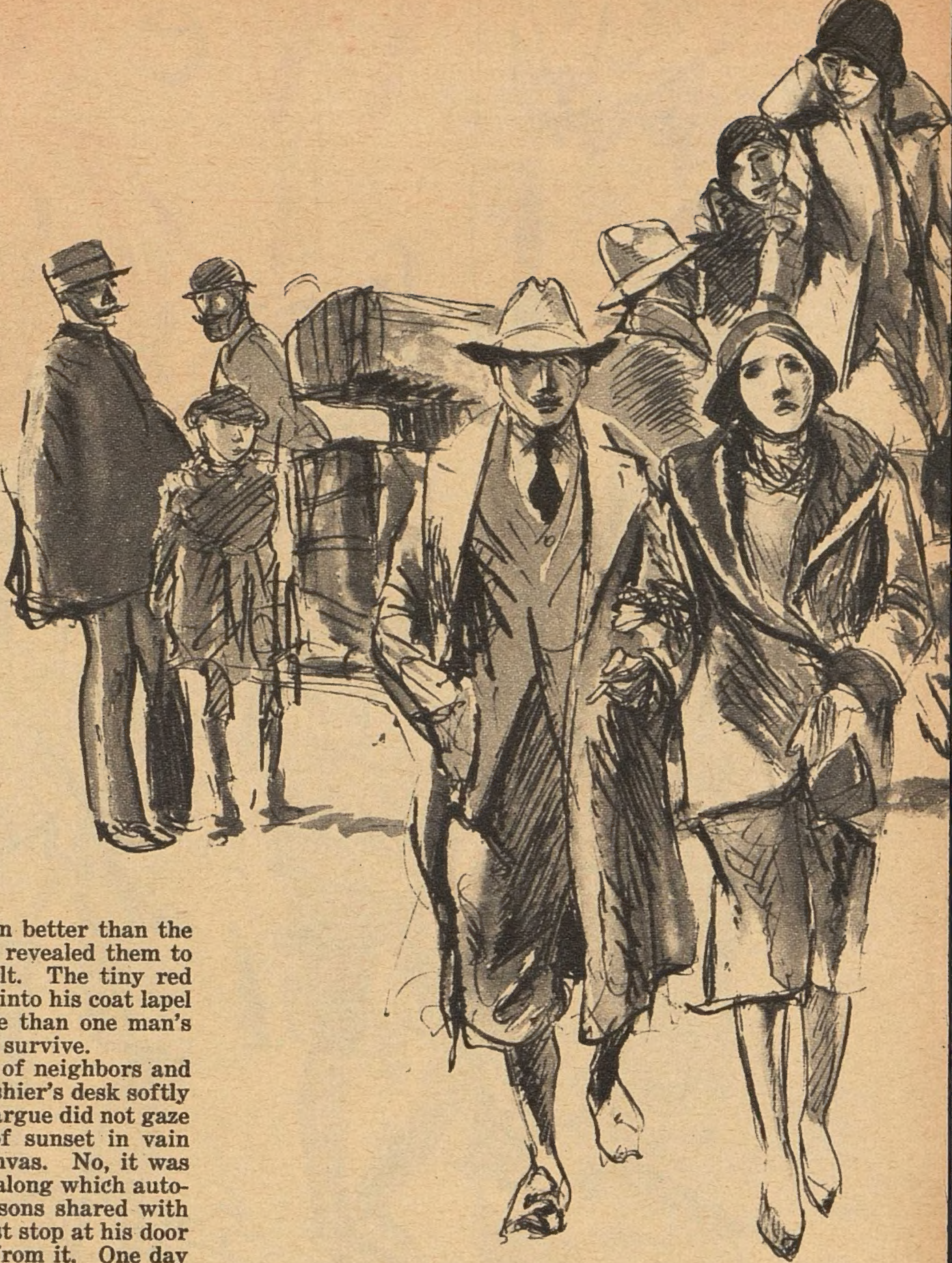
Prosperity sat jauntily on the brow of the old inn. A bit reluctant, perhaps, to sacrifice the dignity of stage-coach days for the radical

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WE MEET AGAIN
Continued from page seven

vulgarity of open plumbing and electric lights, but satisfied that the façade of the building remained unchanged, gray and mellow, with wide carved doorway opening on the cobbled square.

Tonight the proprietor stood within the doorway, left hand shading his eyes against the glow from the west. His right hung limp. Once the hand had guided an artist's brush. But that had been replaced by a gun. And now the brush must remain forever a wistful memory. Memories crowded upon Henri Laffargue as he stood there. They so often came strangely at this hour of shifting lights, when past seemed merged with future, when a more vivid brush than the one he had been forced to lay aside painted against the flame-etched clouds scenes preferably forgotten. Scenes whose poignance were like tingling wounds never quite healed.



TALL for a Frenchman, Henri, with shoulders slightly stooped, spare and strong. The eyes he shaded held a curious yet kind inscrutability. They had learned to contemplate, not surfaces, but what those surfaces concealed. At thirty-six Henri Laffargue, artist turned innkeeper, was trying to evolve a philosophy of compensation. Each day he assured himself that here at Compiègne, with the world pausing at his door for a bite and a bottle, he had come to know men better than the confines of a Paris atelier would have revealed them to him. In itself that was not so difficult. The tiny red ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur woven into his coat lapel symbolized the relinquishment of more than one man's personal ambition, that France might survive.

Despite the sympathetic conclusions of neighbors and the deep dark eyes of the girl at the cashier's desk softly watching him each evening, Henri Laffargue did not gaze into the purple and gold mysticism of sunset in vain longing to transplant its beauty to canvas. No, it was for other reasons he searched the road along which automobiles traveled daily in droves. Reasons shared with no mortal. One of these days a car must stop at his door and the woman he waited for descend from it. One day the demand to revisit scenes of those poignant hours when emotion in the raw had sent two young and vital beings into each other's arms must bring her inevitably along this road, must force her to cross the path of the man whose pledge to hold her in his heart always had been answered by her own.

He could see her now, fearless hands directing the course of the lumbering ambulance she had driven, for all the world like a golden butterfly perched on the back of some great gray beast. What a gay, brave, delicious child she had been! Twenty-two, thrilled by the adventure rather than the horror of war.

Hair a deeper amber than the sunset, and short like a boy's, yet soft as gauze. . . . Dark, laughing eyes that grew so unbearably tender as they were lost in his. . . . Long throat—soft, strong young body—sensitive full lips. The mad sweet intimacy of boy and girl become suddenly man and woman of whom death made playthings. . . . American and French, fumbling in speech, yet one in a language bereft of words.

So beautiful—so pitifully short their acknowledgment of love. It had granted them just a few brief holidays together. Perhaps more, perhaps less than they had a right to ask. Then the casual nod of battle.

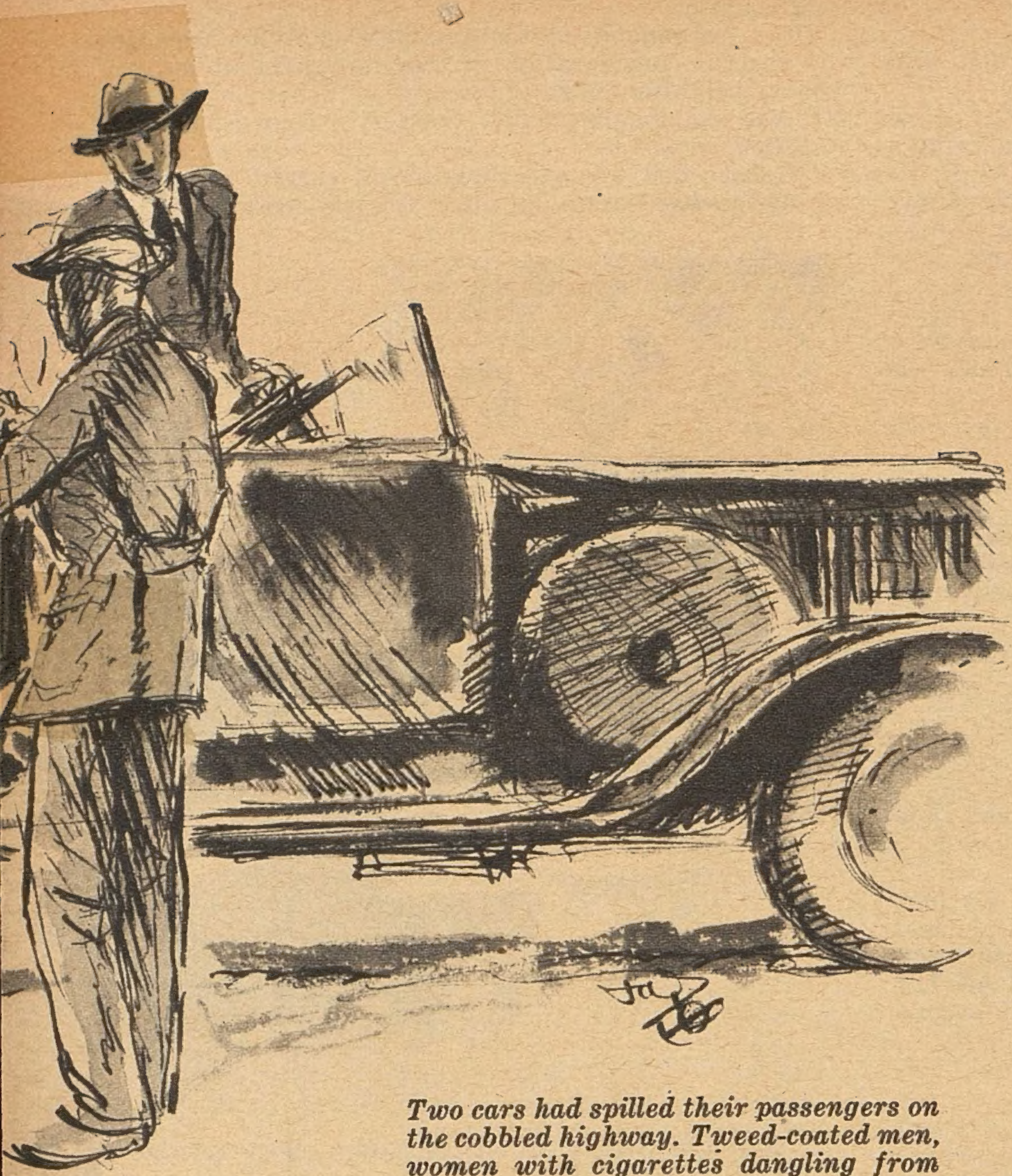
"Darling, must I lose you now?" "Only for a while, *bien aimée*. I'll come back." "And I'll be waiting." "Always? Say it in my own tongue—tell me you're mine—for always." And in her fumbling, adorable French, she had whispered, "*Pour toujours, mon amour.*"

The last hours, that prolongment of ecstasy and agony, spent at this very inn, with the reckless, primitive fulfillment of a love about to face its protagonist, Death. "*Pour toujours*" had been murmured again and again as they stood within this doorway. . . . These were Henri's memories.

FAREWELL! It had been that. In spite of protestations, pledges, the high note of hope with which love deceives lovers. A hospital had taken him beyond communication. Later, frantic letters had traveled to New York and back with the cold stamp of "Not Found" on the envelope.

What had become of her? Why had she so completely vanished without a word? Not of her own volition. Certainly not that. They had been separated, as they had met, by circumstances of war.

Sometimes the thought filled him with ironic bitter-



Two cars had spilled their passengers on the cobbled highway. Tweed-coated men, women with cigarettes dangling from long fingers.

ness, at others with tenderness. But never with resignation. Cheated. War had faded behind the film of the past. But not for Henri Laffargue. He wanted her again, if only to make incompletion complete. He had bought the inn as sanctuary, though friends looked upon it in the light of shrewd investment. It pleased him to pyramid life toward the moment when a fate which had separated them would be cheated in turn. How, he could not foresee, but of one thing he was certain—he would know the sudden light of recognition, the magic of touch restored. So it had become a habit, this search of the road to Paris.

TWILIGHT curtained sunset. He went indoors, paused at the desk for a word with the cashier. She looked down quickly, so that he might not know how completely her troubled eyes had held him. They were sweet, warm, brown eyes, not in the least able to fathom problems. Merely adoring, watching, eager, yet unable to help.

" A perfect evening, Marise."

She shook her head, smiled with sly disapproval.

" I don't like perfect sunsets. They make customers prefer to eat at street cafés."

He laughed, bent down, patted her arm.

" Practical child! How fortunate that I have you to take care of business. Left to me, it would go bankrupt."

" No. I can only help—this much." She approximated her value by the space between two small hands. " It is you the tourists like. To be served by a man who wears the Légion d'Honneur."

" My dear, you are a romanticist. A war decoration means nothing. But if the roast is underdone, *that* is a matter for concern."

" They respect you," she insisted. " I watch them—I can feel it."

" Little owl! They respect Pol Roger—1915. And Château Yquem—1912. As for me, I am merely a purveyor of both."

" Of more than wine. Of kindness—of unselfishness—of all that makes those near you glad to be—near you." She paused, as if afraid to go on. " Sometimes—sometimes I ask myself if they give you the happiness you give to them."

" I'm as contented as a cat before the fire."

" But happiness—" she insisted.

" Ah! One climbs the mountain for the thrill of reaching the top, *mon enfant*. But one cannot remain at the top always. When you are older, you will learn to cherish the memory of a beautiful view and ask no more."

" The view from the valley might be beautiful, too, if we didn't live with it all the time."

He pulled a strand of brown hair curling round her ear.

" Oh, la-la! What a Minerva!"

" Don't laugh, please. I *know*."

" Do you, wise one? How did you acquire such wisdom in twenty-three short years?"

" By living in the valley all the time."

The note of wistfulness was not lost in her light laugh. Henri stood silent an instant, then chose to pull the brown curl again and turn his attention to a passing waiter.

ONE small and insignificant tear fell on the desk, unnoticed, swiftly wiped away. Marie Louise—known rather by the affectionate diminutive Marise—bent to the task of balancing her books. She had always more or less wept over Henri Laffargue. From the day when, as a little girl, she saw him march off to war with her brother who had not come back. Through days when it appeared he might never return, either. Through the knowledge that his gifted right hand would never again hold a paintbrush. Down to the time when, grown to womanhood, she realized her tears had ceased to be sisterly. Tears over Henri had always been more comforting than smiles for other men. She was not ashamed of them—nor of the fact that all their small world knew the extent of her adoration. All, perhaps, except Henri.

He hurried forward. Two cars had driven up and spilled their passengers on the cobbled highway. Tweed-coated men, women with cigarettes dangling from long fingers. Evidently seasoned travelers, they lounged through the doorway, eight in all, and, after the manner of Americans, preëmpted the place. Instantly the quiet little inn bestirred itself to appropriate welcome. A vase of flaming poppies appeared like magic in the center of the largest corner table. Bowing waiters. " *Mesdames —messieurs—bon soir. Bon soir.*"

Chairs were drawn softly; lights switched into being, yet hidden. Casement windows flung wide to admit a patch of stars and glimpse of the crescent moon. The stage was set as only France, master scenic artist, can set it to make the act of eating an act of romance.

The room became animated with the clipped conversation peculiar to the land of interrupted speech.

" Charlie—light."

" Where the devil—?"

" Right coat pocket—"

" I'm perfectly filthy. Where is—?"

" That's an idea—"

" *Garçon!*"

" Always have to walk miles—"

" Washroom—"

" *Ici, monsieur. Ici.*"

They piled motor coats in a heap and lounged after the waiter. The men returned. Henri presented a menu.

" Cocktails first; can you shake a real one?"

" *Martini, monsieur?*"

" And dry. Over the hot sands. Understand?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WE MEET AGAIN
Continued from page nine

"I think so, *monsieur*."

Henri's mustache fortuitously covered his smile. Did he understand? *Did* he?

He disappeared in the direction of the little bar, came back followed by the black-aproned *sommelier* carrying a tray.

"I trust *monsieur* will find these satisfactory. I mix them always myself."

The man glanced down at Henri's limp right arm.

"How come?" he put.

"One learns," said Henri.

The four women sauntered in, dropped into chairs with the casual ease that somehow distinguishes women accustomed to the drawing-room.

"Why people want to visit cemeteries—" sighed one.

"And reconstructed villages—"

"Boy! I'm tired."

"But there's always the cup that cheers."

The speaker pulled off her hat, tossed it aside, ran a hand backward over hair that closed in her head like a cap of metallic gold armor. The hand then reached for a glass whose contents vanished miraculously.

"Not bad! Wager the boy learned the trick not ten miles from Broadway."

"Have another?"

"Wizard! Read my thoughts—"

"Another round, *garçon!*"

The *sommelier* murmured, "*Oui, monsieur.*"

Henri hurried to the bar, glad of escape, intent upon the few moments alone.

ALL these years he had waited at his door for her. And now she was here! Entering in a crowd, she had been as any other Yankee visitor. That was the wonder of it—the amazement. Until she tugged off her hat, flung it to one side, he had not given her a second glance.

Then the shock of recognition came like a blow. Actually like the physical impact of a strong fist.

What a strange reaction! To be under one roof and not know. Not feel. That there should be no intimation, no chord struck, no sense of each other's presence. So close, so unaware.

He stared down at his hand measuring the cocktail ingredients into a shaker. Not too steady. Better in a way that she had failed to notice him. He would have to make their opportunity now. Play fate. Arrange their meeting so that other curious eyes might be barred from witnessing it.

He wanted to take her suddenly to him and speak her name, "Rhoda! . . . Rhoda—*Adorée!*" He had pyramided life toward a moment. Well, that moment was his. He would know the joy of it, the pain, the revelation—in his own way at his own time.

He poured the cocktails, returning to the dining room. Standing well back from the circle of light, and to one side of her chair, he lowered his head so that no one could see him watching her.

She sat with both elbows on the table, chin in the cup of her hands, next to the man called Charlie.

She had changed. Of course, that was to be expected. All these years must have made astonishing differences in himself. Yet he had known she would be beautiful. How exquisitely groomed! Like a porcelain figurine. After hours of motoring, not a hair out of place, her skin as impeccably smooth and creamy as a child's. He thought of the wind-blown girl he had last held, tears streaking unpowdered cheeks.

Charlie was red and bulbous, with a laugh as completely on tap as beer from a keg. He was telling her a story that amused him to the extent of halting every now and then for a roar of self-appreciation. When he reached the end, she laughed with him. That is, her lips laughed. Her eyes did not change expression.

"And here's another—or what have you! Once a wild woman—" His voice trailed into awed silence as the drinks were passed. "Well, here's how!" He planted his empty glass on the table. "Where's that menu, *garçon?* And the wine list!"

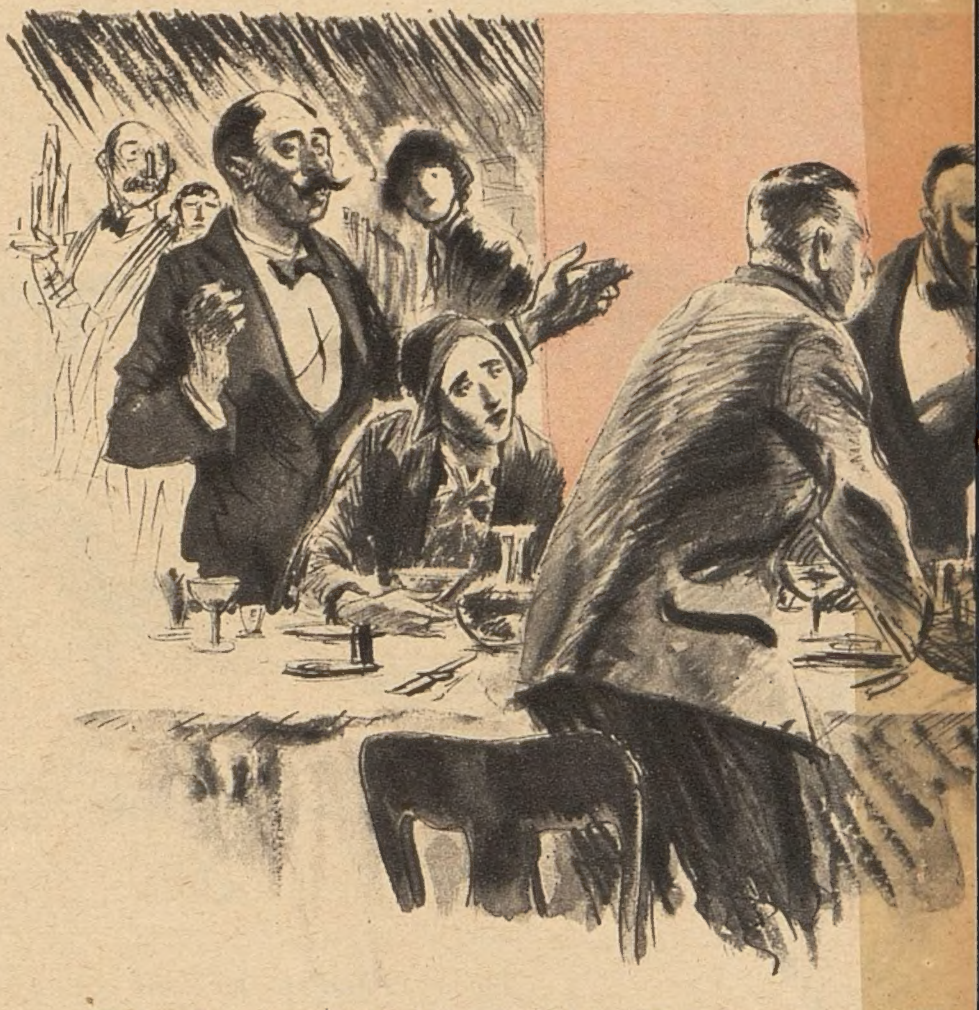
The waiter presented his menu with the bowing grace of a courtier.

Dinner commanded attention, the men giving each dish the careful consideration of familiar good living, the women weighing calories like carats of a diamond.

"And champagne—oldest vintage in your cellar."

"*Bien, monsieur.*"

"Great—how you get magnificent service at a little out-of-the-way dump like this," Charlie observed.



The wine streamed onto her skirt. Van sprung up. She

"I don't call it so damned magnificent," came grumbling from the opposite side of the table. "Wager we wait an hour for the filet mignon. Never struck a frog yet who had any idea of time."

"Well, we have time to burn. What difference how we spend it?" Rhoda tossed back.

The voice was dry cold, like the eyes that did not change expression. She turned languidly toward the man at her other side. He was handsome, with heavy lips and lids and the figure of one who eats and exercises well. His fingers musingly twirled the pointed tips of a crisp mustache, while he appraised the tight gold crop of her hair.

"Always stunning," Henri heard him comment. "Always were—always will be."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Going Antibes-way this summer?"

"Don't know. I never know where I'm going—nor how—nor why—from day to day."

"Too bored—that's the rub with you, my girl."

"Bored?" Her eyebrows lifted.

HENRI suddenly noticed their hairline economy. That was it—that the reason for the empty look of those eyes he remembered as vividly alive. No, not entirely. Not that alone. Not the ridiculously thin brows. But something deeper, more poignantly gone, something he groped for helplessly. To bring light again to those eyes as flame to a burnt-out candle!

"Bored?" she repeated, and yawned. "No, not a bit."

"Restless, then. Plays the devil with you women."

"Don't talk like a husband. I've done about everything and seen about everything."

"Why not do and see me for a change?"

"Change? I tried it for five years—disastrously."

"But this would be different."

"My dear Van, you could never be different. I know your habits so disgustingly well."

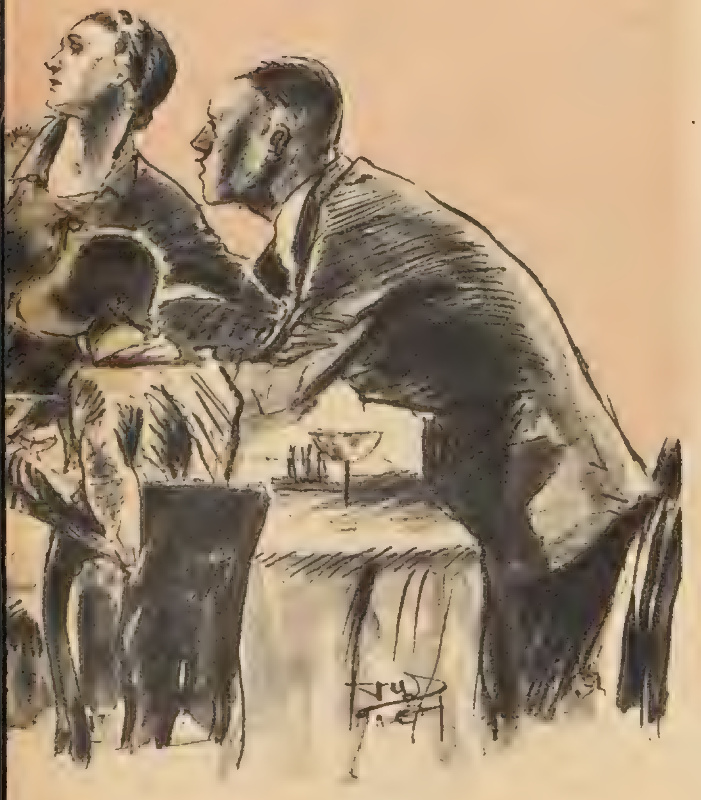
" But I've developed new ones since you left me."

She laughed—again only with her lips.

" The little habits, old dear, like making disagreeable sounds in your sleep and doing operatic stunts in your shower and complaining about wrinkled sheets, don't change."

" I wear pyjamas now—instead of nightgowns."

" Don't tell me! Was Molly able to accomplish that? Then she's a more efficient wife than I was, Gunga Din."



on her feet. " How inexcusably stupid! "

" But I like you better. You use a prettier perfume, to begin with." He sniffed her like a puppy.

" Careful! " Her voice drooped to a lower level. She snapped open her cigarette case, snapped on her lighter. Movements sharp, incisive, she never lost her cool impersonality. " Molly might happen to see. And I don't think she'd approve."

" I've got her there." He rolled the words luxuriously. "She can hardly kick because I'm civil to my former wife."

" Civility's a good name for it."

" Well, then, I *am* crazy about you. Molly's a good sort. But why do women who are good sorts always have coarse skins? "

" A big heart has nothing whatever to do with soft pigment."

" Give me the skin you love to touch."

He reached under the table, possessed himself of the hand lying in her lap. His fingers moved slowly over hers. She made no gesture to stop him.

Henri Laffargue turned quickly. Not that she had been married! In the years of separation, that possibility had not escaped him. He had accepted it as a probability. The fact alone had nothing to do with his love. But this man had possessed her, been discarded—and yet she could allow the sense of possession to continue. Rhoda! His delicate, sensitive Rhoda!

He drew his hand uncomfortably across his eyes, and started for the kitchen. Wise to confer as to the sauce for the filets, and inspect the *champignons sous cloche!*

But no use! Before he reached the door, a force too strong to resist magnetized him to the spot he had left.

SOLICITOUSLY he approached, paused between Charlie's chair and hers, bending down. So close now, he could have rested his lips on her hair.

" *Madame* finds the caviar satisfactory? "

She neither turned nor looked up—merely nodded, murmuring, " Perfectly."

Henri made his way round the table, pausing with the same query at each place, until inconspicuously he stood where he could study her, full face.

The fluid, rhythmic loveliness of the old Rhoda was crystallized, frozen to masklike beauty. A face as graven as though no yielding to emotion, to enthrallment, to tears, had ever stirred its sensual perfection. A face that might have decorated any coiffeur's window. A long time he searched for some hint of the Rhoda he had known—longer than he dreamed. Until the waiter called his attention to the more important exhibit of a platter of tenderloins garnished with green and gold vegetables.

These people with their smart clothes, chic coarseness, careless good manners that were bad manners—was her place among them? Stable-boy jokes winged round the table, greeted with howls of laughter. Was this her world—this where she belonged? Confused, he made his way back to the spot where he had been standing. She was speaking in low tones, well under the hum of voices:

" My dear boy! Don't be absurd! I couldn't! "

" Why not? Molly's going to Carlsbad for a month of cure. I'm on the loose—and taking the new car."

" That's an inducement! "

" Rhoda—remember our honeymoon? "

" Yes. You were so consistently tight, I had to pilot you to bed every night. You know, Van, if you could learn to love water, I could learn to love you."

" Rhoda—please come."

" It would be amusing to hear all the tabbies meow."

" Why did I ever let you go? "

" Because I insisted on a change, darling. If I have one weakness in the world, it's for variety."

" You don't even care for poor old Van a bit any more? "

" I don't care for anything, darling. Not for very long, that is. Life in capsule form is my slogan. Take it and forget it. The war taught me that much. What's the use of expecting permanence? Have you anything to offer in the way of a new sensation? " She was twirling her glass, her cool, glazed glance toying with him much as a cat's paw teases its victim.

" Try me! "

" No goods on approval."

" But with satisfaction guaranteed? "

" That's a large order."

" I can make good. Rhoda—promise."

" I never promise anything. Still—I haven't been on the Riviera in several years."

" VAN! " called a large woman whose small eyes had not been unaware of his absorption in his former wife, " isn't this filet a perfect poem? "

" Lyric, Molly darling. Should be set to music."

" Speaking of sensations," came through Rhoda's lips, though they did not seem to move, " how heavenly to get a thrill out of food! "

" Come to Antibes, Rhoda. I can be terribly discreet."

" With all New York on our doorstep? "

" Rot! That's where we've got them dead to rights. Everybody knows we're the best of friends."

" I'll consider your proposition. It's entirely improper —but highly diverting." She glanced round the room for the first time since she had entered it. " By the way," she added casually, addressing the crowd, " do you know—this is not my one and only visit here."

" No? " came in chorus.

" No."

Henri moved nearer. Impossible that she would tell. She couldn't, of course. She couldn't take those hours from their resting place and parade them like grim tattered ghosts. She must not be allowed to! He took a champagne bottle and leaned quickly over her shoulder.

" *Madame* will permit me? "

" What? " She gave a gesture of annoyance.

" *Madame's* glass is empty."

She thrust the glass forward and, as he filled it, went on, " I once spent quite a bit of time under this roof."

" How come? " asked Charlie.

" Oh, sort of pre-honeymoon," she laughed, " that never came off."

The wine splashed over the edge of the glass, streamed down the smooth white cloth onto her skirt.

" What the devil! " Van sprung up.

She too was on her feet.

" How inexcusably stupid! "

Henri faced her. He had brought light to those eyes, the light of impatience with an underling. He set down the bottle, bowed. " I shall be pleased to make amends for my stupidity." The cadence of his excellent English fell gently across her sharp anger. " Whatever damage has been done—"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WE MEET AGAIN
Continued from page eleven

"What impertinence from a head waiter! Send the—"

"I am the owner of the hotel, *madame*."

Her jaw hardened—her lips opened. But for some reason known only to herself, she did not speak. Her eyes had met Henri's.

"If *madame* will permit me—" He picked up a napkin, mopped the stain.

"It's nothing. It doesn't matter." A queer frightened hoarseness clogged her throat, as if she were seeing a ghost she didn't believe in.

"I regret infinitely—"

"Don't bother."

She was holding tight to the back of the chair. Her gaze did not stir from Henri.

"My sincere apologies," Henri said softly.

"Such an absurd fuss—about a thing of no importance."

Van was still furious.

"Don't say there's no damage. Your skirt is soaked."

"Nonsense!" She sat down, trembling uncontrollably. "Silly of me to get so upset."

"By Jove, you actually look scared, girl. Take a swallow."

He held out her glass. She pushed his hand aside.

"Is there such a beverage as water?"

"Would *madame* like Evians or Vichy?"

"Anything—anything."

Henri gave the order. When the water was brought, he poured a glass. Their two hands brushed as he placed it. Hers was ice.

"Is there anything else I can do, *madame?*"

She looked up again.

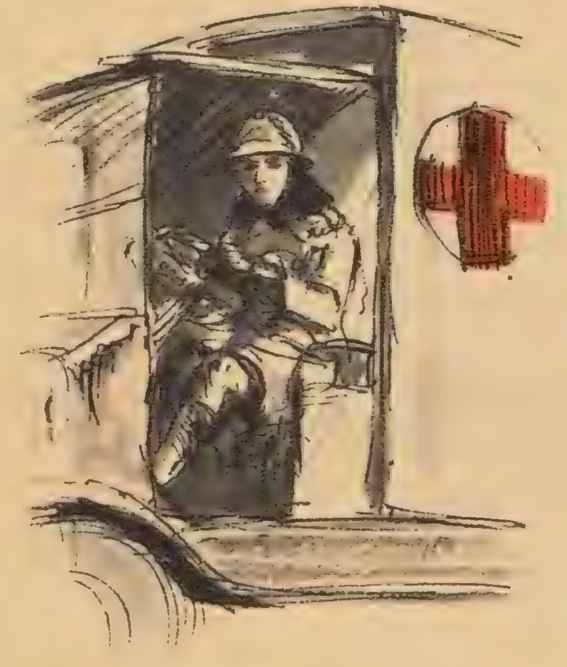
"Thanks. Not just now."

Henri moved back into the shadows. He was quite calm. What had Marise said about the view from the mountain top? Or was it the valley she had spoken of?

He did not again approach the group at the table. As they reached coffee and liqueurs, the head with its caplike gold crown leaned close to Van. She whispered a request. He nodded, rose, and went outdoors. She glanced quickly at Charlie, who had toppled over like a broken telegraph pole. Then she pushed back her chair and came toward Henri.

"I want to talk to you. I don't want them to see me."

He led the way down a corridor at the rear of the dining room to his private office. He switched on the light.



What a gay child she had been! Thrilled by the adventure rather than the horror of war.

THE moment for which the years had been but interlude. . . . The moment he had visualized against the sunset. . . .

He stood politely waiting.

"What can I do for you, *madame?*"

She leaned against the wall, hands thrust into her coat pockets. Terror had vanished; been replaced by excited searching curiosity—the thrill of the unanticipated. She stood looking up at him, juggling with the moment's possibilities before she spoke.

"You know me?" she asked then.

"Pardon—"

"I—I have a feeling we've met somewhere. Can you help me out?"

"I'm afraid not, *madame*."

"But I can't be mistaken."

"*Madame!* I regret—"

"Don't keep on calling me '*Madame.*' It's ridiculous. Henri—of course you know me."

"*Madame* embarrasses me."

"Doesn't the name Rhoda mean anything to you?"

"A beautiful name—"

"You were in the war, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Look at me! Surely you must remember!"

She drew closer, her body swaying toward him. He looked down into the hard eager eyes. "Rhoda! . . . Rhoda—*Adorée!*" he had dreamed of murmuring.

"You must remember," she insisted.

"It is to my infinite regret, *madame*, that I do not."

"But you *are* Henri Laffargue?"

"I am."

"Then I don't understand—"

"There was another Henri Laffargue in the family. We were very much alike."

"Oh—"

"And it may be that you confuse me—"

"What's become of him? Where is he now?"

"He is dead, *madame*."

She still stood looking up at him. Her eyes narrowed. A frown lined the smooth brow.

"What a pity! You see, we met during the war. It would have been amusing to meet again."

Henri smiled softly.

"It is always amusing to see the changes that take place during a long absence."

"I married shortly after the Armistice," she said, and there seemed a flicker of mockery in the way she said it. "And lost track of him completely. When did he die?"

"Not so very long ago."

"He was a charming fellow."

Henri bowed gravely.

"That is a charming epitaph, *madame*."

WITHOUT another word, she turned, went to the door. He held it open, followed her. She did not look back, but strolled into the dining room. Her companions were gathering up coats, hats, and bags. Van handed her a fur scarf she had evidently sent him for. Henri stood in the carved doorway, waiting to thank them, to wish them a pleasant drive to Paris.

As she passed him, she took out her cigarette case, snapped it open, held it up to him. He took a cigarette and thanked her. She flashed the flame of the lighter close to his face. He was like a dark shadow with eyes alone illumined against the blue night.

"Are you sure you don't know me?" came from her, a whispered challenge.

He bent, held the cigarette to the flame.

"Quite sure, *madame*."

She snapped out the light, stepped in the car. Like a streak of lightning, it sped into the night.

For a few moments after the echo of its engine died away, Henri remained where he was, gazing down the road.

Then he turned and went indoors.

"A most successful evening, Marise"—he paused at the cashier's desk—"in spite of the beautiful sunset." And his hand went out to tug the brown curl.

She caught the hand in both of hers.

"You're so white. Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"But you wouldn't tell me, anyway." She looked quickly away.

He loosened his hand, lifted her chin.

"Why the sudden bitterness?"

"Sometimes you make me ashamed"—her eyes filled. "You share nothing real with me."

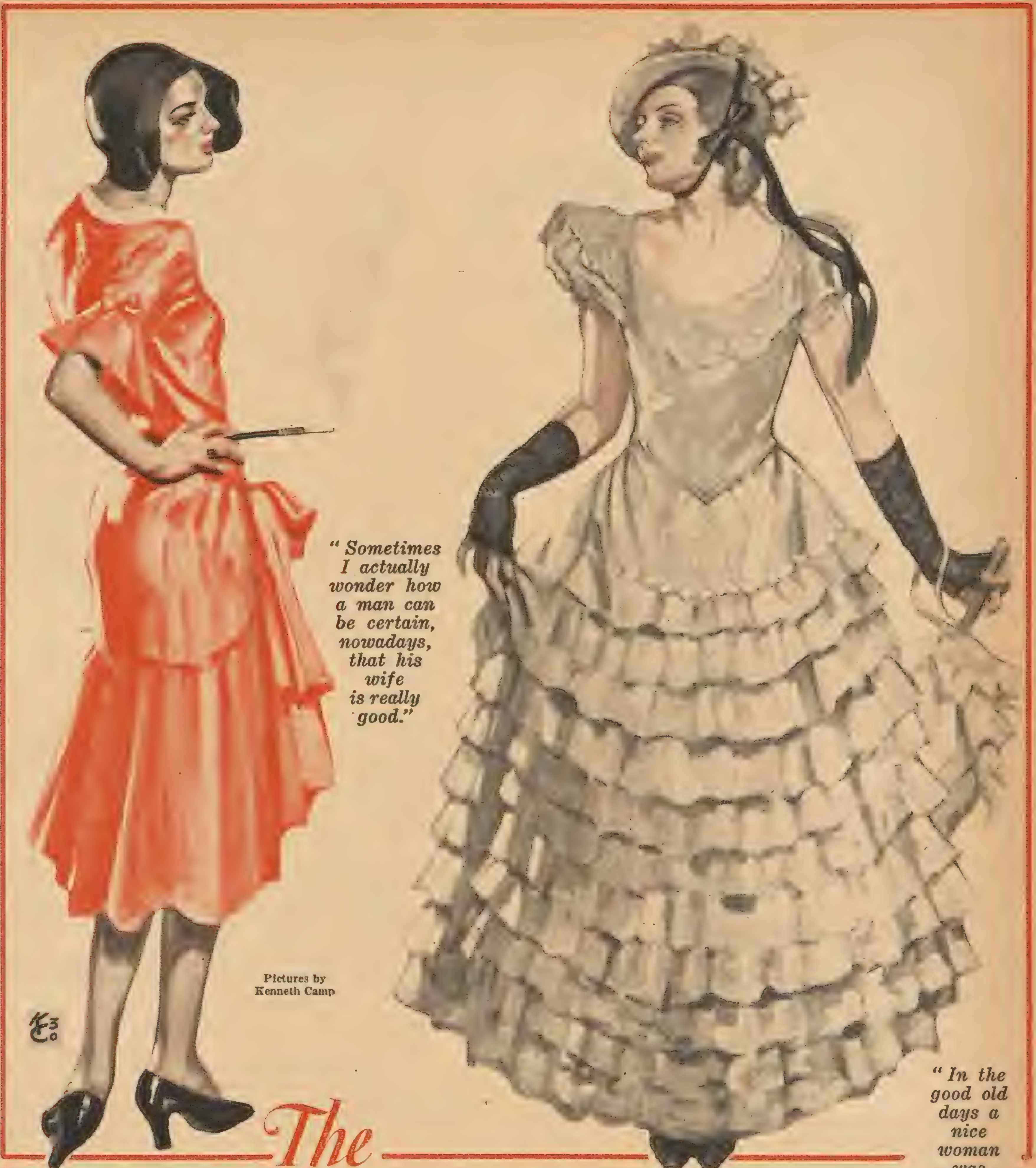
"I share my life."

"No. We live here together—but often you make me feel that you married me only because I loved you. Henri—have you ever really loved me? Tell me—please."

He smiled, bent down, insisted on tugging the brown curl.

"Little Marise"—his gaze covered her adoring one—"I never really loved you—until tonight."

THE END



"Sometimes I actually wonder how a man can be certain, nowadays, that his wife is really good."

Pictures by Kenneth Camp

"In the good old days a nice woman was sacred."

The Amateur Competition

In Which the Younger Generation Speaks Its Mind About Morals

By GRACE ROBINSON

It seems incredible that a frank discussion about the younger generation should have started in a family gathering of mixed ages. Conversations that once would have been taboo among mixed sexes nowadays are freely staged among young men and women. But seldom do they invite the older generation into their confidences.

If Uncle George had been a critical, unsympathetic old man, we wouldn't have dared talk as we did. But he was a kindly, indulgent uncle. A kind of father confessor, without prejudices, frank to state his own opinions and tolerant of other people's. Even at that, I think he was

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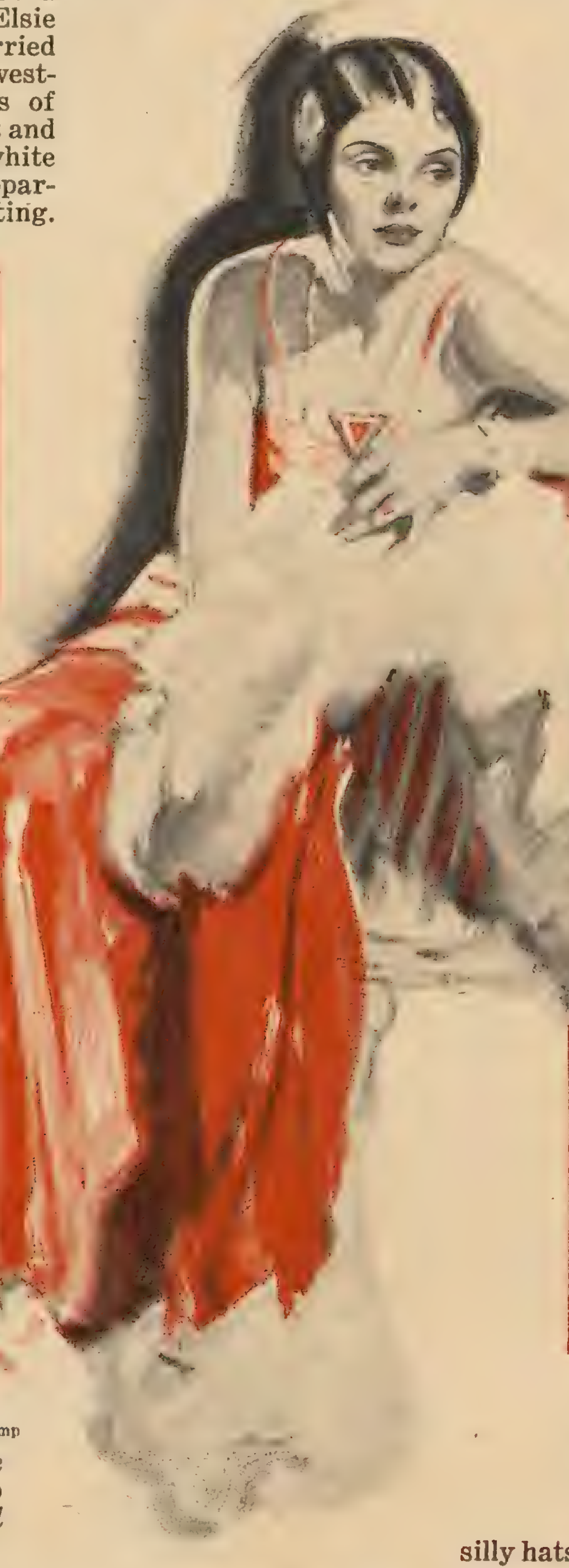
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

shocked at the impromptu fireside round table that grew out of casual conversation at the Christmas union back home.

I was telling newspaper yarns. I was the only cousin in the little circle that had ever worked on a paper. To a group composed of a lawyer, a broker, and Elsie and Margaret, unmarried girls who lived in midwestern towns, my accounts of murder trials in the East and unwed mothers and white slavers and bad girls apparently sounded very exciting.

Picture by Robert W. Crowther

"Streetwalking was common to an extent almost unbelievable."



Picture by Kenneth Camp

"Girls, too, are more wild than they used to be. A cocktail—and more—"

We had all gathered at Uncle George's old Nebraska homestead for the holidays. It was a pleasant, white-painted frame house, set on a wide lawn sheltered by maples and cottonwoods. Uncle George remembered watching his father plant some of those very trees, and remembered the nightly labor of drawing and carrying water for the young saplings whose leaves drooped pitifully during the torrid corn days.

Uncle George had grown up with the West. He could remember when the Union Pacific had come through. Even now, when you sit by his blazing open fire at night, you can hear the coyotes howl far out on the prairie. In midwinter, when food is scarce, they sometimes venture in the direction of the house, their bright eyes eager and their delicate nostrils alert to the farmhouse odors of food and habitation. There is no prettier sight than a pair of these wild creatures silhouetted against the sky, curious and yet always timorous, bounding away at any sign of human overture.

This fine old man had lived nearly all his rugged life out there, on this farm, making occasional visits to Chicago, especially during his younger days. He remembered the Chicago World's Fair as if it had happened yesterday. This and his other Chicago adventures were the basis for the only near-racy stories Uncle George ever told, and heaven knows he was far from frank, judged by present-day standards.

My loquacious mood this Christmas afternoon had carried me clear through a recital of the weird mystery of the Hall-Mills murders. Jumping into the brutal details of that other hair-raiser, the death of Albert Snyder at the hands of his wife Ruth and her lover, Judd Gray, I had just reached the point where the whisky-soaked Gray belabored the helpless Snyder with a sash weight, when Uncle George cried, "Stop!"

"What's the matter?" I asked, astonished at his interruption at this dramatic point.

"Don't go on—I don't want to hear any more. It's so awful it makes me ill. Why do you want to go on doing these things? What do you see in it?"

"WHAT do you mean, Uncle George? I had nothing to do with Albert Snyder's murder except to cover it."

"I don't mean that—I mean this awful newspaper work. Why do you go on like this? It's a man's work. It's not fit for a nice girl. When I was young no decent father or brother would have allowed it."

"I'm afraid I don't quite get you, uncle. A poor gal's got to make a living. I find newspaper work more interesting and, for me, more profitable, than taking dictation in an office, or standing in a department store and fretting over a lot of silly hats. Don't you think Ruth Snyder more interesting than a Patou model?"

Picture by Robert W. Crowther

"Women sold themselves in order to keep the Aunt Sarahs virtuous."

"I don't consider either one worthy the devotion of a woman," returned Uncle George in a sad voice. "You're wasting the best of your life. Twenty years ago, when my wife was your age, we had five children. Bill here, our oldest, was nearly ten years old. Your Aunt Sarah was always perfectly happy raising her family and tending to her household. She didn't know there were such things in the world as you talk about in such a smart way."

"But they were there, just the same, weren't they?" I retorted.

"The world has gone down a lot since I was young," he said. "In my day, men were manly and women were womanly. There's nothing in the world like a good woman."

"But were all the women virtuous in your day, Uncle George?" asked Cousin Elsie. She was young and high-

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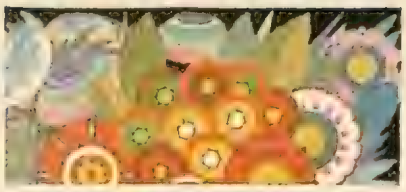


Now I know

I was right! Girls really do want scientific advice about the care of their precious complexions

I'm no good at figures—my bank and I *never* agree about my checking-account balance. But when I see records that show millions of Camay users now, instead of the thousands of a few months ago, even I know what that means!

I can't *begin* to describe for you my satisfaction at this news. For, do you realize that in only a few short months, Camay has become the most talked-of complexion soap in all of America and Canada?

Do you know what I like best of all about this welcome? It's the realization that girls really do want to follow the advice of the only real complexion authorities.

For, as all of you who have been following my magazine articles now know, Camay has been approved by a group of the only real authorities on skin care—by 73 leading American dermatologists.

If there is a single girl *anywhere* who is not making a gentle, fragrant Camay cleansing her most important complexion secret, I hope she won't let another sun set before she adopts it.

My booklet, "Face Your World With Loveliness," is full of complexion help. It also contains advice on skin care from the 73 dermatologists I consulted. There is no charge for this booklet. Write me for it at Dept. YLL-50, 509 Fifth Ave., New York.

Helen Chase

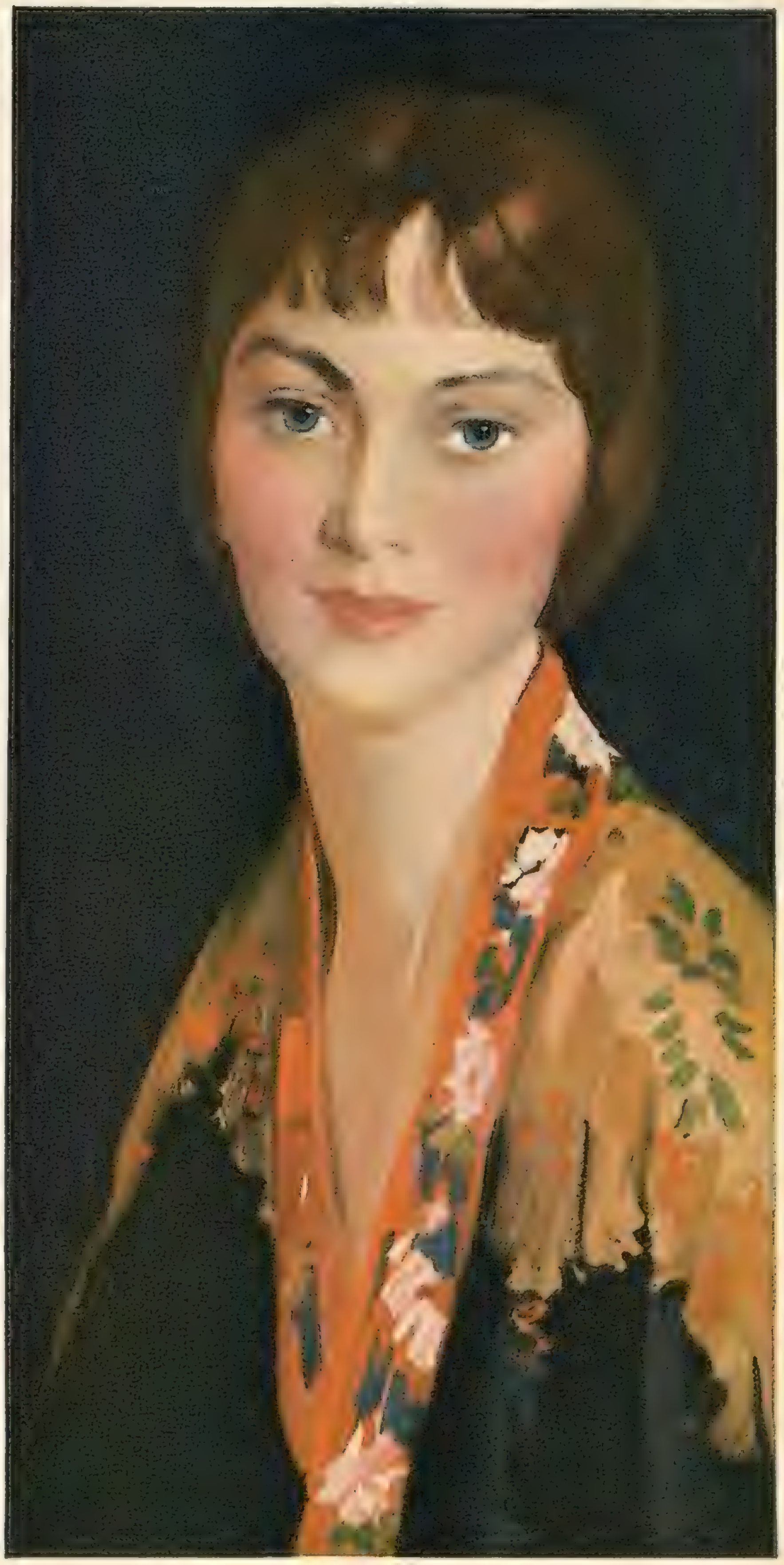
What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

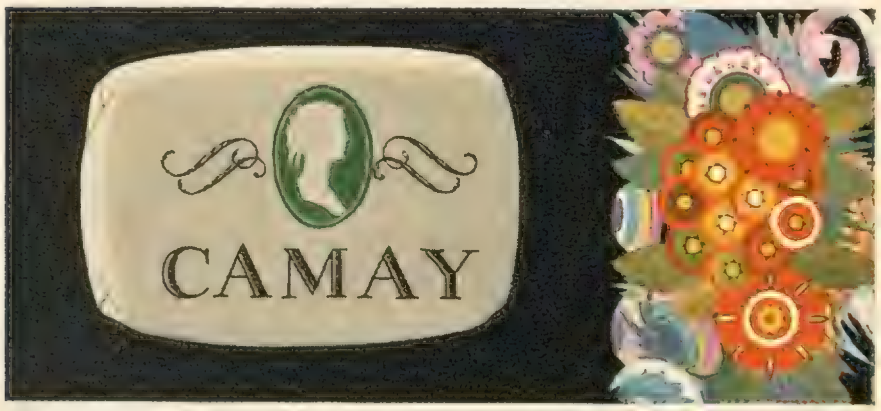
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

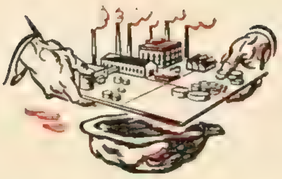
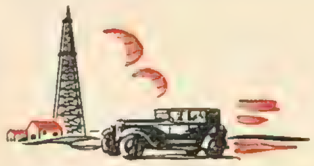
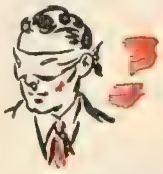
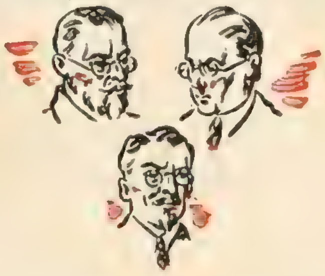
(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

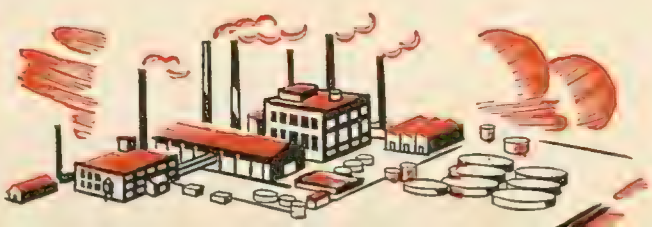




Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—Camay is 10¢ a cake

Motor oil is made . . . not found!

You can't put the oil business in a nut-shell.  Yet why is it that a lot of intelligent motorists draw up alongside of a filling station just as if it were an oil-well and buy oil for their engines as if it were crude oil fresh from the ground? Maybe it's because of so much talk about crudes. Of course you know there aren't any crudes you can use in your engine. You couldn't properly lubricate your engine with crude oil any more than you could shave with a piece of iron ore. And buying an oil just because it is *produced* from any particular crude  is buying your oil  BLIND. The three most important things to know about an oil are: 1. The maker's KNOWLEDGE. 2. The maker's PROCESSES and EQUIPMENT and 3. The maker's ability to SELECT crudes. But knowledge and equipment come first. No one ever FOUND any lubricating oil. Lubricating oil is not found, it is MADE. You can take good crudes for granted when your eyes are open—when you know that your oil is made in the most modern plants of their kind in the world, and that its manufacture is supervised by the most experienced lubrication scientists  in the world. Your eyes are open when you buy MOBILOIL.

When you want to buy the best oil you can possibly get to lubricate your engine efficiently, drive in where you see this sign. Ask for the type of Mobiloil made especially for the engine of your car as recommended on the Mobiloil Chart. Mobiloil is MADE  by the Vacuum Oil Company.

Ask here
for
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

spirited, and relished an argument. " From what I've heard, there was a vast class of women who sold themselves many times every night in order to keep the Aunt Sarahs virtuous. What was it Lecky, the historian, said? That prostitutes are the safeguards of the sanctity of the home, and of the innocence of wives and daughters."

" My dear!" gasped Uncle George. " Do you realize what you're saying?"

" I'm not being personal," replied Elsie. " I'm just alluding to the class of women who were like Aunt Sarah —good, sheltered wives."

" Well, I don't want to talk about Lecky, or any of that foul mess. Thank goodness, our family's boys and girls seem to be decent. But there are some things I don't understand. Since you've got me started, why is it you seem to be so shy of marriage?

" Now my Bill here—whenever he comes out from New York to see us, I always say: 'Bill, how is it you haven't picked a wife? Don't they grow pretty girls in the East? Aren't you through sowing your wild oats? Seems to me you ought to be settling down.' "

Bill smiled a bit sheepishly at his dad's direct reference to his personal life. Most of us chuckled inside. For we knew that Bill, the young lawyer, was madly in love with Helene, a successful advertising artist. I felt Uncle George wouldn't approve of Helene, although to my mind she was as well bred a girl as any of the pompadoured beauties Uncle George had known in his youth.

I didn't want to hurt Uncle George's feelings, and of course I couldn't let Bill down by revealing the facts. Nobody spoke but Bill, and all he said was, " Don't rush me, dad. Give me time, give me time, please."

That didn't enlighten Uncle George a bit. Feeling that my newspaper observation possibly had fitted me for this kind of argument a little better than my cousins, I decided I would try to break gently to Uncle George the real state of affairs among the younger generation.

" You see, it's like this," I began. " Take me, for instance. Or imagine a hypothetical me. I have no objection to marriage. In fact, I'm in love at the present moment. The young man in question is desirable, judged by all the time-worn and conventional rules. He works hard, and drinks less, I'll wager, than the average young man that you knew in your youth. My goodness, he's almost mid-Victorian. Doesn't even smoke, as a rule. He even loves children. In fact, he's the only young bachelor I ever saw who didn't seem embarrassed if somebody placed a small baby in his arms. A paragon, if one is looking for a husband."

I HAD Uncle George interested, all righto. There was hope in his eyes. Apparently he was surprised to find I, or any girl of my generation, was capable of the old-fashioned, moonlight-and-roses variety of affection.

" Well, why don't you marry him—or, rather, why wouldn't you marry such a man?" he asked. Then, as an afterthought, " He has a job, hasn't he?"

" Oh, yes. He earns as much as most men of his age, I suppose. We make about the same money. Now, let us say this man makes X. I also make X. Between us we make 2 X. Well, if we married in the usual way, our joint income would be cut in half. It would be a case of each of us trying to live, not on X, but on one-half X. Then, if the family came along that you think would be so nice, our poor little X would be sliced up still further—cut several ways if we were rash enough to have more than one child.

" As things stand now I have about as few clothes as I can possibly get along with. I live in an apartment that answers my purposes fairly well, but it's far from being beautiful or luxurious or fashionable. There are a thousand things I want that I can't afford and that in a sense I really need to make life more cheerful.

" The man is similarly situated. He spends every cent of his salary and is generally in debt. He always buys his clothes at sales, and, what with the upkeep of a flivver and the price of gin, it would be absolutely ridiculous to take on any added burdens.

" Of course, if he were rich and had a steam yacht and would take me to Europe to live, I'd marry him. But in that event I would never have met him, probably. So you see, uncle, how it is."

" There you are, dad," said Bill. " And, besides, how can one be sure—absolutely certain—that a marriage will turn out well? Look at all the divorces. When I marry I want some feeling of anchorage about it. I don't want to enter on a marriage that will be just a farce."

Uncle George looked unconvinced.

" Well, when I was a boy, young people didn't find all those reasons to prevent marriage. Boys had their fling and then they settled down in holy matrimony. Now they never want to settle down.

" GIRLS, too, are more wild than they used to be. If your Aunt Sarah had smoked, or had gone on buggy rides with a man who carried a hip flask—well, I simply wouldn't have married her, that's all. Sometimes I actually wonder how a man can be certain, nowadays, that his wife is really good. There are so many temptations—"

" Oh, uncle, come now," cut in Cousin Frank, the broker. " Just because a girl takes a cocktail—"

" A cocktail—and more," pursued Uncle George. " From what I read, I gather that there are some women —decent women, I mean, or women we'd have once considered decent—who have a lover, and that sort of thing, and are quite brazen about it. I don't understand it at all. In the good old days a nice woman was sacred—too sacred for any relation but the exalted one of marriage."

" My dear Uncle George," I retorted. " Please recall things as they really were, not as people like to think they were. As you know, I've interviewed a good many social workers, vice investigators, and reformers. All during one summer I worked on an antivice crusade. I know what the ' good old days ' were on the basis of general facts and figures.

" There was, of course, this tradition about good women. But there was another side to the picture. The good women were kept good partly through the offices of a vast number of immoral women. You used to visit Chicago frequently. You must remember how it was there.

" Why, when the Vice Commission started its crusade there in 1911, it found five thousand of these women carrying on a nefarious business that yielded a profit of fifteen million dollars every year. The Loop district was dotted with questionable hotels. So were the main streets leading from the Loop to the three sides of the city. Lewd vaudeville shows were conducted in the back rooms of saloons, and the police let them go on.

" Streetwalking was common to an extent almost unbelievable to us younger people today. I remember one Vice Commission investigator who was accosted by nine different women on the corner of North Clark Street and what was then called Michigan Street, between eight fifty-five and nine fifteen in the evening. In half an hour another observed fourteen women similarly engaged at the corner of Illinois and North Clark."

" You remember your figures well," remarked Bill.

" Yes. They made a strong impression on me. I couldn't believe my eyes when I first read the text of the reports."

" Remember," said Margaret, who at college had majored in sociology, " that in those days wages for women were shockingly low. Six dollars a week was the average wage in department stores and other mercantile lines. It was impossible for a girl to have nourishing food and comfortable shelter and warm clothing on that sum. In addition to your army of five thousand, there were many part-time women—girls who went on the street only when they were in debt or out of a job."

Uncle George looked troubled, but he said nothing, so I went on.

" In New York conditions were worse because the city was larger."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE AMATEUR COMPETITION
Continued from page seventeen

“Worse!” echoed Cousin Frank. “I’ll say they were worse! That was the era of the Raines Law hotels. I’ve read plenty about those pestholes. They were permitted to sell liquor on Sunday, which resulted in every bar being turned into a hotel. Young boys who hesitated to go to a bad house entered these hotels, with the idea at first, perhaps, of merely drinking a little beer, and before they knew it they were patronizing vice in its worst form.”

“But were there no laws?” queried Elsie.

“Of course,” replied Frank. “But the political system of reciprocity between police and white-slavers made the laws a laughingstock. An honest policeman, who because of real decency, refused to participate in this traffic, was liable to find himself transferred ‘for the good of the service.’ A fine mess it was, I can tell you.”

“Let me overwhelm you with these figures,” I said. “Experts in 1897 estimated there were thirty thousand public women in the city. In 1911, when the town was still wide open, there were said to be twenty-five thousand in Manhattan alone.”

“I don’t doubt it,” interposed Frank. “There’s a fellow in my office, a Broadway playboy of the old days, who tells me he once walked from Times Square to Union Square slowly, but without inviting an approach, and was spoken to by eighteen women. Think of that! Eighteen of these nocturnal ladies in twenty-eight short blocks!”

FAMILY ENTRANCE

“Now let’s see how it is today,” I continued. I turned to Bill. “Tell me, Bill, how often are you addressed on the streets in New York?”

“Me?” answered Bill. “Why, I don’t remember that I ever was so approached. Gosh, that’s odd. I’ve lived in New York several years, and I don’t remember a woman ever trying to pick me up on the street. Maybe I’m not the type. Maybe I don’t look prosperous enough.”

“Oh, yes, you do. You are young, good-looking, and well dressed. Uncle, I’m sure you’ll agree that Bill is just the type of young man that in the old days would have patronized the better class of pleasure woman and gone to the better kind of resort. There weren’t thirty thousand fallen women in New York unless there was a demand for them, you know. It’s ridiculous to say this great demand came from rounders and ‘tough’ men. Everybody knows—the investigators proved—that respectable young men, married and unmarried, formed a great part of their clientele.

“Now, let’s be frank. Bill, how often do you go to a place of that sort?”

“I’ve never been to one,” he replied in a low tone. “The idea is disgusting to me.”

“Mr. Galahad himself,” said Frank, with a half-effort at a laugh. But his little attempt at levity didn’t get far because most of us understood Bill’s sincerity and his ardent love for Helene.

“WELL, what about you, Cousin Frank?” I asked.

“I’m afraid I can’t add anything to this inquiry into the wickedness of big cities either.”

“There you are, Uncle George,” I triumphed. “But these are just two men. What are the general facts? New York’s Committee of Fourteen—that’s the antivice organization—said in 1928 that street soliciting had become so rare as to be practically negligible. They said vice in hotels and apartments was also greatly reduced. Comparing the old red-light days with the present, this illicit business has decreased in volume *ninety-two per cent*. Just think of it! Ninety-two per cent!”

“Well, what has happened?” asked Uncle George. “I know human nature, even if I do live on a farm. I don’t imagine human nature has changed completely since the days when I knew something of big-city life.”

“That’s just it,” said Cousin Frank. “What’s happened to this vast volume of natural desire that once supported thirty thousand scarlet women? Are we a decadent generation of men—or what?”

“Not decadent, no,” I replied. “More moral. Recently I asked Major Bascom Johnson that very question. He is one of the world’s important authorities on vice; connected with the American Social Hygiene Association, and in charge of important vice investigations made by the League of Nations.

“He told me young men today were more moral than their fathers were at the same age. ‘This present generation of men is not educated to the sex necessity idea as young men formerly were,’ he said. ‘When the red light stared one in the face and women were soliciting one on the street, indulgence of this sort seemed the right thing to do. It seemed it must be right, or it wouldn’t be allowed.’

“I talked, too, to George E. Worthington, general secretary of New York’s Committee of Fourteen. Wait—I’ll give you his exact words.” I stepped into the next room and pulled a notebook from my suitcase.

“Here you are. He mentioned the fact that vice was now largely hidden away from public view. ‘The psychological effect of open prostitution is far stronger than that of hidden, furtive prostitution. When a man is accosted in the street, he is artificially stimulated and the opportunity for satisfaction is presented to him at the same time, constituting a double lure. There is the girl at once presenting her charms and offering to appease the desire she has aroused.

“‘With prostitution hidden away, as is largely the case nowadays, the idea must originate with the man himself, and then he must go to much trouble and considerable risk to find the girl.’

“So you see, men are more continent. And now you know the reasons. People who lambaste the younger generation ought to find out the facts before they toss us on the griddle.”

“YES, but ninety-two per cent! That’s a lot,” said Uncle George thoughtfully. “It doesn’t seem possible human nature has advanced that much in the last quarter of a century.”

I glanced at Bill. I was sure I read assent in his eyes.

“Well,” I continued, “of course, too, men have their love affairs. It seems Lecky was a prophet. He foresaw what was coming. For social vice in America has weakened as the innocence of wives and daughters has declined. To be brutally frank, uncle, boys are now able to enter into relations with girls of the sort they would have married in other days. This is known as the amateur competition.”

“Just what I suspected. Just what I feared,” interrupted the old man, with a catch in his voice.

“I don’t know, father,” said Bill, knitting his forehead. “Honestly, I don’t know. Heaven knows I don’t give my approval to general promiscuity. But it does seem to me that under the new morality men’s sex life is put on a plane higher than any that they might have had, outside of marriage, two or three decades ago. A boy entering on a semipermanent or permanent liaison, such as is common in our cities today, exercises a selection both physical and mental that is a great advance from the old-time association with a strange woman who received thirty or forty visitors a night.”

“Of course, in my day we wouldn’t even talk about immoral women—at least, not before ladies,” said Uncle George in a troubled tone.

“No, your generation *did* the things we’ve mentioned but wouldn’t *talk* about them. We *talk* about them but don’t *do* them,” said Frank.

“Do you approve of this strange point of view?” Uncle George was looking at me.

“I’m not at all sure that I do,” I answered. “We’ve explained to you why many young people are reluctant about marriage. But I’m not sure that an intimate love affair, or an impromptu companionate marriage, or whatever you want to call it, is a wise substitute. Personally, I should be reluctant to enter on such an arrangement. It is no doubt degrading to the girl participant—and will be degrading as long as a great many people believe it is degrading. Nevertheless, I have many friends—many charming friends—who see nothing wrong in it. But in

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

B-r-r-rrr!
The modern *night-bell* rings

WHO supposes that the Druggist's night-bell is a vanished institution, like the cigar-store Indian? Not so. It rings tonight and every night, in a thousand sleeping towns.

It rings and rings, at 2 A. M., beside the Druggist's bed.... "Dr. Goodman calling." An emergency prescription ... every minute counts. Dressing like a fireman, speeding through lonely streets, the Druggist unlocks his darkened store and measures out the precious drugs on which a life may hang.

This modern night-bell is no respecter of well-earned hours of rest. Rainy nights or snowy, in the cold small hours, it sounds its call for help. And the Druggist, like the family doctor, always answers "Right away!"

Under the pressure of modern competition, the Druggist may sell sandwiches and percolators and talking dolls; but, first of all, he is the trained, conscientious, *professional* servant of the public—placing the health and comfort of the community before his own.

The mere fact that he sells the fine, dependable products of Bauer & Black—keeping them always on hand to meet your every emergency—is enough to deserve your hearty approbation. He could offer nothing more trustworthy than Bauer & Black bandages, gauze, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton—to name only a few of the articles whose persistent quality, maintained for thirty-five years, has made Bauer & Black an acknowledged leader in the production of surgical dressings.

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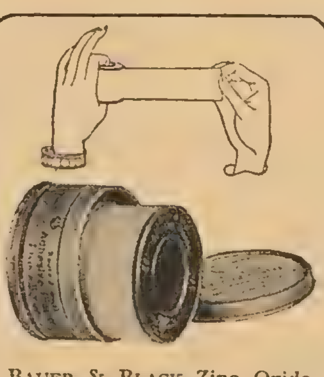

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

the cases I have in mind, the young people are as monogamous as though they were actually married."

"To my mind, nothing could be worse than the old-time system," said Cousin Frank. "The unfortunate women of old invariably drank themselves half to death, and many, very many, were addicted to the use of drugs. They were obliged to resort to these things for a stimulant. I believe doctors estimated that the average woman of this type lived only five to ten years at her calling.

"Young men who were too poor to marry, and many who were bored with marriage, made such expeditions their regular Saturday-night recreation. A few drinks to start off with—then the den of vice. The older men in my office often recall it. Many a young man, up to the age of thirty—or during what I should say are the ten most impressionable years of a man's life—really knew the other sex only in the guise of a common woman. And she saw him only in his most debased moments, mostly when he was drunk. He passed his most intimate hours in the company of a woman who was, as a rule, a moron. He had nothing in common with her but lust."

"And now," I interposed, "even where the arrangement is a very fleeting one—even where it endures only for one or two meetings—it is advantageous, to the man, at least. He has chosen a girl of his own class, a girl he must exert himself to please. He has employed some degree of fastidiousness in the matter, even though it be merely a fastidiousness relating to cleanliness and a delight in high spirits and pleasant conversation. It does seem that young people of today are beginning to relegate sex to the casual place it had in the original scheme of things.

NEXT WEEK—

Walton Green

who wrote Little Solly and
Little Brown Nurse, contributes

Slim

The Story of a Master Thief

* * *

William Mitchell

who commanded the American
air forces in France, writes of

Rickenbacker

Ace of Aces of the A. E. F.

"To my mind, the new attitude is more wholesome, by and large, than the old arrangement under which wives and daughters were definitely pure and the fallen women were definitely impure."

"To me it seems horrible!" exclaimed Uncle George. "It is promiscuity. And promiscuity breeds disease."

"I've wondered about that phase of it," said Frank. "After all, the old-time lady of easy virtue knew what she was about. That's more than you can say about the amateur competition."

"WELL," I replied, "there was once much talk about medical inspection of immoral women. Despite medical inspection, the Chicago Vice Commission found that practically all professional immoral women had one or both of the major social diseases. Frequently they were communicable and at the same time difficult to recognize. Obviously, a woman who received thirty or forty visitors a day would infect many. You know the horrible results. Thousands of innocent wives infected. Invalidism, sterility, blindness to such offspring as did come. And nowadays—"

"Nowadays," cut in Bill, "even the most lax of nice girls is not likely to be indiscreet more than once or twice a week."

"Well, at any rate, many doctors say social disease is decreasing. In a recent survey in Manhattan, sixty-two per cent of the doctors queried believed it was."

"But what about illegitimate offspring?" asked Uncle George. "There must be many unwanted babies born."

"Not as many as you'd imagine," I said. "Women are wiser than they used to be."

"Who are these 'nice' women that are saving men from the old immorality?" asked Uncle George.

"Many are professional women," I offered. "Writers, artists—people who live in a Bohemian atmosphere."

"Wrong. They're the suburbanite wives—the hot mammas who have too much time on their hands," declared Frank, who lives on Long Island.

"I think the really promiscuous women are the daughters of the rich," said Bill. "When I was in Princeton, the fellows went about with some artists' models who lived there. But the recent grads tell me they have their affairs with the nice girls they have down for proms. One girl, of such social prominence and wealth that her name is synonymous with dollars, has had two such adventures with Princeton men that have been confided to me. At Harvard, the girls at a fashionable school are considered the 'hot numbers.' And so on."

"I understand now why there is a growing distaste for marriage," said Cousin Margaret. "Many men nowadays are marriage-shy. Even my most attractive girl friends complain that they receive not proposals of marriage, but only 'propositions.'

"I know one girl who is deeply in love, but she tells me: 'All my married friends are begging me not to marry Jack. They advise me to have an affair with him, but not to marry him. They say he won't love me so much after marriage.'"

"TRUE," commented Cousin Elsie. "I know a girl who has actually divorced her wealthy husband in order to win back his love. She didn't mind his infidelities as long as they were 'one-night stands.' But when she found he had become interested in her dearest woman friend, she felt she must do something drastic. She went to Reno. Her husband pleaded with her not to proceed. She insisted, and wrote me, 'Maybe if I divorce him and we go on a trip together he'll love me. We can always get married again.'

"Well—would you believe it?—she obtained her decree, and now she and her hubby are somewhere in Mexico on an illicit honeymoon!"

"The old dignity and beauty of marriage are lost," cried Uncle George, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Not lost. But losing out, father, it would seem," said Bill. "It may be bad. It may be good. I can't be sure. But these are the things almost any young man will admit as true, no matter how good or bad they are as a code of manners.

"You can proposition a girl—almost any girl—after knowing her a short time, without offending her. She will often say no, but she won't get on her high horse and tell you you're no gentleman. Neither will she ask her big brother to horsewhip you—as would have happened before the war.

"Young people joke about taking trips together—Atlantic City—Florida—and frequently take such trips.

"All girls are willing to admit they know about, or are interested in, birth control, and talk about it pretty freely.

"Few men demand absolute purity in their expected wives. They have ceased to regard it as important.

"The woman who definitely puts a cash value on her favors is taboo as 'not much fun.' College youngsters boast they 'wouldn't pay for something that ought to be done only for fun.'

"Petting, almost but not quite to the limit, is practically universal."

At that moment Aunt Sarah appeared to announce supper. We repaired to the dining room to eat cold turkey left from dinner, and to drink hot tea. As I watched her contented smile, and Uncle George's gay one, in the lamplight, I wondered whether the new code could ever bring the quiet satisfaction that theirs had brought to glorify declining years.

THE END

Are YOU Wet or Dry?

Liberty Is Paying $1,000 a Week for the Best Answers to This Question

The writers of these ten letters divide $1,000 among them this week—each getting $100. Next week we shall print more letters, and award another $1,000. Send us your views.

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a post-card. Simply tell whether or not you believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States. Write as often as you wish. Literary skill will not count at all, but brevity will count.

Address Prohibition, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Prohibition—and Liquor

Orlando, Fla.—Am I wet or dry? Wet, of course! Why should any of us be dry when people die every day from the effects of bootleg liquor in a " dry " country?

Mrs. H. B. Crowder

I don't believe the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act adequately handle the situation. Just as many people indulge now. And the liquor is as easy to obtain as it was when they first started to " enforce " prohibition. Vast sums of money are spent, enforcement officers endanger their lives, and many of them are killed. But still we have prohibition —and liquor.—*Mrs. H. B. Crowder.*

For a New Law

Des Moines, Ia.—I am a dry. I am in favor of retaining the Eighteenth Amendment as is, and I am in favor of repealing the Volstead Act and enacting, in lieu thereof, a real enforcement law with a mandatory minimum jail sentence that the rich cannot escape.

Prohibition has, as yet, never been tried at all.—*William M. Hammond.*

A Legislator Speaks

Robert D. Wardell

House of Representatives, Lansing, Mich.—I am wet. Prohibition does not prohibit; it merely provokes. It makes drunkards out of mere drinkers, breeds disrespect for all laws, and burdens us with unnecessary taxation.—*Robert D. Wardell—Wayne County, First District.*

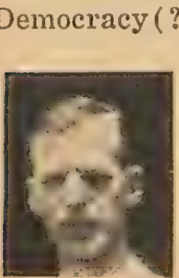
Like Other Scourges

Medford, Mass.—I am not a reformer, but I am unhesitatingly in favor of the present prohibition laws.

The fight against other scourges—cancer, tuberculosis, etc.—has been waged down through the years, and is far from the peak of success, but nobody even dreams of letting up on the fight or reverting to the old order of things hygienic.—*Miss Kathryn F. Denehy.*

A Veteran Looks Toward Europe

Chicago, Ill.—I am wet. Having fought in the World War, not getting a chance to vote, I am against prohibition for this reason. Having fought for Democracy (?) I am wondering just how the prohibition fanatics have helped the country in general. It seems to be worse with their meddling.



William Honack

Have seen very few Europeans drunk because, knowing they can get it all the time, they have no need to struggle into alleys and consume it all at once, to dodge the law, and kill themselves doing it.

No one should tell us what to drink any more than they should tell us what to eat, how to live, and love, how to marry, and how not to. These things belong to the individual and no mass movement of fanatics should dictate to the people at large what they are to do.—*William Honack.*

A Mission Worker's View

The Bowery Mission, New York, N. Y.—I believe in prohibition for the individual because it promotes physical health, mental alertness, longer life, industrial efficiency, freedom from a potentially dangerous habit, and economy. I believe in prohibition for the family because it assures happier homes, better education, clothes, opportunities for the children, and a badly needed example in self-restraint.

John R. Henry

I believe in prohibition for the community because it gives safer roads, frees money for constructive programs, and is an immense industrial advantage over competing nations that waste huge annual sums in alcohol.

I believe in prohibition because its violation by the wets presents an amazing picture of bad faith. After, as in New York State, calling off the police from enforcing this law, they raise their eyes to heaven in pious hypocrisy and cry, " Prohibition cannot be enforced! " —*Rev. John R. Henry, D.D.*

Why Help the Bootleggers?

Baltimore, Md. — Mother of four children, I'd like to see the whole world bone-dry, but human nature being what it is—as disclosed these past ten years—the best plan seems to me to be government regulation. A stay in Ontario last summer strengthened this belief.

Marie P. Davidson

Better far for the government to protect its people and restore this source of revenue than for the country to continue to support a vast horde of bootleggers in a style to which they were unaccustomed before prohibition. —*Mrs. Marie P. Davidson.*

His Signature's His Answer

New York, N. Y.—How each person can answer the wet or dry question in a satisfactory manner:

Take two sheets of paper—head one " Wet " and the other " Dry."

On the wet sheet write the names of all your friends and acquaintances who are wet: those who favor drinking. On the dry sheet write the names of those who don't.

Seth Brown

Next answer these vital questions: Which list includes the best men and women? Which are the best citizens? Which are the best parents to their children? Which are the most dependable for an employer to hire? Which kind do you want your son or daughter to marry?

Check up your list honestly, you men and women who are facing the wet or dry situation in this country, and ask yourselves on which list do you, honestly, before God, want to throw your influence?—*Seth Brown—a Dry.*

Double Indictment

New York, N. Y.—I am wet because:

1. The Eighteenth Amendment is an anachronism in the political system in which we have been brought up.

2. It is a cruel irony that the prohibition enforcement officials and subofficials may imprison us, may shoot at us, may even kill us, that they may and do drink the liquor which the law forbids us to have, and on top of that, *we pay them for all this.—B. Condax.*

In Terms of Millions

Philadelphia, Pa.—I'm for prohibition because it is bringing the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest number of people.

Let's think in terms of millions . . . instead of quoting a few sensational " liquor deaths "!—*Mary McKee.*

Mary McKee

Comic Relief

An Inebriate Mr. Barrymore, a Vocal Dixie Dugan, and Some Others

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Back to comedy, his first favorite: John Barrymore in The Man from Blankley's.

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S

BEFORE John Barrymore became famous as the foremost tragic and romantic actor on the stage and screen he was a good comedian. Someone at Warner Brothers must have remembered his early history, for, in The Man from Blankley's, we find him giving a gorgeous performance of a silly inebriate.

This Vitaphone production was adapted by Harvey Thew and Joseph Jackson from F. Anstey's play of the same name. It was ably directed by Alfred E. Green, who gathered together a fine collection of character actors for the unique dinner party that furnishes the material for the comedy.

The story is ridiculous, based on a case of mistaken identity, but it is *so* ridiculous and the characters *so* absurd and John Barrymore's acting of Lord Strathpeffer *so* comic that you will find yourself laughing from beginning to end.

★ ★ ★ SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

Little Dixie Dugan is back again! This time she is doing her stuff in Hollywood instead of along Broadway, and she is better than ever, too, for the cinema was just learning to lisp when it introduced Dixie to us. In Show Girl Dixie was silent, surrounded by a few sound effects; but in Show Girl in Hollywood Dixie wise-cracks in Alice White's pert but not unpleasant voice and she sings hot jazz songs effectively.

The story is taken from J. P. McEvoy's serial which ran in Liberty under the same title. As the title suggests, it concerns Dixie's efforts to get a footing in Hollywood.

Jimmie Doyle, Dixie's sweetie, is played to the life by Jack Mulhall. Ford Sterling plays the hard-crusted, soft-hearted movie producer. He is a perfect choice for the part. Blanche Sweet is present as the passée screen star. She is no longer a beauty, but she is appealing. John Miljan, as Frank Buelow, a director, is marvelous.

★ ★ HONEY

Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas collaborated on a nice little comedy some years ago that was produced on the stage and Ruth Chatterton helped to make it a hit. It was called Come Out of the Kitchen. Paramount now presents it with Nancy Carroll in the rôle Ruth Chatterton made famous. They have christened it Honey.

If the director, Wesley Ruggles, had only made up his mind what he intended to do with it before he started, Honey would be much more effective than it is. It starts out as a straight comedy, switches suddenly to farce, and, without warning, turns musical. But in spite of this awkward continuity it is an amusing picture.

Food wins a place in the films. Witness Zasu Pitts and Nancy Carroll—the winsome cook—in Honey.

Nancy Carroll, as Olivia Dangerfield, the poverty-stricken aristocrat who is forced to rent her Southern home to a wealthy Northerner, is lovely. Skeets Gallagher and Lillian Roth make a good comedy team and they sing the hit, Let's Be Domestic, together. Zasu Pitts again demonstrates that she is a good comedienne. But the real comic of the picture is Mitzi Green, aged nine.

Show Girl in Hollywood gives you a glorified Alice White.

★ ★ HIGH TREASON

Tiffany presents in this country a Gaumont film made and produced in England. There has been some trouble about getting a permit for this picture, but nearly all the states have O. K.'d it and it is now being shown throughout the country with the exception of one or two eastern states.

High Treason was cleverly directed by Maurice Elvey and it is original and ingenious throughout. The action is supposed to take place in 1940, after the world has undergone great political changes. We find the United States of Europe, with headquarters in London, on the verge of a war with the Atlantic States, of which New York is the capital. International financiers desirous of profiting by such a war are responsible for the causes that lead to the breach. But they reckon without the powerful peace league, of which Dr. Seymour is the international head.

There are some thrilling scenes. Despite its cleverness, however, the picture lacks reality.

Jameson Thomas—seen by television—and Benita Hume, in the British film, High Treason.

★ FRAMED

In spite of Evelyn Brent's excellent acting in Framed, it is just another crook drama. It was directed by George Archainbaud and presented through R. K. O. Wallace Smith's dialogue is snappy, but the plot is unoriginal.

Regis Toomey, Ralf Harolde, and William Holden have important rôles.

A scene from the crook talkie, Framed, played by Evelyn Brent and Ralf Harolde.

Do you know that—

High Society Blues is the title of the picture in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will next be featured?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—Mammy, Captain of the Guard, Sarah and Son, Mamba, Be Yourself, Only the Brave, A Lady to Love, Slightly Scarlet.

Four stars—One Romantic Night, Song o' My Heart.

Hangover Hall

A Morning-After Romance

By

FRANK LEON SMITH

who says that on looking himself over he finds he has worked and loafed for three newspapers, one advertising agency, two women's magazines, a hardware journal, and a literary weekly—all failed, sometimes two at a time, except the hardware sheet—managed a tough taxicab company, and written motion pictures and a lot of magazine fiction. All this ran into time, he says, but he got an early start.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

A PREMATURELY gray young man in short underwear was lying across the bed with a sheet wrapped around his neck. He opened his left eye—a red flannel one—and his gaze roved the room and brought him a grand total of nothing of an informative nature. He held his breath and listened. There was no sound of gentle snores. Still in some apprehension, he moved his head and opened his other eye and looked. No, thank God! He was alone. With an oath, and the wrinkled visage of a man in a vise, he heaved himself to his elbows. "Now, Mister Hall," he thought, "just where in hell do you think you are. And did you fall or jump?"

His trousers were folded on a chair; his shoes ranked in front; and coat and shirt were neatly hung on the back. He could see his tie on the dresser. Of his overcoat and hat—nothing. With the agility of a gentleman detaching himself from the Inquisitors' rack, and the high spirits of one rescued too late from the garrote, he rose from the bed and tiptoed to his coat. It didn't do to come down too hard on the heels when the fragments of one's skull adhered so delicately.

"Hard luck to you, Hall. You never have the forethought to provide yourself with a morning snifter," he thought, after slapping all pockets. Where was his overcoat? He looked in the closet. No sign of it. Holding his head together he went to the mirror, but dodged the blow with a groan.

Where was he? What state? What town? What date? What month? Darn it! What year? And why?

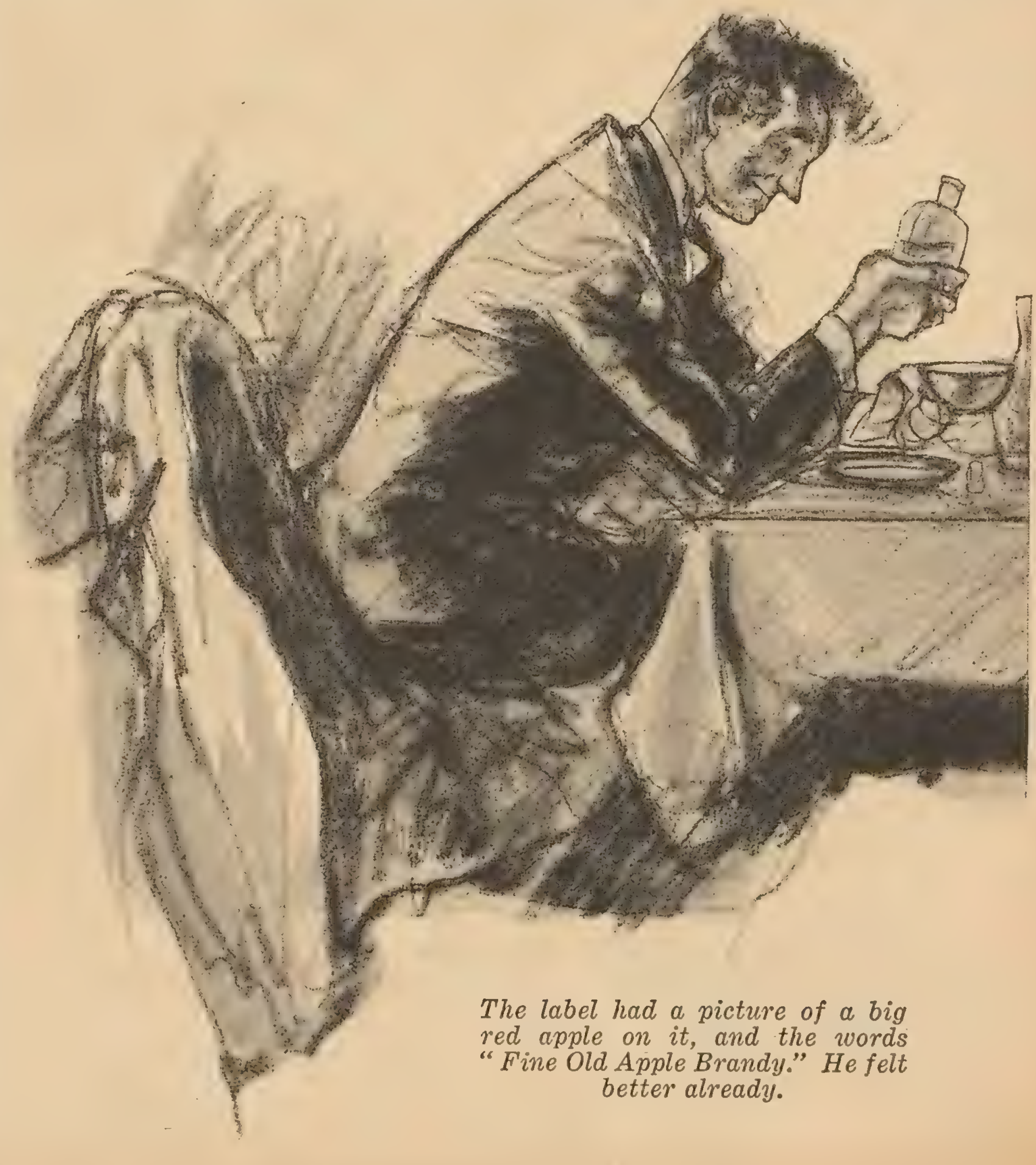
There was no telephone book. A card of regulations on the door indicated a hotel, but there was nothing to show which one. The towels were marked only with the initials "K.H." Kansas City? Kalamazoo? Kokomo? Kleveland— Oh, the devil! You're getting silly, Hall. Maybe your bean has really given way on you at last.

Sunlight streamed around the edges of the shade. Peering out as furtively as one wanted in three states he sought vainly a sign with the name of the town. Let's see. He remembered getting off a train. He remembered the ground tilting suddenly and smiting his head and right shoulder—ground that had a low stone wall and a hedge on it.

What time was it? Was he in funds? Had he committed any murders? Robberies? Any small arsons or kidnapings? Any fierce fun with crockery? Well, this much he knew. He had no watch, keys, knife, money, check book, notebook, lighter, or fountain pen. He was in a hotel and couldn't pay his way out. It behooved him to depart without saying farewell to his host.

By now there were returns from precincts hitherto not heard from. His stomach and adjacent departments were protesting violently against recently submitted propositions, and his alarmed but loyal heart shook him with the vibrations of its efforts to do the right thing by him. He had recourse to the bathroom and made a razorless toilet, and felt different but not much better because of drinking too much cold water.

As he opened the hall door with appropriate discretion he leaped back with frightened blasphemy. A corpse lay



The label had a picture of a big red apple on it, and the words "Fine Old Apple Brandy." He felt better already.

in the hall, a twisted, shapeless thing with a hat on. But no, it was only his overcoat and fedora. He must have thought he was hanging them in the closet the night before. No one saw him explore the hall, locate the service stairs, and leave by an alley.

Once outside he walked rapidly if shakily for ten minutes, and then halted at a news stand for breath. From a paper he learned he was in Melrose, New York, May 19.

Melrose? Why Melrose? It meant nothing to him. Who was he there to see? Who was the big manufacturer and advertiser in town? Before he could borrow a glance at the advertising pages a policeman approached. There was that in Mr. Hall's temporary inferiority which didn't make him equal to policemen, so he stepped into the handiest doorway, and presently found himself in the Cozy Corner Tea and Gift Shoppe.

II

A TALL girl with reddish brown hair rose from a rear table where she had been staring at a heap of bills and came toward him. She wore a very clean white dress, something like a nurse's, and she had nice legs and an engagement ring. Her eyes were gray or green or light blue, and nobody, any more, had skin like hers, but she did, and she looked at him gravely and said, "Good morning."

"Oh, is it still morning?" he said nervously, and tried to smile. "Good morning, then, and could I sit down a moment?"

She pulled a chair from a table, and he sat down, fiddling with his hat and trembling. She looked at him, and then she sat down in the chair opposite. He looked into those grave eyes, and then away, and said, "Excuse me, please. I just came in here to do a small job of dying."

She didn't respond to his wan smile, but answered, "Don't die here. The river's just yonder." She must be from the south, he thought. She said, "dah heah."

"Are you frightfully busy?" he asked politely. "Could I talk to you a minute?"

She said nothing, but reached into a pocket and got matches and a paper packet of cigarettes, and offered him one and lighted hers from the same match. It was then he noticed the engagement ring. "I am engaged, too," he said. "Or I was. I don't know if I'm in ill reputey everywhere—I—I—just a minute. The old concentration is shot to—is all shot."

Without rising she took his hat from him and hung it on a peg over her head. "What's the matter with you?"

He looked at her frankly and sadly. "You see before you a specimen of the great American hangover. All of my component parts are committing pogroms on each other and the jolly old red, white, and blue network of nerves is in frightful confusion carrying the news to all of my outlying districts. I can't see what interest my toes have in these northern disasters, but they are twitching so with excitement I expect any minute they'll bore through my shoes and start gnawing the floor."

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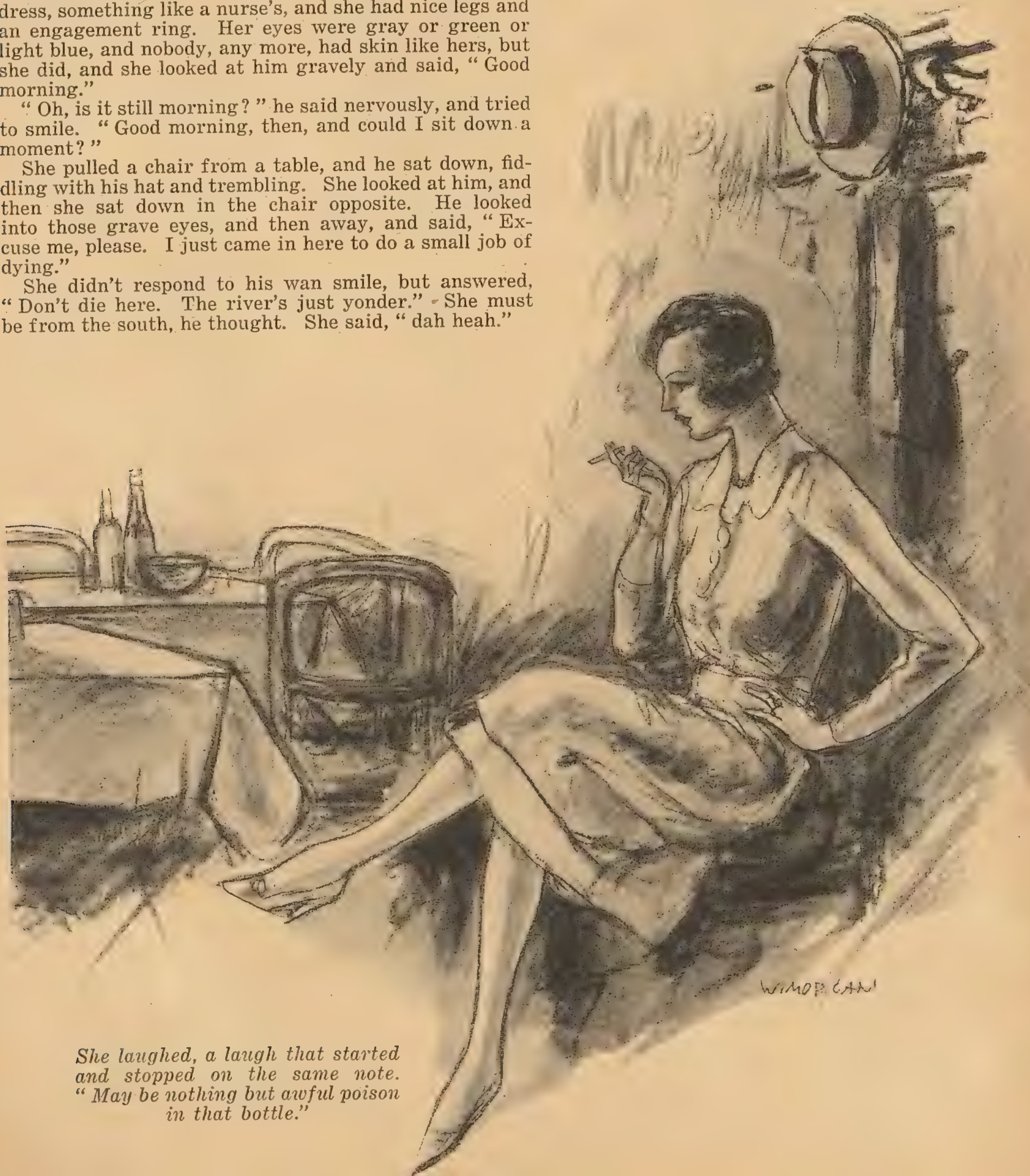
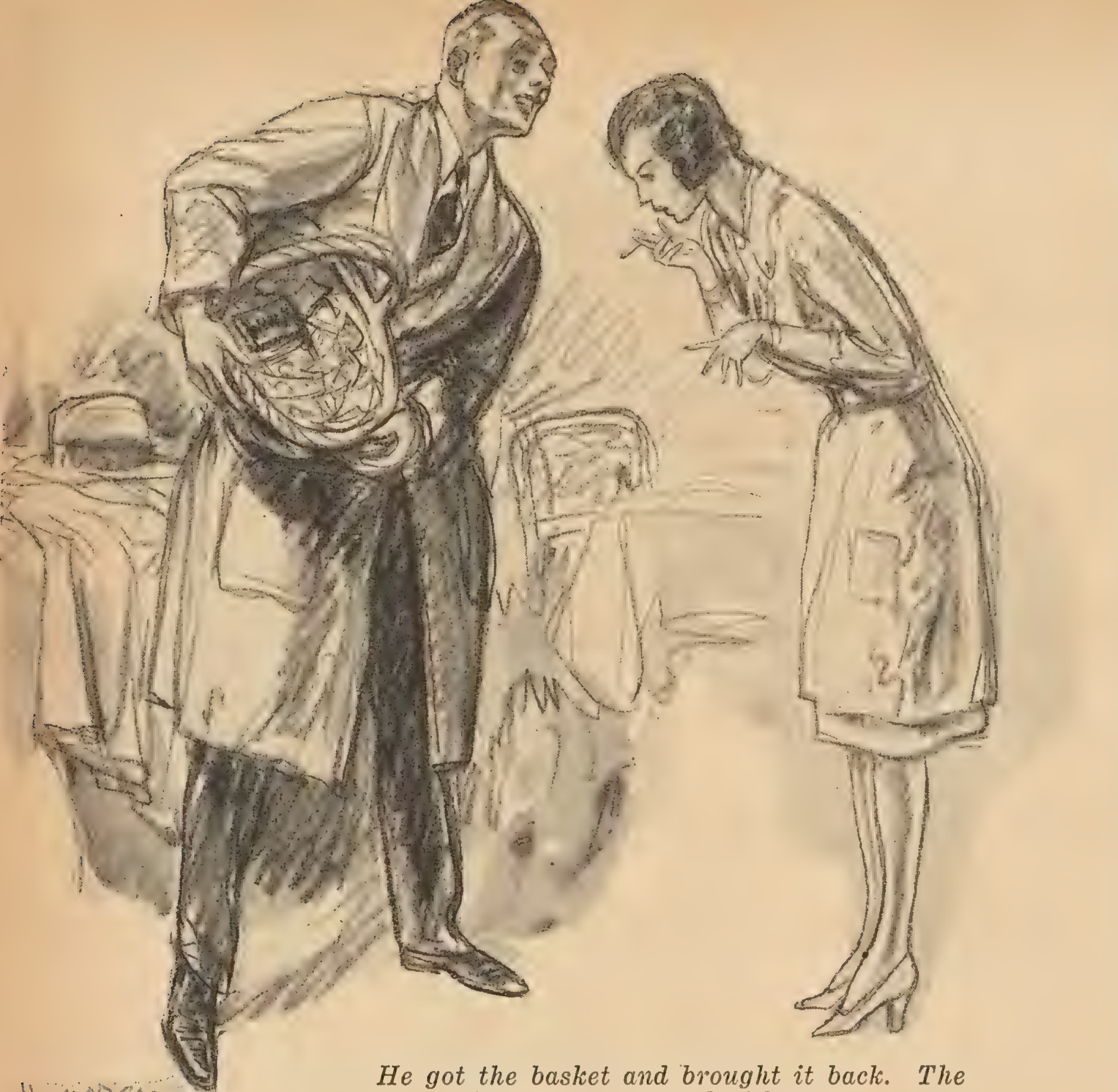


She laughed, a laugh that started and stopped on the same note. "May be nothing but awful poison in that bottle."



He got the basket and brought it back. The bottom was covered with money.

HANGOVER HALL
Continued from page twenty-five

"You've probably felt this way before. What do you usually do to make yourself feel better?"

He rested his folded arms on the table and studied closely the fabric of the coarse, clean linen, and then he looked up at her and said, "The tragedy of a hangover is that it's like a cold. We all have 'em, or a lot of us do, and we get over them eventually, but the next time we have one we never can remember just how we cured the last one."

"If you're going to be that way, why don't you put as much thought into the cure as you do in the liquor?"

For an instant he was going to be indignant; then he knew his indignation license had completely expired. He just gestured that he didn't know.

"I reckon you want a drink?" she asked, watching him steadily.

MR. HALL stiffened. He beamed. And then the smile vanished and the expression that took its place was even more sad than before.

"Unfortunately," he said, "I am a stranger in a strange land, and in a weak moment I must have flung my money and watch to the poor."

"Take off your overcoat," she said. "I'll be back directly."

He watched as she walked without hurry to the rear of the shoppe and disappeared. What poise she had, and how nice she was to look at—so quiet, so wide-eyed, and grave. How the devil had he gotten in here, telling a strange girl his troubles? He felt light-headed, dizzy, shaky. Maybe some of the dire drinking things he'd read about had happened to his brain and he didn't know it, but everybody else did. How to find out why he'd come to Melrose? And what would Eileen say? She'd served final notice on him at the time of his last big parade—

The girl in the white dress came back to the table. She put down a cup and saucer and a half-filled pint bottle. The label had a picture of a big red apple on it, and words "Fine Old Apple Brandy."

"A party came in here last week and started to drink. I put them out and they forgot this. Take it, if it'll make you feel any better."

He felt better already. He beamed his gratitude. He said, "My name is Hall, Charles D. (Hangover) Hall. Even now I am radioing wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity, and, furthermore, the biggest gold and ivory harp and the finest pair of wings in the highest heaven are being put aside carefully for you."

THEN she laughed, a loud honest laugh that started and stopped on the same note. "May be nothing but awful poison in that bottle for all you know."

He poured some into the cup, then filled the cup with water. He looked invitationally at her, but she shook her head. "I should say not! Especially not after seeing you." And then, noting he looked hurt, she hastened to soften her statement. Mr. Hall toasted her, then drained the contents of the cup. It made him cough and shadow box, but, as he hastened to explain, it saved his life.

"You're going to eat some breakfast," she stated calmly.

"Oh—but I haven't any money—and I've bothered you enough as it is—and also somebody's likely to come in most any minute—Miss—Miss—"

"Nobody comes here but bill collectors . . . and my name is Bertie Wallace."

"Bertie? Short of Alberta?"

"Short for Bertha, and if you call me that you'll go flying straight out that door!"

"Well, Miss Bertie Wallace, Mr. Charles Hall wishes to express only his undying gratitude and esteem, and to state if he can have one more little shot he will be off about his business and pester you no more."

"You'd look better if you shaved and you'd feel better with some food. You can use my razor while I'm getting breakfast."

Mr. Hall assented, poured himself another small drink, and said to her shyly, "You don't know how kind you're being, and you're talking to me like a mother or an aunt and I know you're not as old as I am."

"I'm twenty," she said, rising, "but I was born old. Come on and fetch that bottle with you. I don't want to leave it out here."

III

SHAVED and freshly combed, and with breakfast grapefruit, toast, bacon and eggs submitting magnificently to his private processes, young Mr. Hall lingered over his second cup of coffee with Miss Wallace and wondered idly who that ill-kempt, wild-eyed young man could be who had crept so furtively and shakily from the hotel alley so many years ago.

"I reckon you stayed at the Kaaterskill House," she said. "Don't you know how you got there?"

"Haven't the faintest," he answered pleasantly. "But now, to business. Why am I here? To whom am I to address my high-powered sales talk? Just who are the magnates of Melrose, and what do they manufacture?"

Miss Wallace told him briefly. Her résumé didn't mean a thing to him. "I work for Bender and Swanson, a big advertising agency," he told her. "They sent me here to line up some account, but whether it's canned river fish, cigars, tissue paper, lumber, or bricks, you cannot prove it by me."

"Couldn't you telegraph your company and get the information without actually letting them know you don't—"

"Oh, wise, all-knowing girl! Brilliant girl! Bertie—may I call you Bertie?—you're a life-saver!" Then his face fell. "But I have no money for wires, and no address. I cannot go back to the hotel. You see—"

"Telephone the wire from here and charge it to my bill. I can't pay it anyhow, and a little more won't hurt."

Charlie Hall rose. He took his coat from the wall and put it in her lap. "It's new and it's camel's hair," he told her. "I paid a hundred and eighty-five for it—and it's all yours—"

"Go do your telephoning," she said, and gave back the coat. So, after a few trials with paper and pencil she provided, he sent the following:

BENDER & SWANSON
247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
BELIEVE IT UNWISE TO APPROACH PROSPECTIVE CLIENT WITH DATA NOW AVAILABLE ADVISE YOU RUSH ME LATEST REVISED DATA TOGETHER WITH SUGGESTED KEYNOTE SALES TALK AM FEELING ONE HUNDRED PER CENT AND CONFIDENT CAN KNOCK HIM OFF WITH CORRECT APPROACH ADDRESS ME 213 FAIR STREET MELROSE NEW YORK
C D HALL

"THAT should fetch results," he told her while waiting, and after a while he composed another telegram and came back with it to the table where she was separating irritating bills from terrifying ones. "I hate to bite a gift horse right square on the teeth, or ride it to death or anything," he said, "but could I charge another telegram to you?"

She waved him to the telephone, and she couldn't help hearing him dictate:

MISS EILEEN CREEDMORE
C/O BENDER & SWANSON
247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
SORRY I DIDNT SEE YOU BEFORE LEAVING UP HERE ON BIG ACCOUNT AND WELL CELEBRATE WHEN I LAND IT SMALL LOCAL CELEBRATION LAST NIGHT THREW BOY FRIEND FOR LOSS NEVER AGAIN SEE YOU SOON LOVE CHAS

He felt it necessary when he hung up to say to Miss Wallace, "Worst thing about being engaged is that a girl expects a fellow to be the model boy and all. I'm afraid I'm in ill reputey, but if I land this account she'll see I tried."

"You were foolish to plead guilty by wire," she said simply, and didn't look up from her work. When the telephone rang, she answered the call and then handed him the receiver. He had a fear that his boss was on the wire, and he didn't feel up to a direct conversation. But it was the operator, with a telegram to transmit, and he copied it down, and after a bit he handed it to Bertie with an apologetic, "I don't know why I'm dragging you in on all this."

C. D. HALL
213 FAIR STREET
MELROSE NEW YORK
SUGGEST YOU SEE PROSPECT AT CLUB AND PROCEED ALONG LINES OUR LAST DISCUSSION SWANSON

She read it and her grave eyes met his. "Do you suppose—" she began, and then she was sorry for him. "Better send another wire. This is Saturday and a short day, so I'd hurry."

When right, young Mr. Hall was the most explosive of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

7 Shaves FREE...

to dissatisfied shavers

Five unique features won 86% of the men who try this remarkable shaving cream

GENTLEMEN: A free trial test is the method we've employed to introduce Palmolive Shaving Cream. For if it *is* all we claim, we win new users to it. 86% of the men who have tried Palmolive Shaving Cream abandon all other methods for it—tell their friends—make claims that you might doubt.

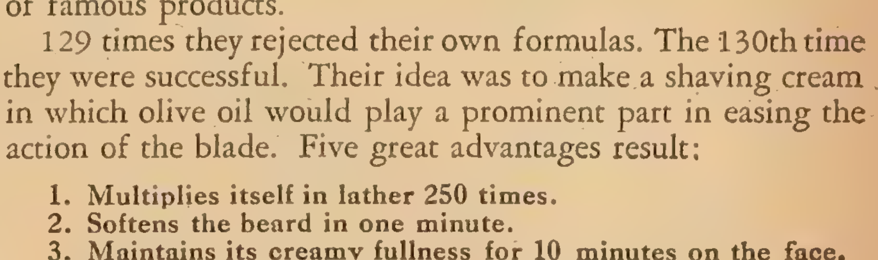
For 67 years we have been making "leaders" in the soap field. Thus it is natural that our laboratories would not rest content until our shaving cream was worthy to join that group of famous products.

129 times they rejected their own formulas. The 130th time they were successful. Their idea was to make a shaving cream in which olive oil would play a prominent part in easing the action of the blade. Five great advantages result:

1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2. **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3. **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
4. **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.**
5. **Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.**

Are they what you are seeking? Then won't you make our test?

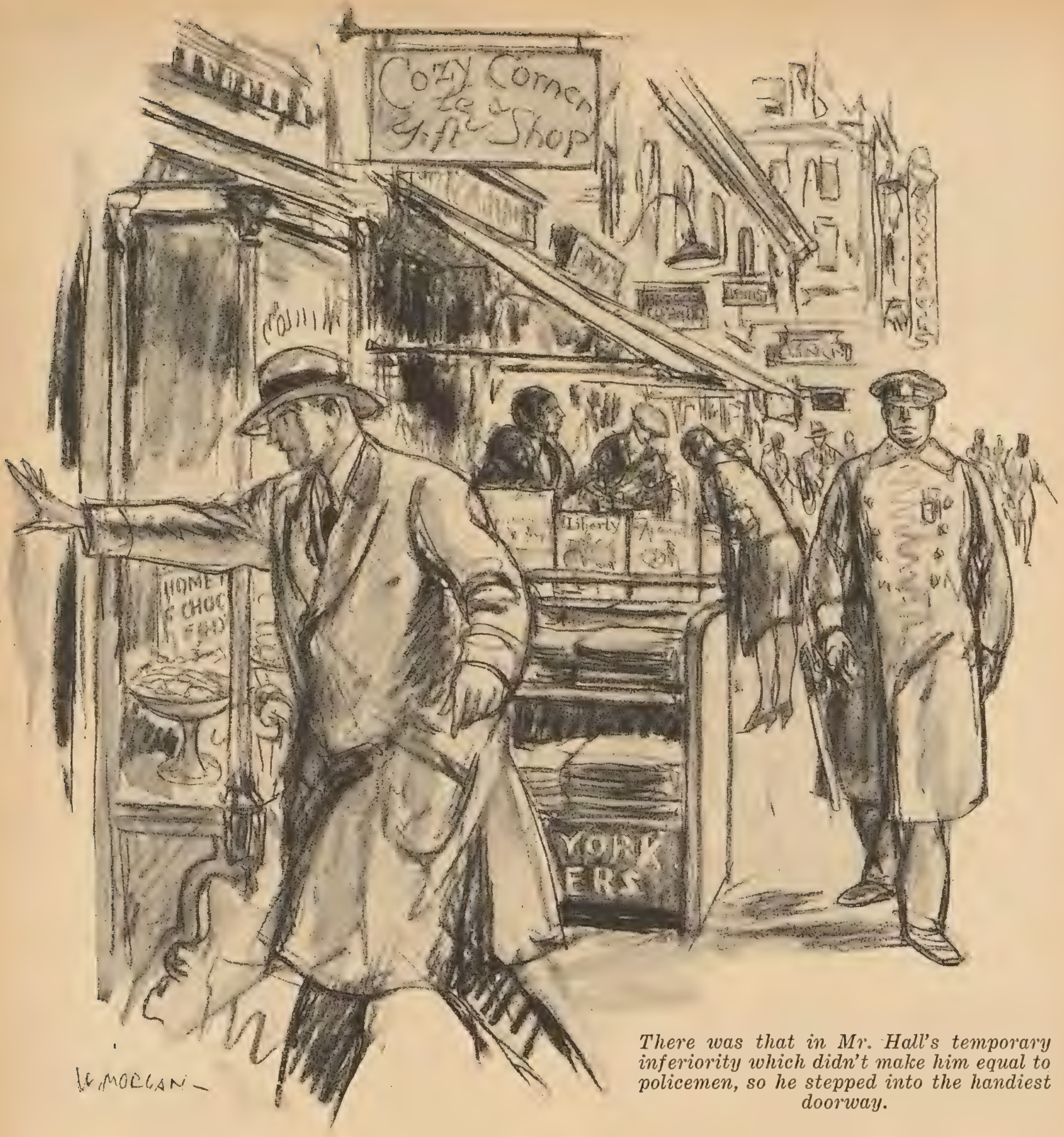
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company. 5258



Please mail the coupon—we take the risk

7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-858, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)



There was that in Mr. Hall's temporary inferiority which didn't make him equal to policemen, so he stepped into the handiest doorway.

[HANGOVER HALL
Continued from page twenty-seven]

Bender & Swanson's high-pressure solicitors and didn't have to ask anyone for ideas or suggestions in order to blast a deeply rooted prospect from his contract. But now, Mr. Hall was wrong. Oh, awfully wrong, and he couldn't quite remember how a completely abstemious man was supposed to think and talk and react. Perhaps he had been in error in mentioning the state of his health in the first wire. Souses and neurotics were always asking and telling each other how they felt, but didn't normal people assume good health in others and go on from there?

In his next wire he concentrated more effort than ever went into something in code from a Geneva conference:

PROSPECT PLEADS BUSINESS ENGAGEMENT BUT AM PRESSING HIM FOR CLUB APPOINTMENT MEANWHILE DESIRE INFORM MYSELF ANY CONCESSIONS YOU AUTHORIZE IN RATES ART WORK ETC ALSO LATEST CONTEMPLATED ACTIVITIES HIS LEADING COMPETITORS

"I know you think I'm crazy," he told Bertie Wallace. "Ordinarily I'm not like this, but I don't remember leaving New York and I haven't the thinnest raveling of a clue why I'm here. If that Swede will just drop me one leetle hint—"

There was nothing for her to say, and already he knew she was no word waster. While waiting for something hintful from Mr. Swanson, he paced the shop and picked up little elephants and things from the shelves and put them back and looked out at passers-by, going happily and innocently about their occasions just as though there was nothing the matter.

About ten thirty that long forenoon the answer came and made him dizzy:

PLEASE RUSH FIRST IMPRESSION OF PROSPECT AND HIS REACTION TO YOUR CORRESPONDENCE OF PAST MONTH

When he recovered, Mr. Hall seized pencil and paper and wrote savagely. "Fun's fun," he said. "But that Swede's not going to keep me here all day doing the vertigo from St. Vitus. I'll get some funds and square up with you and be on my way."

Accordingly he phoned the following dispatch:

REGRET TO REPORT PROSPECT THROUGH SECRETARY PLEADS ILLNESS PLEASE WIRE MY SALARY THIS WEEK AND ILL COME IN

The prospect of money bucked him immensely. He thought that after he'd been around to the telegraph office and cashed the order he'd stop in at the Kaaterskill House and pay his bill, for he was no tramp. Then he'd buy something nice for Miss Bertie Wallace and maybe take her to dinner and a show, if it was all right with her and her affianced. He could return to New York on a late train, or even an early one in the morning.

But it was not to be. When the telephone bell rang so cheerily, it was not with reference to a money order that the operator spoke. She transmitted something devastating:

NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE WHERE YOU ARE OR WHAT DISGUSTING SCRAPE YOUVE GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO THIS IS THE END HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE OF THIS MORNING UNENDURABLE EVERYONE IN OFFICE HAS SEEN YOUR WIRES TO MR SWANSON AND HIS ANSWERS TO ESCAPE THEIR JOKES AM LEAVING EARLY AND SHALL SEND YOUR RING LETTERS PRESENTS YOUR APARTMENT BY MESSENGER PLEASE MAKE NO EFFORT TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME AS I SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN EILEEN

That was a left hook right square on the vanity, and young Mr. Hall covered up most defensively and blamed everybody but himself, and even had a little rage left for the operator, for she sounded as though she was going to be laughing at him directly he hung up. What a day! What a day!

A MAN had come into the store while he was at the phone and was talking to Bertie Wallace. To give them a chance, Mr. Hall remained at the front window and watched an Irish terrier introduce himself to a visiting Airedale. Presently the terrier warned the Airedale not to waste time on the Cozy Corner Tea Shoppe garbage bucket as there was never anything in it, and the two departed for the bridal cottage of an extravagant young tugboatman where the most wonderful things were thrown away every day.

The interview at the rear of the shoppe came to an end and Bertie Wallace walked to the door with the man and said in parting: "I'll vacate Monday, then, and leave the keys at your office after I've cleaned up." And the man said he was sorry she hadn't made a go of it, but, heh, heh, business was business, and raised his hat and went away.

"I—I hate to be a pig," Mr. Hall said nervously, "but do you suppose I could have just one more small shot? I really need it."

She came part way back through a fog of preoccupation and saw him only vaguely. "Help yourself. You know where you left it."

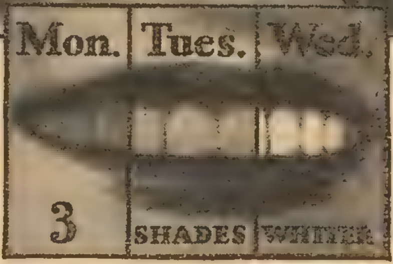
In the little kitchen Mr. Hall poured a liberal beverage, and while waiting for the water to run cold he looked around at the shelves, loaded with good things in bottles and jars and cans, and noticed how clean everything was—the trim little electric

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Will he kiss her? NO!

Germs sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—ugly yellow teeth, stain, decay and sore, spongy gums. You can't hide it from others but you can remove it—with Kolynos. It kills the germs.

TEETH WHITEN



3 Shades in 3 Days

HERE'S the quick, easy way to sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums—the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.★ Use it for just 3 days... Then note the results.

Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste. Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned.

As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure.

*It Saves Teeth ...Saves Money

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way... to use a dental cream full strength... to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly.... Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night... Dental cream lasts longer... Teeth look cleaner and whiter.... Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

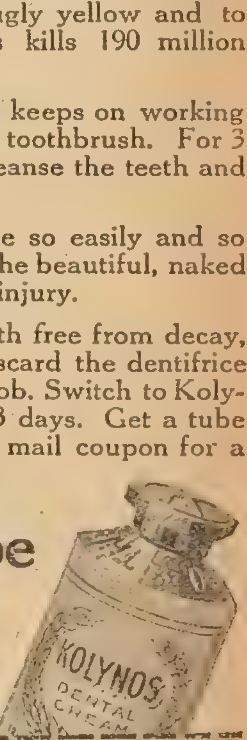
It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.)

Moreover, this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and so swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist—or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

14-day tube FREE



KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 510-L-76
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name ....
Street & No. ....
City .... State ....

Plymouth
CHRYSLER
MOTORS PRODUCT

PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

NOW ONE OF THE
LOWEST-PRICED
CARS IN THE WORLD

$590
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

No other car in the lowest-priced field is anywhere near Plymouth in *full*-size roominess and comfort. No other has weatherproof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Nor 45-horsepower high-compression engine with rubber mountings. Nor Chrysler engineering and precision craftsmanship. See it today. Why pay the *same price* for less?

Sedan, 3-window, 4-door, $625; Roadster (with rumble seat), $610; 2-Door Sedan, $610; Touring, $625; Coupe, $590; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $625; De Luxe Sedan, $675. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS
AND DeSOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

HANGOVER HALL
Continued from page twenty-nine

refrigerator, the electric grills, and the utensils. Odd that she wasn't doing more business. So far he'd been the only customer, if he could call himself that. Not liking to take his highball out front, he drank it there, rinsed the glass, then went out with almost as much confidence as he'd had before hearing from Miss Creedmore.

Bertie Wallace was at the telephone, writing a message. She finished and handed it to him, with a quick, grave look, then went back to her desk. He read:

MR. CHARLES HANGOVER HALL
213 FAIR STREET
MELROSE NEW YORK

AM SENDING A SOBER MAN TO DO YOUR WORK IN SAVANNAH GEORGIA LEAVING YOU FREE TO CONCENTRATE ON TALENT INDICATED BY YOUR MIDDLE NAME YOUR CONNECTION HERE TERMINATED YESTERDAY AND SALARY DUE WILL BE PAID WHEN YOU RECEIPT FOR SAME IN THIS OFFICE

KARL SWANSON

IV

"DO you mind if I walk around the block?" Mr. Hall asked quietly. "My brains must be in my feet because they work best when I'm moving. I'll—I'll leave my coat."

"You put that overcoat right on," she said, and with authority. Mr. Hall did.

Twenty minutes later he was back, brisk and determined. He pitched coat and hat into a chair and advanced to Miss Wallace, then hesitated, for she had been using a handkerchief on her eyes and was trying to act as though she hadn't. Mr. Hall said nothing. He patted her shoulder, then sat down, took a cigarette from her package, lighted it, and handed it to her. "Why aren't you doing better business here? And is there anything I can do for you, from splitting wood to licking some enemy?"

"This is a drinking town," she answered simply. "Every café and restaurant and tea shop but mine sells liquor. I don't—so they won't come here. And as for gifts—from what I've seen, the husbands give their wives only black eyes or grounds for divorce, depending on their means."

She said it so gravely, so seriously, that he laughed and she had to laugh, too. Then he said, "I'm the luckiest guy in America! I always was lucky and I see no reason for it to change. It was luck that brought me here this morning, and luck that lost me my girl and my job. Now I'm mad—nice and mad—and I can always go great guns when I'm mad!"

"Your girl?" she said.

"Oh, sure! She canned me by wire, but—well, annahoo, to business. Do you remember something you said to me this morning? You asked me what I usually did to make myself feel better after I'd been drinking, and then you asked me why I didn't put as much thought into the cure as I did into getting liquor and drinking it."

She nodded, and he went on excitedly, "I felt too rotten then to remember what to do, but now I can think of things—dozens of things—and that's one reason why I'm going into business right here in town. Here's the other reason—"

He dug out of his pocket the transcript of the last wire he'd had from Mr. Swanson. "Notice that middle name? Notice that crack about my talent? *Thank you, Mister Swanson, you Swedish herring!*" Mr. Hall stopped abruptly and wrote something down. "Herring—must remember that—"

"But I don't see—"

"Oh, yes, you do, my dear and handsome and bighearted Miss Bertie Wallace! There isn't a subject in the world I know so much about as hangovers. I've had 'em in half the states in the Union and in Toronto and Tia Juana. And I'm a genius at it. And didn't prexy say at my class baccalaureate, 'Neglect not the talent which is in—or within—or something'? He did. Now, I'm asking you something. Didn't I impolitely overhear you tell the man you'd vacate on Monday?"

She nodded. Mr. Hall beamed at her. "And didn't you tell me just now this was a hard-drinking town? You did. Now, tell me something—They're not all tough and rough peasant, tannery-yard, and teamster souses, are they? Guys that suffer no pain and work it off with healthy outdoor toil the morning after? I'm interested in the intellectuals—the insurance men, dentists, lawyers, store owners, golfers, politicians, newspaper men, brokers, automobile agents, and the wives of the lot of them—the best people. The people who drink the most and suffer the most and can pay the most when I pluck them from pain, misery, and despair—"

He paused for breath, and she spoke. " Oh, there is plenty of money here. It's considered one of the wealthiest communities on the Hudson. For instance, there's Mr. Townsend. He owns the street cars. He's a bachelor, and every Friday night a week-end party starts at his house—perhaps you noticed it—near the station. It has a low stone wall and a hedge around it— Why—! "

Young Mr. Hall was pounding her arm, a wild glint in his eye. " That's the place that rose up and hit me! I remember now. I could hear the boys and girls singing Down By the Old Mill Stream and throwing empties out the window when I picked myself up! "

He looked into the kitchen at a little alarm clock. " Bertie! " he called to her. " We can do business with those bozos if I can get there before they're stewed again. Will you stake me to this big basket and some things from your stock? "

V

A GIANT yellow roadster that should have been a limousine stood in front of the Cozy Corner when Mr. Hall returned about two hours later, and its owner was in the shoppe talking to Miss Wallace. He was a dark, expensive-looking youth with sideboards like a bullfighter. He didn't seem surprised at the entrance of a young man wearing Broadway and Park Avenue haberdashery, who carried a wicker basket with a crumpled apron in it. Mr. Hall was surprised, though, at Miss Wallace's greeting.

" Oh, Charlie! I want you to know Mr. Dixon. Hunt, this is my friend Mr. Hall."

By his accent, Mr. Hunt Dixon also was from the south. They talked polite nothings for a moment, then Mr. Hall excused himself to put the basket in the kitchen, but making a point of rising to whatever the occasion was by calling Miss Wallace " Bertie."

Mr. Dixon departed shortly after, and Bertie went out on the sidewalk to see him into his car. When she came in, she was nervous, for her hands trembled as she lighted a cigarette.

" That was my fiancé," she said and sat down. " He believes in long engagements. He's been in Paris a year and he's going back to stay until winter." She looked at Mr. Hall gravely.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

New.. a feminine scent for a "Feminine Era"

ONCE more, you are your feminine loveliest. Again your silhouette is subtly revealing—agleam in silks—supple in velvets. Never before has a Mode more ably spoken your charms.

And so, too, for you is REVE D'OR—soft—fragrant—truly reflective of the "feminine"—fresh from Paris conquests.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created REVE D'OR for the new mode. It is here in America in REVE D'OR *Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (*an "after sun-tan tint"*) at $1—REVE D'OR *Perfume*, $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—REVE D'OR *Toilet Water*, $2.50—*Talc*, $1—*Bath Powder*, $1. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

Rêve d'or L. T. PIVER PARIS
Rêve d'or
Rêve d'or (Golden Dream)
PRODUCT OF PIVER ••• PARIS

Only Half There . . . !

Eat yeast in this MODERN FORM

If you are run down fagged out and constipated. . . .

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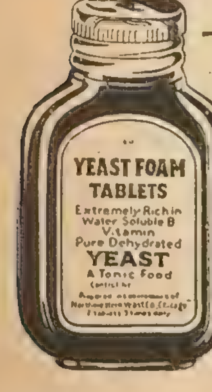


[HANGOVER HALL
Continued from page thirty-one]

"I wanted him to be jealous of you," she said.

Mr. Hall felt more odd. "And—was he, may I ask?"

"He wasn't even interested enough to ask who you were."

Mr. Hall's young vanity rushed right out to take charge of his reactions and phrase hurt speeches for him, but he thrust it aside and laughed. Bertie laughed, and then was serious. "Reckon I'm not a success as a vampire"—which she called "vampiah"—"I gave him back his ring."

Mr. Hall couldn't seem to think of just what to say. She went on, "So I'll go to New York Monday and get me a job carrying a tray."

Then Mr. Hall spoke explosively. "The hell you will! I beg pardon—but wait a shake till I show you a treek!"

He rushed out and got the basket and brought it back. With the apron he made a few passes before the basket and then asked her to look. The bottom of it was covered with money. Thirty dollars in ones makes quite a showing. There was also a wallet, check book, notebook, wrist watch, some keys, and a fountain pen.

"What's the meanin' of all this yere?" she asked in some excitement and apprehension.

"Be at ease," he said. "No crime's been committed, although I will admit this morning I felt desperate enough to steal me a forty-five-caliber Mexican voting machine and hold up a leading burgher."

THEN he told her how he had roused Mr. Townsend's guests and sent two foursomes cheerfully to the golf club, refreshed and fortified with clam, tomato, and sauerkraut juice cocktails, prairie oyster cocktails, cannibal sandwiches, onion soup au gratin, and other practical restoratives, and sage advice.

"And I had a nice talk with Mr. Townsend, who's a peach. I nicked him thirty dollars for the service—that's not a bad return on four dollars' worth of groceries—and I'm to have his exclusive hangover trade. Furthermore, he's given me the names of the leading performers in town, and he'll put me up at a couple of clubs. How's that for a guy that three hours ago felt more out of place in this town than a union suit on a Ritz-Carlton chandelier?"

"Wasn't you ashamed to charge him thirty dollars?"

"Listen, honey—I mean, Bertie honey—it was cheap at the price, and as I get better established, my rates are going higher. Here I take a row of cripples and send them capering out into the fresh air and sunshine—But wait, Albertina, till I tell you something funny.

"YOU see before you one who is custodian and sole lessee and what not of a southwest suite in the Kaaterskill House, with breakfast in bed when I want it, and maybe a fireman's pole to slide down for hurry calls. Mr. Townsend introduced me to a Riley Fitzpatrick, who owns the hotel. It seems that last night I went into the hotel under my own steam and registered and insisted on emptying my pockets into an envelope for the clerk to put into the safe. When they didn't find me in my room today they were worried. Honestly, Bertie, things are breaking so swell for me I'm scared. But the main thing is this—will you go into business with me?"

She regarded him soberly, as she sat thinking. Presently he got up and walked around. It seemed he had never wanted anything so much as to turn his disaster and hers into a joint triumph—for it hadn't occurred to him to go it alone. He looked back at her. He liked all views of her, but the front one was best, so he returned and sat down. "Well, how about you?" he asked. "Oh, I forgot! I'm invited—or we both are, for I took the liberty to include you—to Mr. Townsend's party tonight—"

"You're not going a step!" she announced. "Business is business. We'll call on them tomorrow morning."

And then, as he looked at her, delighted, she smiled and got rather red, and went on, "I was thinking—it won't be necessary to carry that heavy basket. I've got a Ford we can use."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Whom did Abraham Lincoln marry?

2—What are homographs?

3—Which planet is nearest the sun?

4—When is an object said to be macroscopic?

5—What is the largest city in Scotland?

6—What is the capital of Norway?

7—What is the name of the island group consisting of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John?

8—Who were the *conquistadores?*

9—What are the only South American countries that do not touch Brazil?

10—What is acrophobia?

11—What is an inscription on a tomb called?

12—What English statesman was called the Grand Old Man?

13—What is the difference between an emigrant and an immigrant?

14—What is sabotage?

15—What is a tatterdemalion?

16—What play by Shakespeare includes the character Malvolio?

17—What is meant by heroic, in art?

18—What is a firedog?

19—In what field was Charles A. Dana famous?

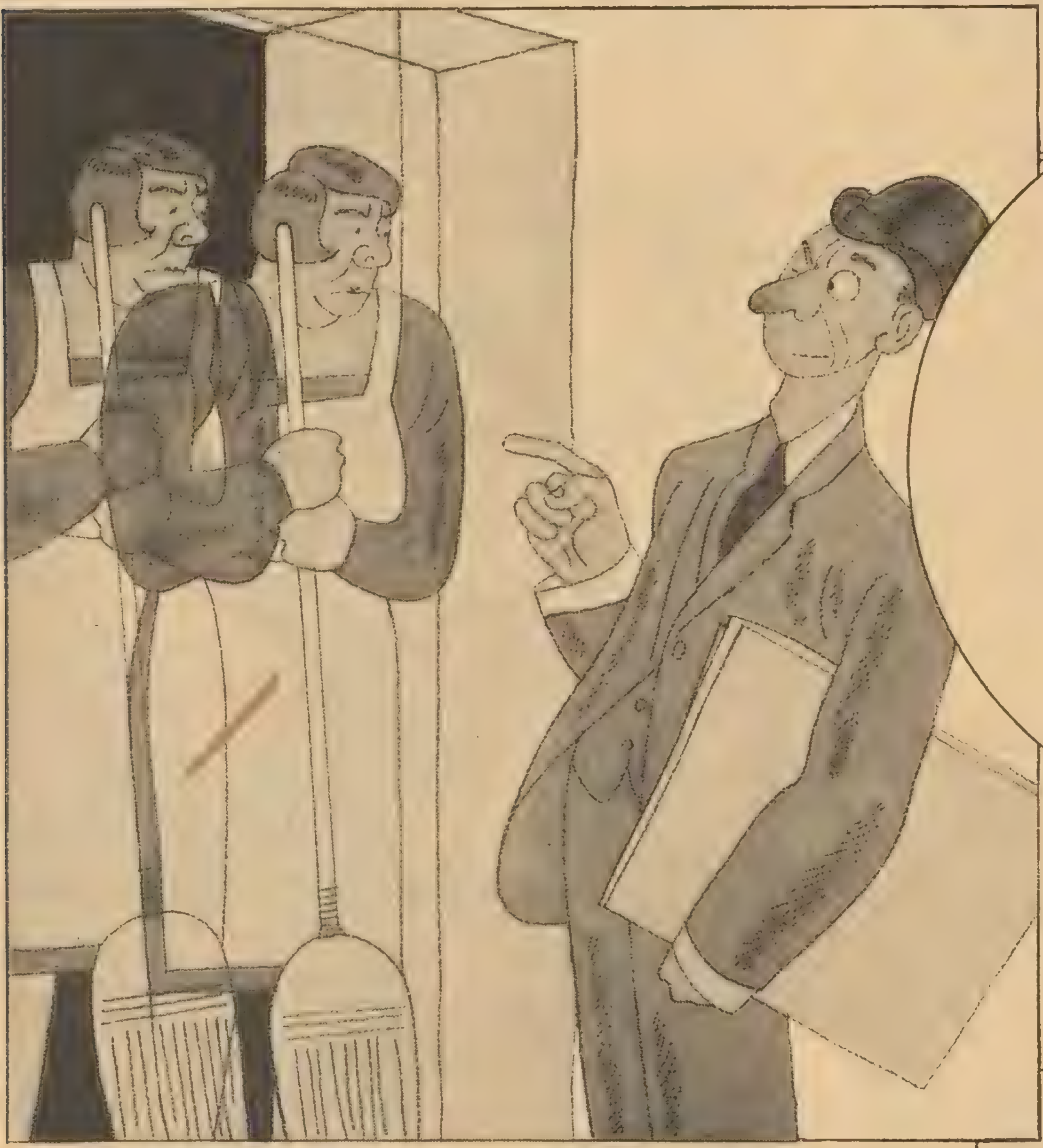
20—What is a footprint or other trace of a wild animal called?

(Answers will be found on page sixty)

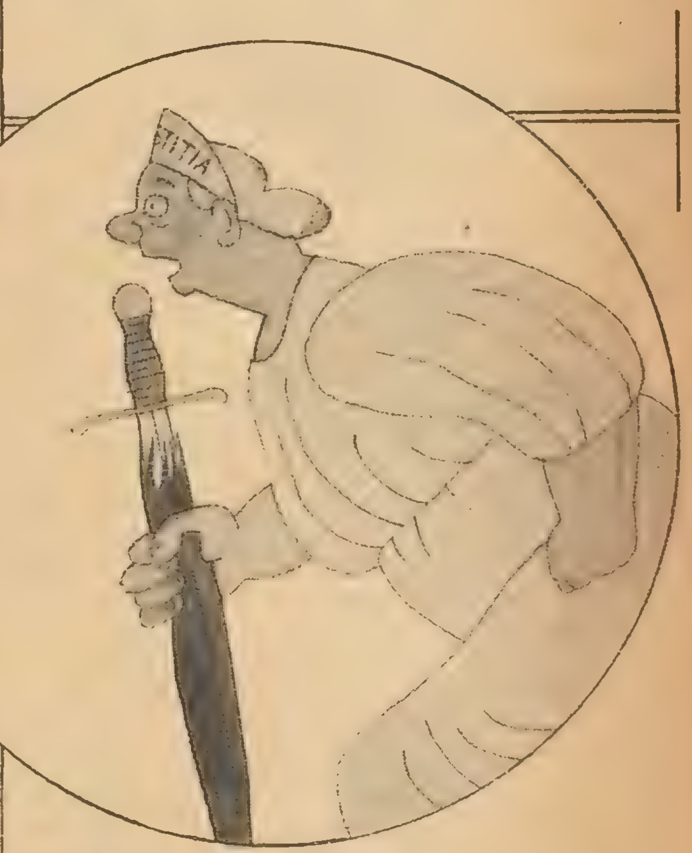
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

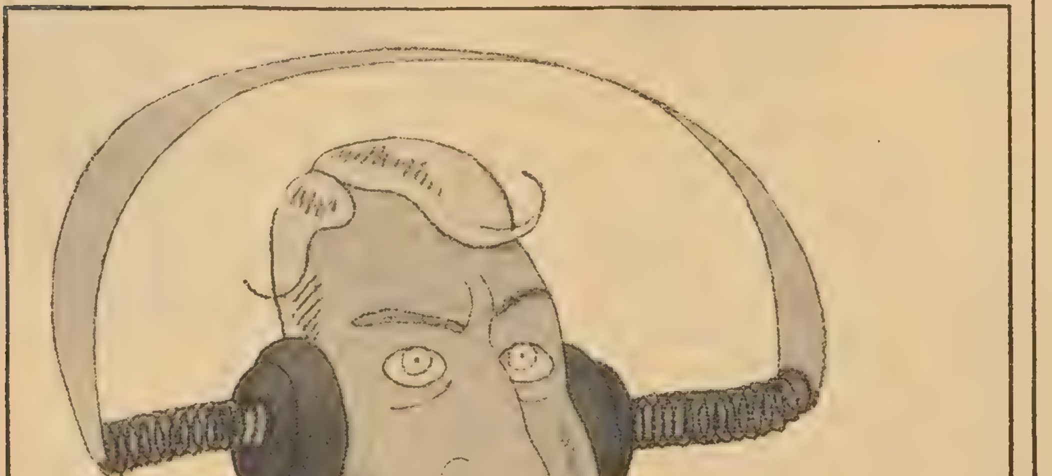
By RALPH BARTON



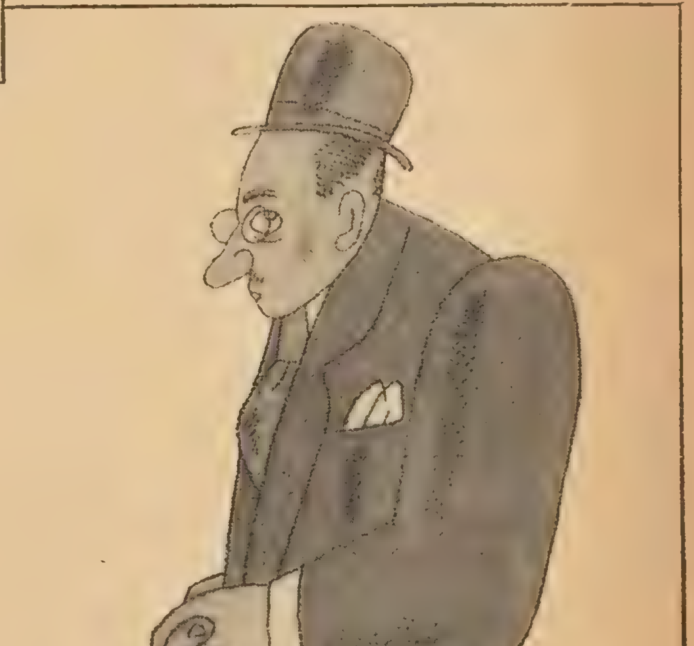
THE DRY AGENT who became a Census Enumerator.



CRIME SITUATION EASES as courts clear dockets. Now that Justice has abandoned its effort to prove that Mae West's Pleasure Man is a naughty play, and the matter of whether Rudy Vallée made crooning what it is, there is nothing left on the calendars but a few unimportant murders.



PATENT SOUNDPROOF ear muffs for the use of Southerners and Westerners who are afraid they might hear something good about New York.



ANOTHER RARE BIRD CAUGHT IN THE HILLS Firm believer in reincarnation who does not claim to have descended from a king.

Has The Doughboy's

An Answer from Military History

By

Brigadier General
Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C.

who began as a West Pointer, left the army for newspaper work, got back into uniform in 1917, and became an A. E. F. brigade commander. He has given years of study and observation, the world around, to the military problems he writes about.

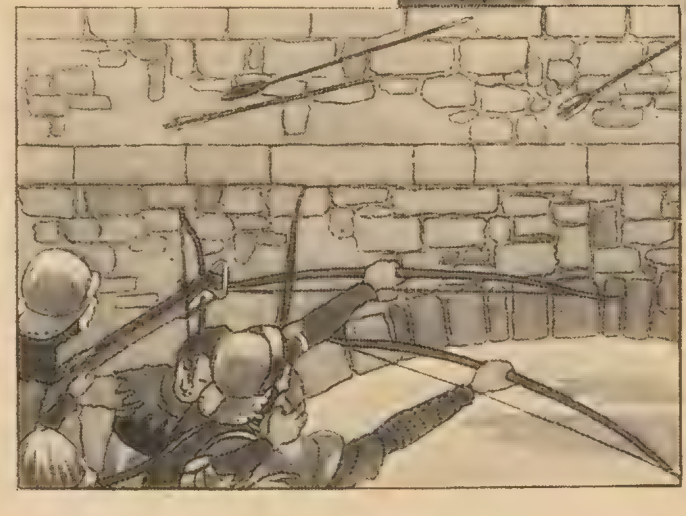
IS the doughboy about to disappear?

Recently in both this country and Britain the argument has been advanced that the latest developments in tanks and aviation mark his decline. Some even maintain that he is en route to being embalmed as an antiquity, which, like the armored knight of the Middle Ages, has no place outside of a military museum.

By "doughboy" is meant the "mud crusher," the "gravel agitator"—to give him the name the rest of the army knew the infantryman by until war correspondents and Red Cross nurses, with the best of intentions, but in profound ignorance of how they made the old-timers turn over in their graves, extended this term to include the field artilleryman, the coast artilleryman, and the cavalryman. These are not doughboys at all, but "wagon soldiers," "porthole soldiers," and soldiers whose sobriquet is too rough to be printed and highly uncomplimentary to their ability to remain in their saddles.

Once before in known history the doughboys sank to insignificance, though not to actual disappearance.

For a thousand years the hoof beats of masses of cavalry horses, the war cries of the mounted soldier and the clash of his arms, dominated the battlefield. The cavalry made and unmade Asiatic and European empires and settled the fates of their people. When the infantry appeared on the open field, it frequently had the questionable distinction of playing the part of a piece of meat thrown to a savage wolf to distract the wolf's attention and thus make it easier for the cavalry hunter to attack. In other words, if the enemy's cavalry could not restrain itself from engaging in the easy slaughter of the poor infantry too often offered as a bait, it could be caught with its own guard down.



English bowmen of the fifteenth century in an assault on a fortress.

Sometimes the infantry suffered at the hands of its own cavalry. The Battle of Crécy was fought August 26, 1346, between King Edward of England and King Philip of France. The battle started by 6,000 Genoese crossbowmen, placed across the French front, opening fire. The English long-bowmen replied. Shooting farther, more accurately, and faster than the Genoese, their clouds of arrows first beat down the Genoese fire and then began to demoralize their ranks. King Philip, seeing this, and impatient to charge the English with his cavalry of knights and men at arms, said, "Slay me these rascals." The first line of his cavalry accordingly rode through and over them and began the charge.

In general, during all this thousand-year period, the chief function of the infantry was to garrison fortified towns. Probably the most notable exception to this—for there were some—was the victory in 732 of the Franks, under Charles the Hammer, over the Saracens at Poitiers near Tours, a French city many American soldiers will remember.

This victory, just 100 years after the death of Mohammed, kept France from being conquered by his followers, and marked the beginning of the decline of their power.

Day Passed?

U. S. Official photo

A machine-gun company of the First Division, A. E. F., passing through the ruins of the village of St. Baussant in the advance to the victorious attack on the St. Mihiel salient, September 3, 1918.

Charles, who was the grandfather of the great Charlemagne, had an army mostly of foot soldiers.

This one bright page for infantry, in the thick volume which makes up the cavalry age, was about four hundred years after its beginning.

THE battle of Adrianople in 378 marks the commencement of the cavalry period of a thousand years. In that year, on the plain outside that city, which in 1913 the Bulgars wrested from the Turks largely because of their excellent infantry, the Roman legions were defeated by Gothic cavalry.

These northern horsemen killed the Roman emperor Valens and nearly two-thirds of his infantry. Thus ended the 600 years' supremacy of the Roman legion. The world had come to believe them unbeatable. With their short sword and supple infantry ranks they had beaten not only the barbarians of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but also the Greek phalanxes with which Alexander had conquered so much of the then known world, and the highly trained professional soldiers, led by the great Hannibal, who made up the army of Carthage.

The tank and aviation enthusiasts see in the Great War a Battle of Adrianople on a huge scale. This because they argue that just as the Roman infantry went down before the highly mobile Gothic cavalry, the great masses of infantry in the last war were helpless without the highly mobile tank and airplane.

From this they deduce that the only way to prevent another western-front deadlock, with millions of infantry killing and wounding each other by the hundreds of thousands over a period of years, is to have mechanized armies in which the infantry will play a subordinate part.

They see wars being fought and settled by large numbers of quick-moving, gas-engine-propelled armored cars and tanks on the ground, and airplanes above it.

They maintain that, due to the tremendous increase in the efficacy of these machines since the Great War, huge masses of infantry will mean no more to them than

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

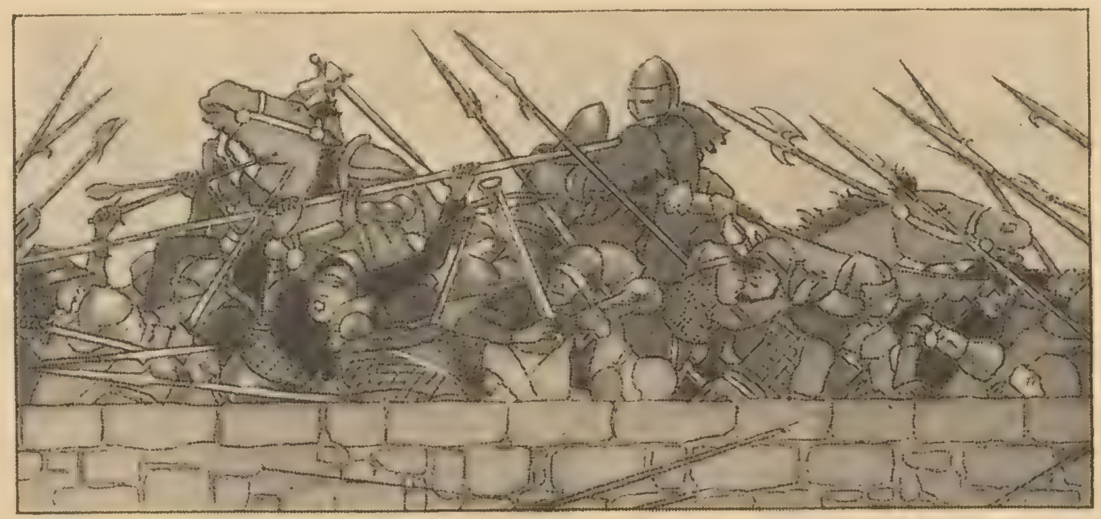
HAS THE DOUGHBOY'S DAY PASSED?

Continued from page thirty-five

unarmored foot soldiers meant to an armored knight.

They insist that just as the knight had an advantage which the feudal foot soldiers could not overcome, in his armor, which protected him from their weapons, and in the speed of his horse, so these machines of our age will have one in their armor and above all in speed.

The picture they paint of tanks charging through infantry at twenty miles an hour, their guns spitting death and destruction, immediately after *large* numbers of airplanes, flying at 200 miles an hour, have drenched the infantry with gas, machine-gun bullets, and bombs, makes the position of the Genoese bowmen at the Battle of Crécy seem highly desirable by comparison.



Pikemen and halberdiers meeting a charge of armored knights on horseback, in warfare of the time of Joan of Arc.

Both tanks and aviation had a profound influence on the course of the Great War. There can be no doubt as to the tremendous improvements made in each since.

Woe to the nation that enters the next war without being well provided with both of the latest model, manned by men well trained in their handling, and commanded by officers who thoroughly understand their strategical and tactical possibilities.

Any officer who does not know this has no more place in a modern army than does the old infantry officer who many years ago protested against the newfangled rear sight put on the infantry musket because it would be in the way of bayonet fighting.

This being true, the question is, has the time come to dethrone the infantry? Is it no longer, as we call it, "the backbone of the army," or, as the politer French have named it, "the queen of battles"?

While it is the fashion in many quarters to deride history, the fact remains that it has an uncanny way of repeating itself. Perhaps the tremendous differences in the outward and visible parts of history at different ages hide the fact that the underlying principles remain the same.

U. S. Official photo

An American tank climbing out of a trench near Seicheprey, France, on September 12, 1918.

AN armored knight on an armored horse would make the crew of a modern tank laugh. Yet the armor of the knight and his horse had the same purpose as that of the tank—to prevent the infantryman's weapon from doing any damage. Similarly, the speed of the horse and of the tank give each the advantage of a mobility the foot soldier does not possess. As a consequence of these same two advantages, the knight was able, as the tank's exponents claim it is able today, 500 years after the knight, to crush through infantry with small damage to himself.

However different their equipment and weapons, the knight and the crew of a tank are human beings. Most scientists agree that a thousand years or so make little or no changes in men. Even the most ardent evolutionists talk in terms of millions, not thousands, of years.

From the beginning of military history two fundamental principles of war are always apparent.

The first is that to have an army you have got to have men, and above all men who are really interested in what they are fighting about.

Rome wiped Carthage off the map. The Romans did their own fighting. The Carthaginians did not, but hired foreigners to do it for them. Later, the northern barbarians wiped Rome off the map so successfully that Roman civilization disappeared, to be followed by hundreds of years of ignorance, so profound as to be called the Dark Ages. The northern barbarians did their own fighting; the Romans by this time were hiring foreigners to do theirs.

The other great principle is that the soldiers who can move the faster in battle, while doing great damage to the enemy and at the same time keeping the enemy from doing great damage to them, will win.

In other words, the best combination of mobility, hitting power, and defensive power that is possible with the means at hand in any age, is generally decisive.

The century before the discovery of America saw infantry begin to stage a comeback. From then until the Great War, the steady rise of infantry falls naturally into three periods.

THE first was that in which it gradually got the better of armored knights and mounted men at arms.

The second was the period in which the kings struggled with each other for territory and other objectives to increase the powers of their respective dynasties. In this period the people as a whole did but little fighting. Armies were mostly made up of professional soldiers, who were either regulars, permanently maintained, or else belonged to corps of mercenaries.

The third period was the one in which these small professional armies, owing their allegiance primarily to emperors and kings, gave place to truly national armies, made up, as a result of the constant extension of the principle of universal military service, of the mass of the manhood of each nation.

It was in the first two centuries of its start to come back that the foot soldiery came generally to be known by the name infantry. From France, the word gradually spread all over Europe.

Two things started the infantry on its way back. One was the gradual growth of understanding of the military value of missiles which would kill and wound an enemy some time before he was close enough to use his sword or lance. The other was the much slower growth of understanding, on the part of the mass of the ordinary people, of the fact that if they wanted to exercise any power they would have to be both willing to fight and know how to do it.

The first missile weapon in the period of our civilization was the crossbow. In 1139, Pope Innocent II condemned it as too deadly for Christian warfare. However, once introduced, its use spread.

The long bow, which became justly famous because it was this weapon which did so much to start infantry on the upward path, was introduced as a military weapon into England by William the Conqueror.

Considerably lengthened, and therefore of much more value, it became the national weapon. In the battles of Crécy in 1346, Poitiers in 1356, and Agincourt in 1415, the English decisively defeated much larger French forces in which mounted men played the dominant part.

These battles will always stand in history as great vindications of the power of the foot soldier when properly armed and properly handled. Besides the damage done the charging French knights and men at arms by the accurate flight of swarms of English arrows, there is the fact that the British men at arms and knights, including the king, dismounted from their horses and fought on foot.

In the meanwhile, the Swiss mountaineers had been showing that the peasant as well as the noble would make a good soldier. They built up an infantry which for centuries was to prove too stubborn a nut to be cracked by the mounted soldiers on most of the battlefields on which they encountered each other. They beat the pride of Austrian chivalry at the Battle of Sempach in 1386. In 1477, in a battle near Nancy, on ground which many American soldiers will remember from the last war, they decisively defeated Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who lost his life in the combat.

The chief weapons of the Swiss were the long pike and the halberd. With the long pike, which had an eighteen-foot shaft, they kept the horses of the cavalry from breaking into their ranks. The halberd had a sharp hook, used to pull men out of the saddle; a sharp point to shove between the joints of their armor, and a broad, heavy blade to cut with, like a sword.

With these weapons they gave any knight whom they literally hooked a very unhappy time of it, despite his armor. Anyone touring Europe today who stops in the attractive mountain city of Innsbruck can see in the museum there a fine collection of these Swiss arms.

Starting somewhat later than the Swiss, but soon attaining the highest reputation as infantry, were the Swabian troops. In general, Swabia corresponded to what is Bavaria today. To distinguish themselves from the Swiss mountaineers, they adopted the name of *landsknechte*.

THE emperor Maximilian, to show the esteem in which he held the *landsknechte*, once, upon encountering a regiment on the march, dismounted from his horse, entered their ranks, and taking a pike from one of the men, marched the rest of the day on foot in their midst.

It not being the custom in those days to put troops in uniform, the *landsknechte* dressed as they pleased. They pleased to be so gorgeous in their desire to catch the ladies' eyes, and so successful in doing so, that the courtiers complained to the emperor.

Much to their surprise, the emperor turned them down. Probably he reflected that courtiers were more easily replaced than good infantry soldiers.

The next step forward was taken by the Spaniards. They were primarily responsible for the development of firearms as the infantry weapon.

After their defeat near Poitiers by Charles the Hammer, the Saracens retired to Spain. It took the Spaniards nearly 800 years of fighting to drive them back step by step to the Straits of Gibraltar and, finally, across into Africa. That being done, the Spaniards began early in the sixteenth century to mix in the affairs of the rest of Europe.

At the Battle of Bicocca, in 1522, the Spanish Marquis Pescara defeated the Swiss by drawing up his musketeers in several ranks. The first rank waited until the Swiss were near, fired a volley at command, and filed off to the left, allowing the next rank to fire a volley, and so on. This is probably the first example of fire discipline, as we speak of it today.

The Spanish infantry passed from victory to victory and was soon renowned all over Europe for its battle efficiency and discipline.

The consequence was that the young nobles, instead of going into the cavalry as had always been the case, entered the infantry. The emperor Charles V, to show what he thought of the infantry, on one occasion marched on foot in the ranks carrying an arquebus, as the infantry firearm was called at that time.

WHILE the Spanish developed the hand firearm as a primary infantry weapon, the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus was the first to make the fire of infantry the basis for the organization of an army and its tactical use in battle. This having been ever since the basis of the modern art of war, Gustavus Adolphus can be considered its father. Only now is this principle being challenged.

The Spanish and other infantry of the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire consisted of musketeers and pikemen in equal proportions. The pikemen were to protect the musketeers from attack while loading. As it took a soldier almost a hundred movements to load his musket and these necessitated some time, a musketeer was helpless before an enemy with a sword, lance, or pike. The pikeman did not disappear until the invention of the bayonet made the musketeer a pikeman on his own account. This was after the death of Gustavus, killed when thirty-eight years old at the Battle of Lützen, in 1632, about the time the Puritans had got well established in New England.

Gustavus, wanting more fire power, increased the proportion of musketeers from 50-50 to 66-33.

The infantry of his day was formed like the Macedonian phalanx of Alexander the Great, in huge squares as much as fifty ranks deep. Gustavus formed his infantry in six ranks. The musketeers closed to three ranks to fire.

Just as the supple Roman line polished off the rigid, heavy Macedonian phalanxes, so did Gustavus' line of infantry whip the infantry squares of his opponents.

This line formation gave him a better concentration of fire against charging cavalry. Infantry firearms had already been improved so that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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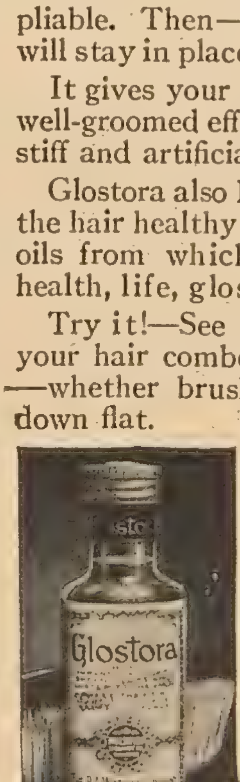
Glostora

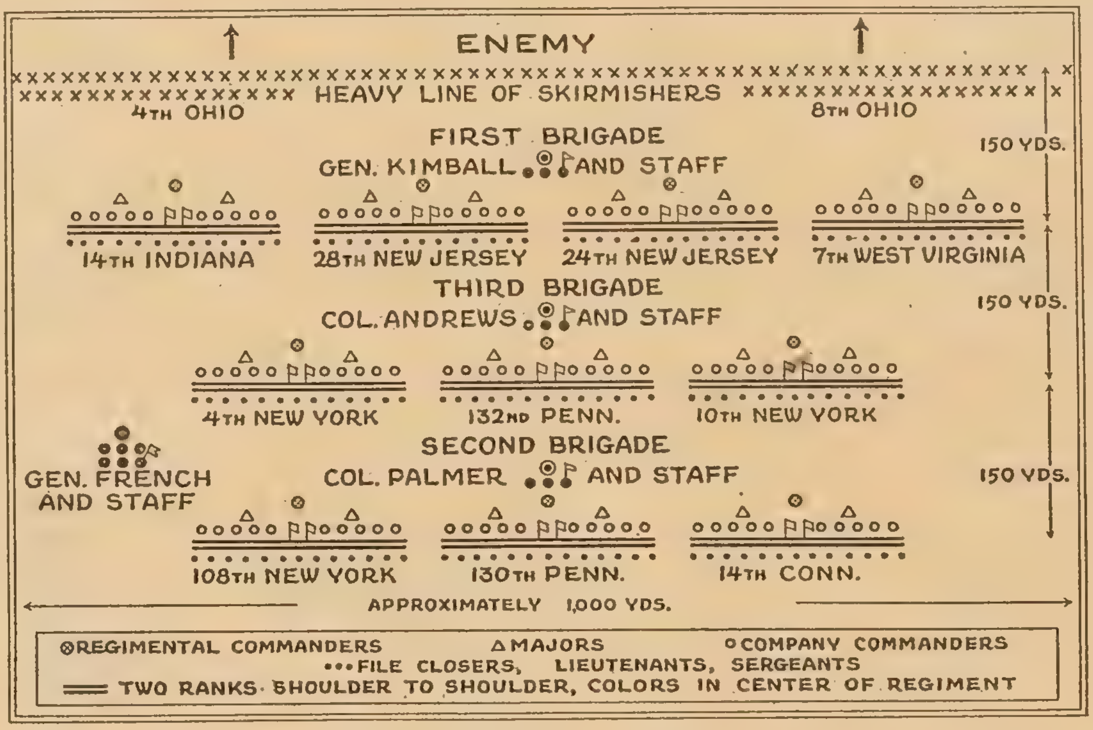


[HAS THE DOUGHBOY'S DAY PASSED?]
Continued from page thirty-seven

armor was no longer a complete protection against their bullets. Gustavus made further improvements, which increased the rate of fire of infantry soldiers.

At the same time his line with its intervals presented less of a target to artillery, which was commencing to become an important factor in battle—again, thanks to the genius of Gustavus.

From his time on, the developments of infantry have followed the same three lines. That is, first, increased power to damage the enemy by increased range, accuracy, volume, and penetration of its fire; second, increased breaking up of the fighting formation into smaller and smaller groups capable of more flexible and quicker movement; and, third, the same breaking up into groups with a position flat on the ground when not moving, and the use of individual intrenching tools in order to secure protection from the enemy's fire.



The formation of General French's division, Army of the Potomac, for the assault on Marye's Heights in the Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. Compare this with the diagram on page 43, which shows the formation of a numerically similar body of A. E. F. infantry for an assault in the Battle of St. Mihiel.

Gustavus had a limited form of conscription. The Swedish pastors made out the lists and issued the summons from their pulpits. The high morale of the Swedish troops was largely due to the fact that the peasants had been protected from the nobles by the Swedish royal family. Thus the Swedish infantry, in fighting for Gustavus, felt they were fighting for themselves.

It was not until the French Revolution, however, that Europe saw the full revival of the ancient principle of the manhood of a nation going to war. Lazare Carnot, an engineer officer and a member of the Committee of Public Safety, used the enthusiasm of the French people to defend their new found liberties against the armies of Europe's kings, and his own genius for organization to produce a national French army. Thus was the instrument formed which Napoleon used to conquer the continent of Europe.

THE complete defeat of the professional army of the King of Prussia by Napoleon at the Battle of Jena, and by Napoleon's marshal, Davout, at Auerstädt, convinced Clausewitz, who was present and who was to become the great German writer on the art of war, that a professional army would always be beaten by a national army founded on the whole people under arms. The heavy hand of the French convinced the German people that they must arm and fight if they were to drive the French out. This they did.

The principle of national armies gradually spread throughout the world. In our Civil War, the Confederacy adopted it by legislation in April, 1862; the Union, in March, 1863.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, all the leading countries of the Americas, Europe, and Asia, with the exceptions of the United States, Britain, and China, had national armies based on universal training of their manhood in peace and service in war. Both the United States and Britain adopted universal service during the war. It was this system which produced the millions of infantry soldiers during the Great War.

Let us consider the question of mobility, the lack of which on the part of these millions of doughboys is the principal criticism made by the tank and aviation enthusiasts who say the day of the infantry has passed.

To be mobile, one must be able to move. It is one thing to move when there is no obstruction to the movement, and quite another when there is. This question of obstruction is the great difference between mobility on and off the battlefield.

It is also what makes the apparent paradox that the more the machine age enables man to move when off the battlefield, the more difficult his machines have made it for him to move at all on the battlefield.

IT is not such a long time since large bodies of troops could only get over the ground on their own feet, or on the backs of horses. The railway introduced a new factor in the strategy of war—that is, in the movement of troops to battlefields. Our Civil War was the first great war in which this new factor played an important part. Von Moltke the elder was the first European general to use railways to a great extent. They played a large part in his plans which brought victory so quickly to the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71.

In the Great War, the motor truck and motor bus, by supplementing the railways, enabled troops to be moved at a speed and in numbers far beyond the maximum Von Moltke could have accomplished with his railways.

Probably the future will see aircraft add still further to the mobility of troop movement up to the battlefield.

Once within the range of the enemy's fire, however, the whole picture changes.

In the Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War, railways could bring troops close to the battlefield. In the last war, long-range heavy artillery compelled troops and supplies to be unloaded from the railways long distances back. Therefore, had it not been for the thousands of motor trucks, troops would have found it more difficult, and more time-consuming, to get to the battlefield than was the case in either the Civil War or the Franco-Prussian War.

In the Great War, airplanes, by their ability to drop their bombs much farther within the enemy's lines than the heaviest gun of the artillery could reach, added to the difficulty of getting troops, guns, and supplies to the battlefield. In the next war, undoubtedly they will not only force railheads much farther to the rear than was the case in the Great War, but also will prevent motor trucks coming so near the battlefield.

Thus man's newest and most marvelous machine, while still far from the point of being capable of transporting him in large numbers, has already, as a weapon, tended to reduce his mobility in the face of an enemy.

Every improvement in man's weapons has done two things: it has steadily increased the distance at which he came under enemy fire, and it has made it more and more dangerous at any given distance not only to move at all but also to assume any other position than lying as flat as possible upon the ground.

In the Civil War, the infantry fought in what is parade formation today—shoulder to shoulder, double rank, fir-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

27 million reasons WHY

TRUE leadership must have the power to *endure*—not only to *attain* first rank, but *remain* there, by unvarying and continued *merit.*

Long before the inception of radio, the Stewart-Warner Corporation became an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of quality, electrical precision instruments. For nearly twenty-five years it has retained this leadership—steadily improving its products, constantly growing—until today Stewart-Warner is the largest institution of its kind in the world.

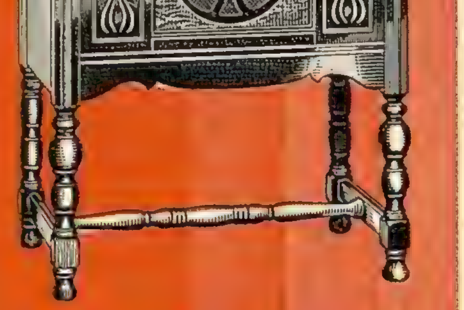
This wealth of proven experience provided the background for the new Stewart-Warner Screen-Grid Radio. And the tremendous engineering and production facilities devoted to its manufacture are sufficient to assure that its leadership will be maintained for years to come.

Today, there are 27 million users of Stewart-Warner Products—27 million reasons why this name is known the world over. When you buy a Stewart-Warner Radio, you acquire every *advanced, proven* feature known to the industry—*plus* exclusive, original features.

Get acquainted with CHAMPIONSHIP radio performance. Go to your nearest dealer and *hear* the new Stewart-Warner. Note the way it "gets" the stations—from far and near—with razor-edge selectivity—with soft, sweet, realistic tone. And remember, for a small down payment, you can make your selection—NOW—with perfect confidence, from the most outstanding line of radios we have ever produced.

Attractive Period Consoles, available for all types of electric current, incorporating Stewart-Warner's powerful, up-to-the-minute, 8-Tube Screen-Grid Circuit. Priced $130 to $157.50, less tubes. Illustrated at left—the "Woodstock." Early English design in walnut, center panel of beautifully figured hard maple—$140, less tubes. *Prices slightly higher West of Rockies.*

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, Chicago, U. S. A.



The "WOODSTOCK"

"A GREAT RADIO BACKED BY A GREAT NAME"

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

... in travel it's
GLAMOUR!
Cheste
SUCH POPULARITY

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Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

. . . in a cigarette it's TASTE!

NEW scenes, romance, adventure—and always at hand, the dependable good taste and solid companionship of Chesterfield.

Everywhere the same refreshing mildness, the same fragrant richness, the same sheer goodness . . . derived from fine tobaccos, thoroughly aged and mellowed, smoothly blended and cross-blended.

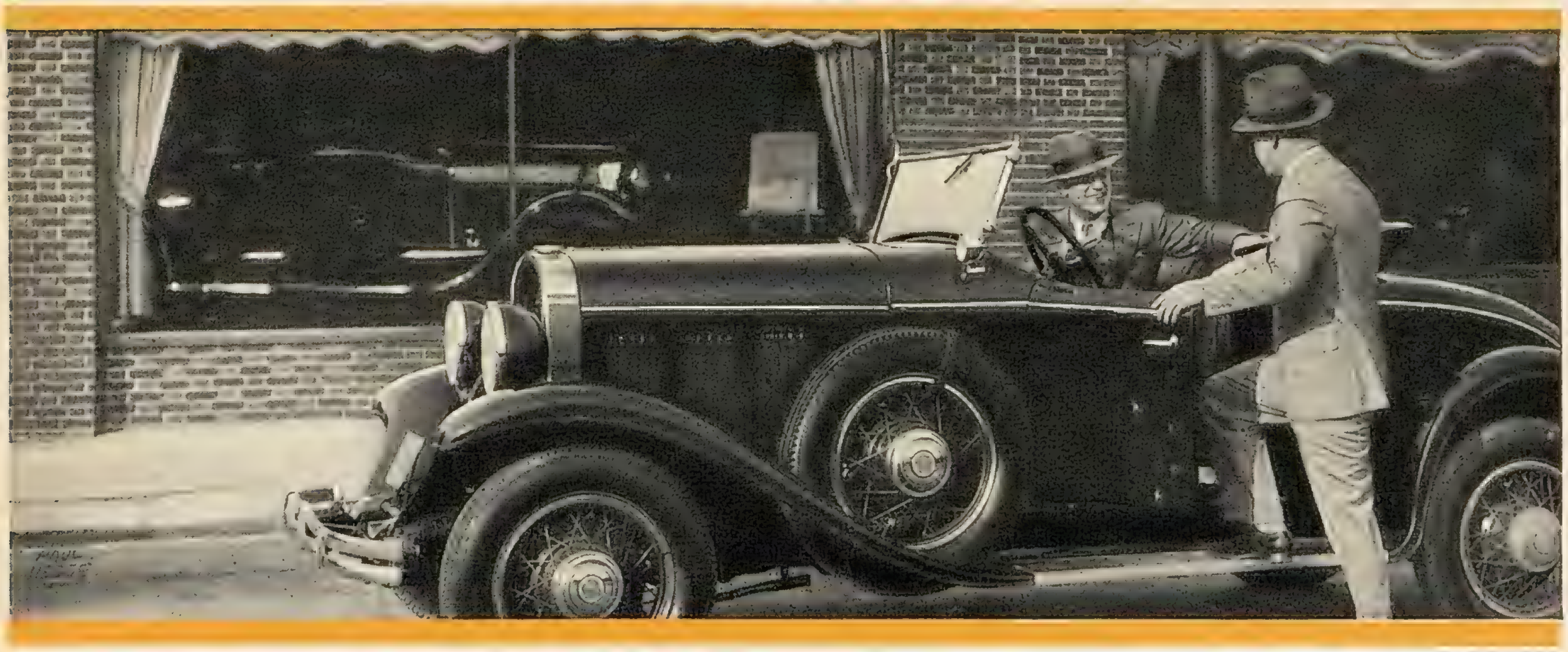
Billions and billions of Chesterfields smoked the world over . . . and all over the world, instant appreciation of Chesterfield's unchanging standard:

TASTE *above everything*

field

ST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY



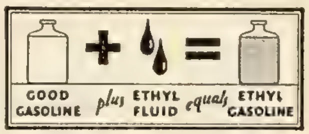
MANY NEW-CAR SALESMEN USE ETHYL GASOLINE WHEN THEY DEMONSTRATE, BECAUSE THEY WANT TO GIVE THEIR CARS EVERY CHANCE TO DO THEIR BEST.

New cars and used cars . . . *both demonstrated with* Ethyl

An increasing number of automobile salesmen use Ethyl Gasoline when they demonstrate a car to a prospective buyer.

They know that the Ethyl fluid in it will give the car a measure of performance beyond that possible with ordinary gasoline. The anti-knock characteristics of Ethyl increase power and pick-up and minimize gear-shifting. The margin of improvement is as great in small cars and old cars as it is in the new and larger cars.

Give Ethyl a trial yourself in the car you already own. See how much better it behaves; how much easier it handles in traffic; feel the extra smoothness. You too will find it both thrilling and thrifty to ride with Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



Knocks out that "knock"

* * *

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

ETHYL GASOLINE

WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK U.S.A.

The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

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AND USED-CAR SALESMEN KNOW THAT IN OLDER CARS OF ALL KINDS ETHYL BRINGS OUT A PERFORMANCE IMPOSSIBLE WITH ORDINARY GASOLINE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

ing volleys into each other at 300 yards and shorter distances. The colors were in the center of the regiment, the file closers in their places, the majors and higher ranking officers on their horses, riding up and down in back of the line. The support, in the same formation, was perhaps not 100 yards to the rear, and the reserves were similarly back of the support.

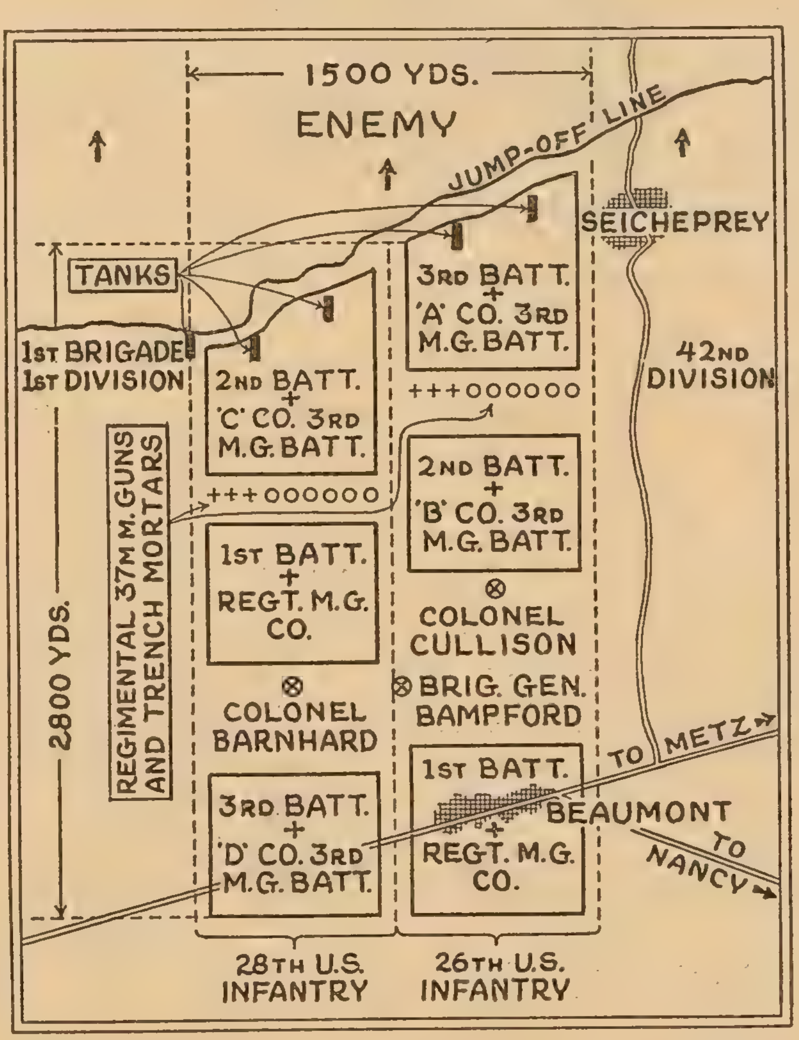
In the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection, while the firing line was a skirmish line, with intervals of perhaps a yard between men, the men did not always lie down to fire. In many cases the officers walked up and down back of the skirmish line, sword in hand. Ranges up to 600 yards were good average infantry battle ranges.

U. S. Official photo

Battalion D, Seventh Field Artillery, A. E. F., in action during the St. Mihiel attack.

Anyone who served in the infantry in the last war has vivid recollections of how the enemy's fire could and did heavily maul them at two and three miles and compel them to take combat formations.

No one need do more than contrast the Civil War line of battle, firing volleys at 300 yards while standing in double rank, and a modern battalion scattered in its combat formation, roughly in a square 1,000 yards on a side. When the leading men are 300 yards from the enemy, those in the rear are 1,300 yards. Frequently in the open the whole battalion at this range is lying flat on the ground, pinned down and held there by the enemy's fire.


1500 YDS.
ENEMY
JUMP-OFF LINE
SEICHEPREY
TANKS
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
3RD BATT. + 'A' CO. 3RD M.G. BATT.
2ND BATT. + 'C' CO. 3RD M.G. BATT.
42ND DIVISION
+++OOOOOO
2ND BATT. + 'B' CO. 3RD M.G. BATT.
REGIMENTAL 37MM M.GUNS AND TRENCH MORTARS
+++OOOOOO
1ST BATT. + REGT. M.G. CO.
COLONEL CULLISON
2800 YDS.
COLONEL BARNHARD
BRIG. GEN. BAMPFORD
TO METZ
1ST BATT. + REGT. M.G. CO.
3RD BATT. + 'D' CO. 3RD M.G. BATT.
BEAUMONT
TO NANCY
28TH U.S. INFANTRY
26TH U.S. INFANTRY

The formation of the Second Brigade of the First Division, A. E. F., for an assault in the Battle of St. Mihiel, September 12, 1918. The number of bayonets was approximately the same as the number in French's division at Fredericksburg, diagramed on page 38. A comparison will show how new weapons have both forced attacking infantry to spread out and added to the means of supporting it.

In the Civil War, batteries of artillery galloped up as they do now only in drill and unlimbered their guns within plain sight of, and from 600 to 1,000 yards from, the enemy's infantry. The limber teams took their places directly in rear of the guns, while the caissons stayed just in back of the limbers, as is done for inspections and reviews today.

Following the Civil War, the steady development in the fire power of infantry pushed the artillery farther and farther back on the battlefields. This was simply because guns surrounded by their gun crews make such large targets that the infantry could easily silence them by killing and wounding the crews.

By the time the Russo-Japanese War came along, the rapidity of fire and range of artillery had so increased that it was soon discovered that any battery which unlimbered in plain sight of the enemy, even though out of range of their infantry, was quickly put out of action by their artillery.

Those who served as artillerymen in the recent war know that a battery in the open whose position was discovered was soon a battery largely destroyed.

Thus our age of machinery, while steadily increasing the quickness with which men can move to the battlefield, has steadily decreased the quickness with which they can move when once there.

Further than that, it has made the possibility of any movement at all depend upon the size of target the man or men moving present to the enemy's fire. The infantry has decreased this target by steadily breaking up into smaller and smaller groups. The skirmish line of single men with intervals between was thought to be the limit. The last war broke that up by taking some of the men out and scattering them in the rear.

Field guns, which have remained about the same size and therefore present the same target, have only been able to exist at all by hiding completely out of sight.

Those artillerymen who survived trying to take their guns, limbered and drawn by their horses, forward in an attack with the infantry when detailed as "accompanying guns," know only too well how quickly and thoroughly the enemy's fire settled them.

Even the one-pounders given to the infantry specially to deal with machine-gun nests, small as they were, and close to the ground as their small carriages kept them, generally had a pretty warm, when not a disastrous, time of it.

The losses of machine-gun units, particularly in fighting in the open, led frequently to nicknaming them suicide clubs. Their losses came primarily from the fact that, much smaller though they were than the guns of the artillery, they nevertheless presented a much larger target than an individual infantry soldier flat on the ground.

Despite smoke screens, and despite the use of tanks by surprise, and the lack in general of German tanks to combat them, every battlefield was strewn with tanks put out of action by the enemy fire. Despite their mobility, their size made them good targets. Also, the Germans having relatively few tanks, Allied tanks did not have to meet and overcome enemy tanks before attacking the enemy infantry.

Man's machines as weapons have made a battlefield a place in which any sizable object is promptly swamped with a disastrous hail of projectiles.

Tanks could not resist the fire of field artillery in the last war. Since the war, infantry weapons have been steadily improved, from the point of view of successfully shooting up tanks. To meet this the armor of tanks has been increased.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

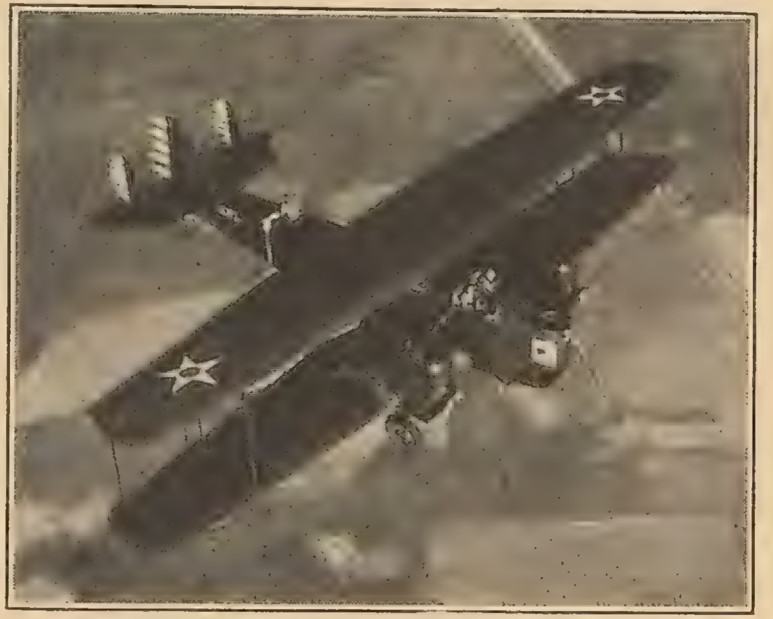
HAS THE DOUGHBOY'S DAY PASSED?

Continued from page forty-three

Thus the same race between guns and armor which has been going on in navies has started between infantry weapons and tank armor.

On sea, the point was long ago reached where in building a ship the choice had to be made between speed and armor. The amount of weight any ship of a given size can float under is limited. If a large proportion is used up for engines and fuel to give great speed, the amount left for guns to strike the enemy with, and armor to protect the ship, is reduced, and vice versa.

In England it has been shown recently that exactly the same difficulty has been reached with tanks. Increasing the size of a tank is sure to make it a target which artillery carefully hidden back of its own infantry will promptly smash. A small-size tank cannot carry enough armor to protect it from the new infantry high-power, rapid-fire antitank rifles, and at the same time carry the engines necessary to make it move quickly.



Official photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

An up-to-date Keystone bomber in flight.

In aviation a similar struggle is going on, except that the question of weight is of still greater importance. The total weight which each horse power of engine will lift into the air and keep there is limited. The larger the proportion of weight that is put into the engine to get high speed, the less there is left to carry weapons and their projectiles, let alone armor.

Thus the heavy bombers cannot fly as fast or as high as the fast pursuit planes. Also, they must be larger. Being larger, and flying slower and at lesser altitudes, they make much better targets. The pursuit plane which can fly fast and high, and can make diving attacks close down to troops on the ground at terrific speed, cannot carry the weapons and ammunition to do much damage.

During the war the ordinary weapons of infantry and artillery were not adapted in their projectiles, sighting apparatus, or the way in which they were mounted, when heavier than hand arms, to firing on airplanes. When the war closed, such antiaircraft weapons as had been produced were relatively crude in these particulars. Since then tremendous strides have been made.

MANEUVERS held by our army in recent years show that a division of infantry deployed for an attack presents such a poor target, because scattered over so much ground, and produces such a volume of fire, as to suggest to attacking aviators the same thoughts as those of a cat which has pounced on a hedgehog by mistake.

If caught in column, marching along a road, the same division presents a fine target for attacking planes until it can get itself spread out into the formation now taught all troops to meet such an attack.

If caught on the road in motor trucks jammed full of infantry, the opportunity offered attacking planes is, from their point of view, delightful.

Cavalry, by its speed and consequent capacity to strike quick blows by surprise, has always been a thorn in the side of infantry. It still is today.

Aviation has this same capacity to strike quick blows by surprise. As it can move at many times the speed of cavalry and can attack from an entirely new direction—the air—it will make matters just that much more difficult for the infantry.

Infantry which stood up in large masses made easy targets for artillery. Napoleon I owed much of his success to being an artilleryman. He kept the artillery of his Guard massed in rear in reserve in the beginnings of battles. After the battle had gone on for some time, he would decide where he thought the enemy was weakest and choose that point for a decisive attack. Then the artillery of the Guard would gallop up to within 500 yards of the enemy's infantry line, unlimber, and literally blow a hole through that line. Of course, the enemy's fire took its toll of the splendid target the artillery presented while doing this.

Possibly some such rôle will be played by masses of tanks in the next war, in which the weapons of the infantry will be dangerous to tanks in a way never seen in the Great War.

Modern infantry is steadily increasing the damage it can do to any enemy which can be brought against it. At the same time, due to the increasing power of modern weapons, it is more than ever the only arm that can exist for long periods of time and move on a battlefield.

New weapons always produce great effects when first tried out, because their use and power come as a surprise.

However, history shows that study and time bring an answer.

WHEN new weapons can be used in the same way and to better purpose than older weapons, they replace them. Muskets replaced bows and arrows, but not for some time, because for some time archers could shoot farther, faster, and more accurately. Also, the musket was so heavy that an archer could maneuver more quickly.

In the same way, breech loaders slowly replaced muzzle loaders, and magazine rifles, single-shot breech loaders. When an automatic rifle is made which, while as accurate as the present rifle, can be carried as easily by the individual soldier, it will become the infantryman's arm.

New weapons, however, which cannot be used in the same way do not replace old weapons, but become new branches of the service. A field gun shoots farther and will do more damage than the bullet from an infantryman's rifle.

However, guns, instead of replacing foot soldiers and their armament, have become a separate branch of the service, the artillery, without the aid of which the infantry is at a grave disadvantage.

The experience of the last war, coupled with the exhaustive study and experimentation made by all the principal countries since, shows that tanks and aviation cannot replace infantry.

At the same time, there is no disputing the fact that infantry without their aid in large numbers of the latest models is at a serious disadvantage.

The thousand years of the age of mobility were the days of small numbers of infantry, poor armament of infantry, and poor leadership of infantry.

The Roman legions defeated at Adrianople were Roman only in name. For a long period the Roman had lost interest in being a soldier and, what was worse, in fighting to uphold Rome.

The legions were filled with barbarians who had no interest in upholding Rome or Roman traditions and principles. As maintaining an army cost money, the army maintained was small.

The Military Institutions of Vegetius, written about that time, a translation of which is supposed to have been constantly carried by George Washington during the Revolutionary War, tells the story, and the steps which Vegetius thought Emperor Valentinian should take to restore the Roman army to efficiency.

Poor infantry armament was due to carelessness, desire for economy, and disbelief in the worth of infantry on the battlefield. Greater than all these, however, was the feudal belief that only gentlemen had the spirit to bear arms and the political right to do so.

The French nobles put an end to training the French people in the use of the long bow, when it was found they took readily to it and were becoming proficient in its use.

Obstinate persistence in using outworn tactics in the face of new weapons, thus causing defeat, or at best losses out of all proportion to the result obtained, is a price infantry frequently pays for poor leadership. The persistent use of the bayonet as the chief infantry weapon by the Austrians, in the face of the new Prussian breech-loading rifle, in the six weeks' war of 1866 is one of the best examples.

Just before Christ, Marius made changes in the heavy pack of the Roman infantry soldier. The Roman doughboy was promptly named the "mule of Marius."

General Summerall, the present Chief of Staff of the army, when in command of our First Infantry Division during the Great War, always loaded the infantrymen down with extra ammunition just before going into battle.

One dark night, as one of his infantry regiments was stumbling along to get to its morning jump-off position, a soldier standing alongside the road called out, "What infantry regiment is that?" A cannoneer, leaning against a gun of a near-by battery, yelled out, "Hell, don't you know any better? That ain't infantry; that's Summerall's ammunition train."

WHETHER called the "mule of Marius," "mud crusher," "gravel agitator," "doughboy," or "Summerall's ammunition train," the more man increases his machinery, the more the foot soldier is backbone of an army.

Railways started carrying him and his heavy load so that he might arrive fresh on the edge of the battlefield, instead of worn out by that most grueling experience for the human mind and body, a long infantry march in full pack. Motor busses carried on the good work in the Great War. Probably in the future, aircraft will help along the same line.

Once on the battlefield he is master of all he surveys, if he is there in sufficiently large numbers and with sufficient courage, so that the toll exacted in the future by tanks and airplanes, just as by war chariots, elephants, cavalry, and artillery in the past, will not stop him any more than the rocks along a beach stop the mounting of the tide.

History shows that the best guaranty of this is given whenever the mass of a people so firmly believe in their government and the principles for which it stands that they will risk their lives and limbs in battle to maintain both.

Not even with elephants and the genius of a leader like Hannibal could the Carthaginians, who would not themselves furnish their infantry, overcome the Roman citizens, who had neither elephants nor a Hannibal, but who believed in Rome and were willing to back up that belief with their lives on foot on the battlefield.

THE END

Vox

Off an I. W. W.'s Chest

CHICAGO, ILL.—In re mentions of the I. W. W. in Sutherland's Sacco-Vanzetti and Tom Mooney articles in Liberty:

Sutherland's charge that the I. W. W.s at Centralia poured bullets into an American Legion parade is not, now, believed by the majority of the jurors. They have made affidavits clearing the eight I. W. W.s still in Walla Walla Prison. The raiders fired as they attacked the I. W. W. Hall, November 11, 1919, and answering shots were justified in self-defense.

Mooney has never been a member of the I. W. W.

Sutherland is the first one ever to charge the Los Angeles Times dynamiting to the I. W. W. Rhetorical flourishing or his anxiety for strong climax doubtless led him into this ridiculous lie.

Sutherland says that Mooney agitated for the defense of " I. W. W. murderers." This generality is cowardly. If he cites any specific case we will be glad to expose employing class court frame-up methods in this case.

No overt act by an I. W. W. has ever been proved in any of the scores of criminal syndicalism cases. Our members were convicted for revolutionary opinions. If they " burned hop fields " or " derailed trains," will Sutherland tell us why the states, with all their paid stool pigeons, could never prove it?

We hold, with informed, justice-loving opinions everywhere, that Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings are innocent. The Liberty articles seem timed to keep them in prison, for the case is now at a critical juncture in California politics. — *James Sullivan, General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W.*

Handshakes All Round

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I should like to shake the hand of Grace Robinson who wrote that brilliant article, " Doctors and Their Ethics," and the hands of the men who dared to publish it. There is not another important magazine or newspaper in the country that would have dared touch it.

However, being closely connected with the profession, I must not so much as reveal my identity or off would come my head, so to speak.—*A Reader.*

Thrashing It Out

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I've guessed it. Leslie Thrasher *owns* Liberty. He *can't* be fired.—*Mahlon Andrews.*

TAMPA, FLA.—Why spread the mustard on Mr. Thrasher? If he desires to use members of his family for models that's his business. If Liberty chooses to petrify the front pages of an otherwise desirable weekly that's their business.—*Put Putnam.*

Pop

The Case of Atheism

DAVIS, OKLA.—Can it be that your editorials and articles are created for the express purpose of causing an uproar of divergent opinion and comment? If so, they most excellently serve.

Take your editorial on atheism. Why pick on Russia? We have atheists in this country. Atheism is progress. And so Russia goes ahead, no one can say how far. It certainly has far enough to go, but it will get there. Nothing can stop it, for it has eliminated the fear of the supernatural.—*Alan McAllen.*

FT. F. E. WARREN, WYO.—In your editorial of April 5, 1930, you state that atheism is a religion.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Atheism is opposed to all religion —it is non-religion.

You say it is "compelling all the people it can reach with its power to accept its tenets." Again you are mistaken. It is not compelling them to accept its tenets; it is educating and persuading them; it is appealing to their reason.

You say the militant atheist is "passionately religious." How can that be? The militant atheist is opposed to all forms of religion. His is not a religion, it is a conviction. Continuing, you say, "His actual religion is the hatred of all gods, but particularly of the Christians' God."

That is the most absurd statement I have ever read. How can a person hate something that does not exist? Ridiculous!

The Communists in Russia are no more eager to persecute those who disagree with them than the early Christians were to persecute and burn at the stake infidels and heretics. The Communists in Russia are, rather, trying to make the people see the folly of religion and belief in God by educating them, press reports to the contrary. The early heretics suffered more at the hands of Christians than the Christians ever will in Russia.

Yes, people who cannot face the truth like to make themselves believe there is a hereafter and a God.

As long as there is no God and no future life we must make the most of our life and enjoy it to the utmost. We should live sanely and wisely and not waste our precious time praying and groveling before a mythical God and worrying about a mythical future life.—*A U. S. Soldier.*

Things Look Promising, Jack

CLEVELAND, OHIO—My one big ambition is to be the World's heavy weight champion. I went down to the Stable to see Johnny Risko last Saturday. I walked up the street with him, I told him I intended to be a fighter. He autographed his picture and gave it to me. I am very proud of the picture I have framed it.

My Dad was an amature boxer at one time. But I want to be more than an amature. I am twelve years old, am 5 foot 4 inches tall and weigh 116 pounds. —*Jack Currier.*

A Nurse's Knock

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—I have just finished reading "Little Brown Nurse," by Walton Green, whose experience may cover various branches of work but as far as knowing how a hospital is run, he knows nothing.

Having been in the profession for thirteen years and worked in one of the biggest hospitals in New York City and in various ones in Cuba and Central America, I know of what I speak and Mr. Green does not.—*Madalin P. Johnson, R.N.*

A Layman's Boost

BREWSTER, MASS.—I decided not to renew my subscription to Liberty when my year's subscription runs out this month, but after reading "Little Brown Nurse" have changed my mind. And, I may add, as long as you have W. Green's stories you will have readers. —*Austin Keith.*

The First's Better

MONTAGUE, CAN.—I and fourteen fellow scientists, after three years of careful and diligent study, have discovered the reasons why people write to Vox Pop.

These reasons are three in number and we take justifiable pride in presenting them: 1. They get a kick out of seeing their letter printed. 2. They get a kick out of seeing their letter printed. 3. They get a kick out of seeing their letter printed.

My reason is the second one.—*William D. Stewart.*

And a Very Reasonable Way of Looking at It, to Be Sure

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your magazine is great!

Your stories are great!
Your cover is great!
Your movie reviews are great!
Your puzzles are great!
Your questions are great!

In fact, your whole book is great and not because I won anything, either, but because I am sick of all the Vox Pop knockers who try to change my mind.—*Sally of St. Louis.*

Not So Hot, Wm.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Psst! How to get your nickel back: Buy a Liberty, read it, and then sell it to someone else who has purchased a copy of the same issue.

Tell him it is better than the copy he has.—*Wm. A. Erner.*

Postscript No. 6287 About "Kittens, Gulls, and Ducks"

REMER, MINN.—"We are not sentimental about ducks"—to quote your editorial entitled "Kittens, Gulls, and Ducks"—and, I would say, nor about anything else except, perhaps, the fair ones referred to in a former editorial when you said: "What better destiny is there for a badger or marten than to find himself on the neck of a beautiful woman walking up Fifth Avenue?"

What wholesale suffering and waste are committed and condoned in the name of sport and style! I live in the heart of the Ten Thousand Lakes country of Minnesota and for years I have witnessed the same thing.

An army of hunters goes out each fall, and for every duck they kill they wound five or six which crawl away to die of wounds and many finally freeze with broken wings and no chance to get away.

The hunter goes home with his $25 ducks and his $25 fun per duck and leaves in his wake thousands upon thousands of wounded ducks strewing the lakes and marshes from Minnesota to the Gulf Coast. The duck whose good fortune it is to have some farmer wring his neck is quickly killed and the flesh used as it was intended to be, but who can venture to say that the Creator intended all of his lesser creatures to be sacrificed to satisfy man's thirst to kill and woman's desire to be in style?

A few years ago I could sit by the lake near my home and watch several muskrats near by building a home. Now I am lucky if I see one rat in the course of the summer. The whole north country is losing its greatest attraction through the extinction of the little furred animals and the disappearing ducks and everything else which the users of firearms and steel traps can get their eyes on.—*Mrs. F. D. A.*

Oh, Most Any Kind of Corruption

ALBERTA, CAN.—In order to get a short story into Liberty does a Canadian writer have to throw in a bottle of hooch? I ask to know. Can let you have a case of the best any time. Just say when. Have been going to send in a yarn but was waiting to see if I could find out what particular form of bribery or corruption was necessary.

Mr. Watt's effort in a recent issue finally decided me. Just how did he get that story, "Nitchi," over? Be honest about it.

As for your short short stories, those have been particularly good which bore names I had never seen before. Others say the same. Is there not a moral here? I think so. Let the big names go and print more good yarns by unknowns.—*Canny Scot.*

Quartette

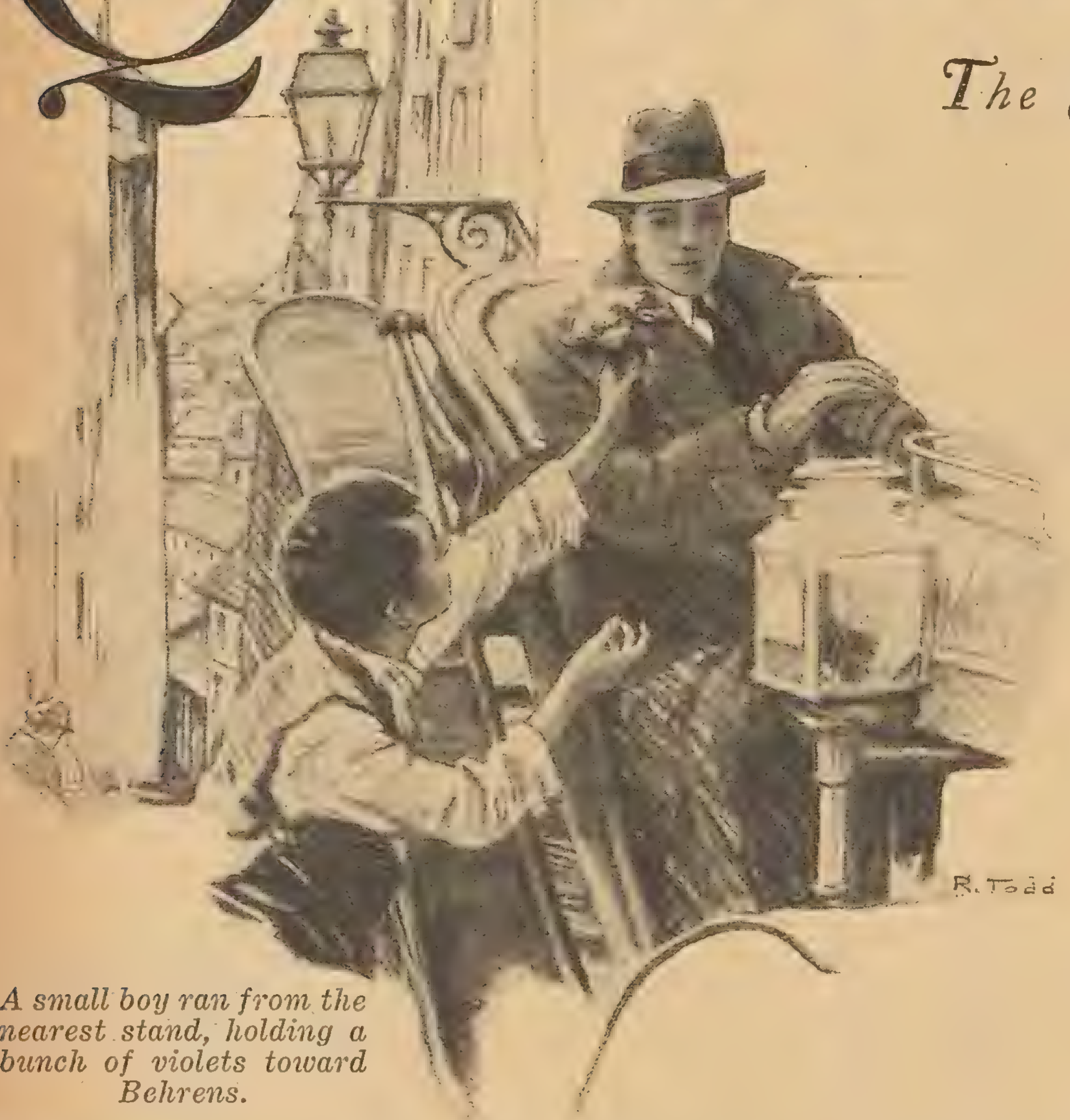
The Story of a Woman's Last Word

By

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

whose first story was accepted twelve years ago, and whose recent novel, Jalna, won a ten-thousand-dollar prize. She is a Canadian of French-Irish-English ancestry, with a Spanish first name. Disliking cities, she spends most of the year in her cottage in a Canadian forest.

Pictures by ROBERT TODD



A small boy ran from the nearest stand, holding a bunch of violets toward Behrens.

BEHRENS hesitated at the corner of the Via Parthenope and the Via Santa Lucia, wondering whether or not he should take a carriage to his destination. The moment his hesitation was noticed by the drivers who stood laughing and talking together on the seaward side of the street, the group broke up and the members of it hurried toward him, beseeching and commanding him to ride in the particular carriage of each.

He looked from one healthy, sunburned face to another, not understanding a word they said. He wished he had not hesitated, for it was a fine January morning, exhilarating for a long walk. He shook his head doubtfully, and half turned away, but two of the drivers followed him, one on either side, inviting him to take various expeditions.

He found himself beside the carriage of one of them, who, with a wide gesture, implored him to enter, shook out and displayed proudly a ragged, woolly rug for covering his knees.

Behrens had just put a foot on the step when his eye fell on the horse, its drooping head, its wretched side through which the bones seemed ready to protrude. Seeing his expression, the other driver caught him by the arm and pointed triumphantly to his own horse farther along the street.

"Very fine horse!" he exclaimed, unexpectedly in English. "Very fine. Fat. Round. Go very fast. The very best horse in Napoli!" He drew Behrens toward his carriage. "Very fine carriage, too. Very beautiful. *Molto bello!*"

There was no doubt about it, this horse, of a bright chestnut, was sleek and well cared for, able to work; while the other poor beast had little endurance left in him.

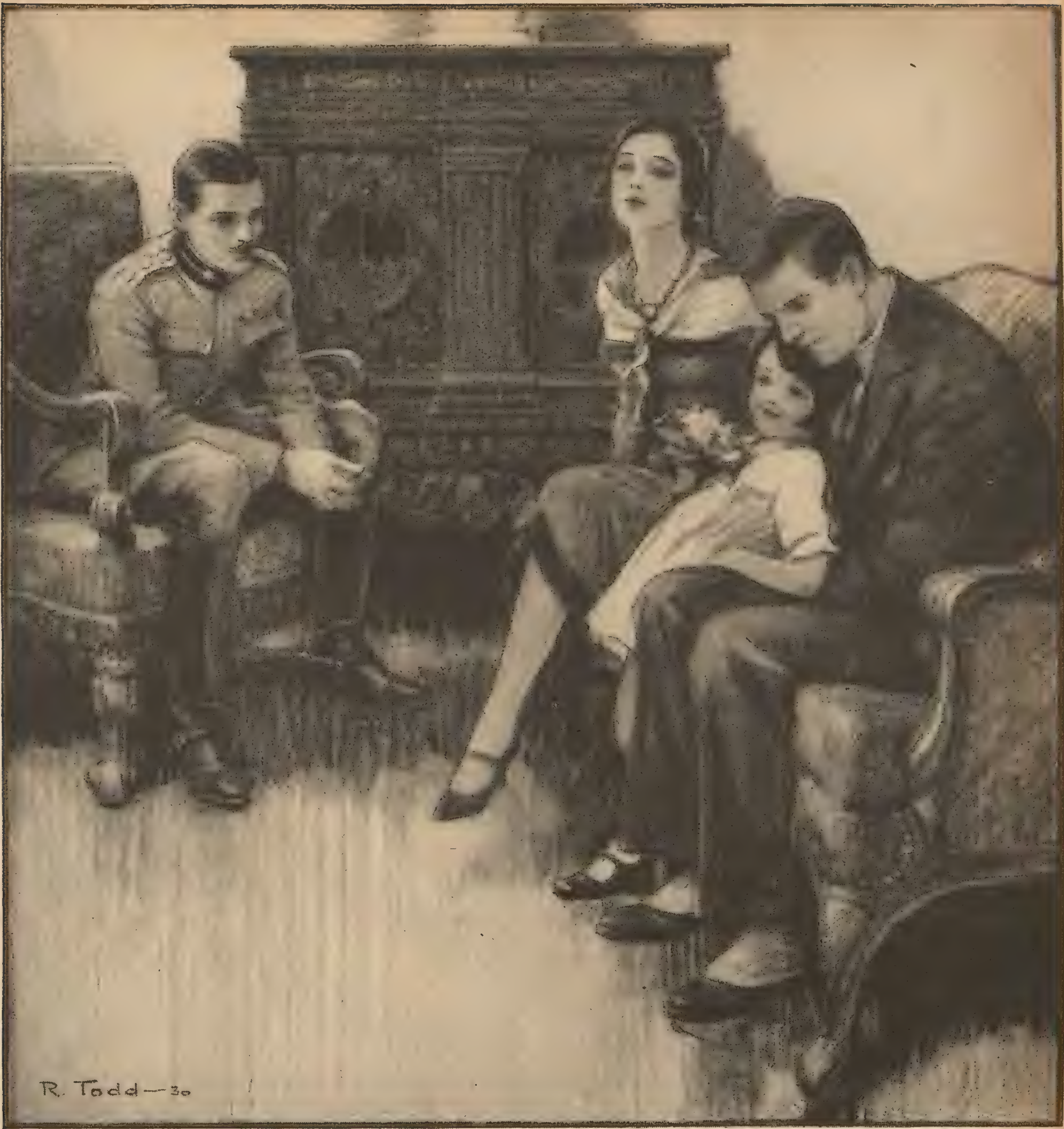
When Behrens had seated himself, a bitter altercation began between the two drivers. The first seemed to have half a mind to carry Behrens by force to his carriage. The second sought to climb to his seat, but the other pressed his body between, waving his whip and letting loose all his Neapolitan vitality in curses.

Behrens, rather anxiously, awaited an exchange of blows. Seeing the flash of their eyes and teeth, he felt that even a thrust from a knife would not be surprising. He had a mind to alight from the other side of the carriage, but miraculously, the dispute ended, the second driver gave the first a half-hearted push on the chest, got on to the seat, and cracked his whip. The first strolled back to his companions, his rage apparently subsiding into tolerance. A moment later he was again laughing and talking in the sunshine.

ABOVE the blueness of the bay was the blue arch of the sky. From Vesuvius rose a golden feather that spread and hung plumelike against the sky. Capri lifted a bronze shoulder from the sea. From behind the Castello dell'Ovo a racing skiff rowed by eight youths darted into the open, their bare arms shining in the sun. They uttered a rhythmic musical singsong as they pulled. It was all delightful, Behrens thought.

He planted his stick between his feet, clasped his hands on it, his eyes obediently following the pointed whip of the driver, but his mind not taking in the descriptions in broken English of the buildings indicated. He was thinking: "All of this is perfectly natural to Alice. By now none of these things look strange to her. This is her home, and she's absolutely used to it. Loves it, I suppose."

Everything he saw he tried to see not as a tourist, a stranger, but as Alice, who was now accustomed to its foreignness. A little band of blind musicians was playing by the roadside. Extraordinarily sweet, wistful music, Behrens thought. He fished out a coin and threw it on the small tin plate one of them held out. The blind man bowed, smiled, but at that instant a bicyclist, passing between, knocked the dish from his hand and the coin to the road. Behrens gave a "Tck!" of compassion and craned his neck as the carriage rolled on to see whether



"Grazie, signor," murmured Félicité. She threw herself back against Behrens, laughing roguishly.

the man had recovered the coin. He could see him on hands and knees groping for it. His comrades had begun a fresh tune. Behrens sighed.

His eye was now caught by a friar of some sort, whose bare red heels showed at every step beneath his rough habit. His tonsured head gleamed; his face had an expression of inscrutable patience. Meeting him were two tiny children in white fur coats unbelievably short above slender bare legs. Their nurse, wheeling a perambulator, wore a black velvet skirt, a yellow, lace-trimmed apron, and a fringed scarlet shawl. Her gleaming black hair was massed beneath a tortoise-shell comb. The friar passed them without seeming to see them. "And all this strangeness," thought Behrens, "is as natural to Alice now as Massachusetts once was."

They turned into the shadowed intricacies of the side streets. The driver continued to point out objects of interest, and Behrens suddenly remembered that he had never told the man where he wanted to go. He leaned forward and touched him on the arm.

"Please drive," he said in his slow, rather heavy voice, "to the villa of Count Rombarra."

Even as he heard his own voice saying the name, it seemed unbelievable that he should be going to see Alice. Six years since he had seen her, and that on the day of her marriage to Rombarra. How exquisite she had looked that day! Beautiful, with the pride and happiness of a freshly opened flower. And it was Rombarra who had brought that happiness, not he! He had never been able to stir her to anything warmer than a feeling of placid friendship for him. He was an old story. A great disadvantage it was to be neighbors and all that, if you suddenly fell in love with a girl and wanted to impress her. He had been able to make no impression in that way; it had taken Rombarra with his Latin fire to do that.

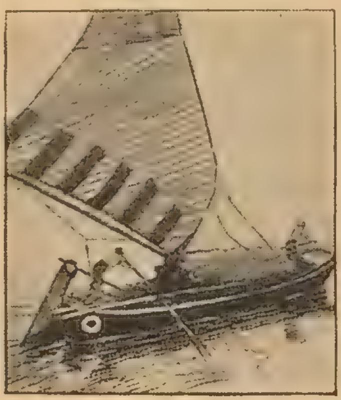
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

QUARTETTE
Continued from page forty-nine

Well, he was going to see her now, after six years, and, thank goodness, he had got over it and would be able to make a friendly call without any humiliating embarrassment on his side.

A young woman was letting down a basket by a rope from a balcony, and a man was waiting with silvery little fish to put into it. In a doorway an old woman was cooking apples over a charcoal fire. The air was full of unfamiliar sounds. It was all strange and exhilarating to Behrens. After all these years of hard work and colorless surroundings, he felt as though he were experiencing a new birth. In this ancient place he felt his own newness as ludicrous, even pathetic.

If only he had someone, as naïvely impressed as himself, as companion! Supposing that he and Alice were making this trip together for the first time. On the voyage over and in the hotel he had met several couples abroad for the first time, laughing together, getting mixed over the foreign money together, experiencing this new birth together. But, he remembered, it would not have been new to Alice, after all, for she had been to Europe twice as a young girl. Strange that he should have forgotten, when it had been on one of those trips that she had met Rombarra.



A street rose on his right, ascending in a flight of sunswept stone steps. One above another were the stands of the flower sellers, mingling the colors of carnations, roses, violets, and heliotrope. A small boy ran from the nearest stand, holding a bunch of violets toward Behrens.

Behrens shook his head. No, he could not take violets to Alice. Rombarra might not like it. He felt sure that Rombarra of the sloe eyes and chiseled features would not like it. But the boy thrust the nosegay on to Behrens' knees, running alongside and holding up his little brown paw for money. Behrens could not resist him. He found a five-lire piece and put it into the hand.

They were on the heights, the old city spread out below. It looked immense, crowding about that blue bay. A great, rather frightening foreign city for a young girl like Alice to have come to. The driver had alighted and was awaiting his fare. Behrens paid him and entered the gate, glancing curiously about the terraced garden with its urns, its statues, and trickling fountain. Apparently without reason his heart began to pound heavily; his lips became dry; and he found no moisture on his tongue to moisten them. He rang the bell, wishing very much that he was not carrying the little nosegay of flowers. Still, if Alice were alone, if, perhaps, Rombarra were busy with his own affairs somewhere, it would be all right. Alice might like to have the flowers, for the sake of old times, her old life.

HE was shown into a vast, high-ceilinged room, furnished with quite wonderful antique pieces, Behrens supposed. But he thought, standing there, his heart still thumping, that he should have hated to live with them. One would have the feeling always that they would look exactly the same five hundred years hence, when one's bones were only a handful of dust.

And the penetrating chill of the room! He shivered in his handsome gray tweed coat. He heard steps, voices. Alice and her husband and her little girl of four (Behrens had forgotten about the child) came into the room. They shook hands. Rombarra's long, cool fingers touched Behrens' without enthusiasm. Alice's hand was hot and dry, Behrens noticed, and her fingers seemed to curl almost feverishly about his. Her eyes smiled up at him beautiful as ever, more beautiful—or perhaps he had forgotten just how lovely she was.

Behrens thought, with a sudden pang, that Rombarra was a much more suitable mate for her physically than he would have been. Rombarra was wearing the romantically dashing uniform of an officer of the cavalry. Alice explained, in her voice that had exactly the same soft, precise quality as of old, that they had just returned from the Horse Show, where her husband had been riding. He was very fond of horses and had done remarkably well in the show. Behrens congratulated him, and the Italian smiled, showing a rim of perfect teeth.

Behrens wondered, with sudden misgiving, if Rombarra understood English. But, surely, after six years of marriage with Alice, he would have learned to speak her native tongue. Behrens knew that he himself, slow though he was, would have learned to speak Arabic, had it been the language of Alice. He said, in halting French, to Rombarra:

" I was congratulating you on your success in the Horse Show."

It was as though he had touched an electric button. Rombarra's face became brilliant. He began to talk swiftly and eagerly in French. Behrens could not understand a word, and murmured so, apologetically, to Alice.

"Oh, it does not matter," she said. "I want you to come and sit down by me. It's so wonderful seeing you again after all these years."

BEHRENS sat down near her. He felt intensely embarrassed, for Rombarra's intelligent eyes were fixed on his face, not with the look of suspicion that Behrens had half anticipated, but with a look which seemed to say: " Come, now! Let us talk about horses. I can see that you are fond of them and so am I. Let us talk about them."

Behrens said to Alice:

" Please explain to your husband how stupid I am. I knew my French was very bad, but I didn't realize how little I have of it."

" It does not matter," she repeated. " And he understood quite well that you were congratulating him."

" But what was he saying to me? "

" Really, I did not notice. I was thinking only of you—how strange and wonderful to see you here." She was sitting on the edge of the sofa, poised in an attitude that suggested recklessness—Behrens thought that she looked like a bird just about to fly upward. Behind her stood a tall bureau, inlaid with ivory, on the top of which was a nude female figure in alabaster in an attitude of gentle resignation. The contrast between this figure and Alice was so great that Behrens' eyes and mind were held by it for a space and he missed what Alice next said.

She had drawn her little girl beside her, and he now heard her say:

" You knew I had a child? Her name is Félicité. She was born in the first year of our marriage or, you may be sure, I should never have called her that."

Behrens was startled and bewildered. Why had Alice spoken so? And in front of her husband, even though he understood little English? Was it possible that Alice was not happy?

He covered his discomfort by picking up the little girl and putting her on his knee. He placed the nosegay of violets in her hands, glad to be rid of it.

" Flowers," he said emphatically, hoping that in this case he would be understood. " I brought them for you."

The child took them, laughed, and held them to her face. She jigged her little body happily on his knee.

" Children always loved you," Alice said; then spoke to the child in Italian.

" *Grazie, signor,*" murmured Félicité. She threw herself back against Behrens, laughing roguishly. She had never lain against such an enormous, comfortable body before, and was delighted by its proportions.

Behrens, looking down at her, felt a deep and tender thrill pass through him. Alice's child! And he had once hoped that Alice's child would be his also. He bent his head and pressed his lips against her hair.

" You little darling! " he murmured. He had never known anything so delicious as the feel of this supple, exquisite little body in his arms. He wondered if Rombarra loved her as he would have done.

When he raised his eyes, they looked straight into those of Rombarra, who was leaning forward, an expression of gratification on his handsome face. They smiled across the child.

"*Bellissima bambina!*" cried Behrens, reckless of what a few words of Italian might bring forth.

Again the Neapolitan's face was illuminated, but this time there was added to its brightness a tender pride that touched Behrens. Rombarra broke into a flood of musical Italian which ended in a pointed question.

Behrens turned ruefully to Alice. "Whatever does he say?" he implored.

"He is asking you if you have any children of your own."

Behrens shook his head. "*Non, non,*" he said. "*Je n'en ai pas.*"

At once Rombarra obligingly turned to French.

"But," exclaimed Behrens desperately, "how can I talk to him? The moment I say a word or two in Italian or French, he says so much that he frightens me! Doesn't he know any English at all, after—after all these years?"

"No," returned Alice in a cool, clear voice. "He is far too narrow-minded, too stupid to learn English."

Behrens could scarcely credit his senses. Alice, sitting there poised on that sofa, with the reckless air of a bird about to fly straight upward, calling her husband narrow-minded and stupid before his face, to Behrens, whom she had not seen for six years!

"For God's sake, be careful!" he said.

"Oh, there's no danger. He doesn't know a word of English. He probably thinks we are saying how well he looks in his uniform." She smiled serenely at her husband. He put another question to Behrens, who, following Alice's remark, had glanced involuntarily at the uniform.

"What does he say?" asked Behrens miserably, knotting his forehead.

"He wants to know if you, too, are in the army."

"No, I am not," replied Behrens firmly and distinctly. "I am a stockbroker." He gazed into Rombarra's eyes, beseeching him to understand. He was trying to tell Rombarra not only that he was a stockbroker, but that he was an unwilling participant in this dreadful situation. For surely, though the count could not understand English, he must feel the impact of those appalling words beating about him. Behrens was afraid of Alice, afraid of what she would say or do next. She seemed capable of anything.

SHE said: "He looks clever, doesn't he? With those intense eyes and that smile. But he's only clever at love-making. He's jealous of me. He wouldn't let me have you here without his being present, but he's absolutely unmoral himself. Before we had been married two years I found out that he had been unfaithful to me time and again!"

She spoke composedly, her eyes, with a pleasant, friendly light in them, on Behrens' face. She had leaned back, and her graceful arms were extended along the back of the sofa. To Behrens their curve seemed like the outline of half-spread wings. His forehead was flushed crimson. He stared straight at Rombarra, striving, with that stare, to build a wall around him, to protect him.

The little girl struggled to her feet and ran to her father, holding up the nosegay for him to smell. Rombarra began to talk rapidly and caressingly to her.

Behrens got out, in a muffled tone: "For the love of God, Alice! Don't talk like that. I simply can't bear it. I'll have to get out. Isn't it possible for me to see you alone?"

"No, no! It would be too dangerous. Besides, what would be the good? He appears to be friendly to you, but you don't understand him. He is sly, and he can be violent."

Behrens had an odd sensation of floating; there was a singing sound in his ears. He wondered if he might be going to have a stroke. He experienced, too, a feeling of deep self-pity. How cruel of Alice to create such a ghastly situation as this! He had suffered so much because of her in the past. He had come here feeling that that was all over. He had been reasonably sure of himself, prepared for a meeting that might revive a little the old pain, but that would establish a new pic-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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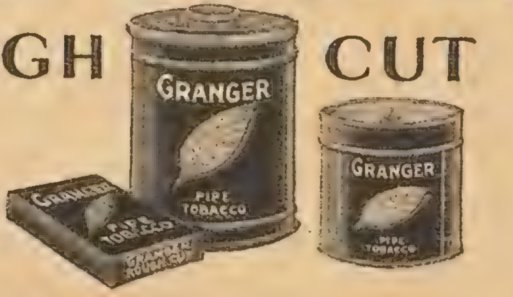

A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE

QUARTETTE
Continued from page fifty-one

ture of Alice in his memory—an Alice dignified, happy in her husband and child, with perhaps an affectionate backward glance for the old life in which he had had a part. His hands trembled. He tried to speak, but even his English seemed to desert him now. He turned a troubled gaze on her.

Her voice went out, not cool and even now, but staccato, with little gasps, as though at any moment she might lose control of herself:

"Of course, you were the only one I ever really loved, David. It was just that I was carried off my feet by Gaetano. You seemed so commonplace, so terribly uninteresting beside him. I thought that life with you would be intolerably dull, and now—if you only knew—how beautiful you look to me, sitting there! If you knew how I am longing to put my arms around you, and kiss you and kiss you!"

If Rombarra felt nothing strange in the atmosphere of the room, the child certainly did. She got from her father's knee, with a strange look of excitement, and began to run round and about the three, tearing the nosegay into pieces and scattering the violets over the marble floor. Rombarra laughed at her, clapping his hands together.

Alice bent and picked up the violets that had fallen at her feet. "I shall always keep these," she said. "The nosegay was really intended for me, wasn't it, David? Do you remember how we used to hunt for the first violets together, under last year's dead leaves? Do you remember, David?"

He nodded, gulping. "I'm not likely to forget, Alice."

AT the sound of his wife's name Rombarra turned his head sharply toward them with an intense and significant gesture.

The child began to run about over the flowers, trampling them with her little feet. When she passed Behrens she threw back her head and looked up at him with a defiant and challenging gaze.

Behrens muttered: "Why do you stay with him? Why do you bear it?"

"There's the child. He would never give her up. You see what he is like with her."

"You will endure it, then? After—this meeting? All you have said today?"

"Yes—I will endure it. And I'm sorry for having made you suffer, David. But I wanted you to know. And I wanted to be unfaithful to him—he's been so unfaithful to me. And I have been unfaithful—before his very eyes. Can you understand?"

The little girl ran suddenly to her mother's knee. Alice took her up and held her close. "I must not fail Félicité," she said.

Félicité stared across at Behrens as though suddenly resentful of his presence. Rombarra regarded his wife and child with satisfaction, then turned toward Behrens with a questioning smile. Behrens rose to go.

He thought he would take advantage of the foreign custom and touch Alice's hand with his lips. It would be their last kiss. As their flesh touched he had the feeling that he was kissing the hand of a stranger. This was not the Alice he had known. He was afraid of her, and he longed to be away.

As the two men shook hands, Behrens said in his broken French: "It has been very pleasant meeting you."

This time the Italian made no attempt to respond, but he gave Behrens' hand a quick, almost sympathetic grip, and his eyes still held that look of questioning.

Behrens passed the columns and urns of the sunlit garden, and, as he reached the gate, he turned and looked back at the villa. He had felt that he was being observed. Now he saw that the three had come out on a small iron balcony. They were watching his departure, the child linking Alice and Rombarra together.

Behrens raised his hat. They waved to him. With a great sigh of relief, he strode swiftly down the street, hidden from their view now by a row of tall palms.

THE END

The scene of Major Cronkhite's death. The arrow points to a monument marking the exact spot where he fell.

The Mystery of the Target Range

The Cronkhite-Rosenbluth Case, and Its Strange Climax

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

P. & A. photos

Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, whose death near Camp Lewis, Washington, on October 25, 1918, became a baffling mystery. At the left is a snapshot of him taken in wartime.

CULLOM'S REGISTER is the family Bible of West Point. It tells, succinctly and adequately, the record of every alumnus of the military academy from 1802, when the first class was enrolled, to the present day.

At the foot of the section devoted to Major Alexander Pennington Cronkhite are these words: "As result of discharge of automatic pistol on target range he received wound from which he died Oct. 25, 1918."

The absence of an adjective before the fourth word in the quoted sentence, and the fact that it was not an automatic pistol but a .45 caliber regulation army Colt revolver, lead me to incorporate the story in this series of recent mysteries. Here is the story:

Alexander Cronkhite was born in Maryland on September 29, 1893. His father was Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, born in New York in 1861; West Point, class of 1882. General Cronkhite's father was Colonel Henry M. Cronkhite. All three were in active service, regular army, during the World War. General Cronkhite organized the Eightieth Division, the only one called into line three times during the Meuse-Argonne campaign, where he won the D. S. M.

The boy's maternal grandfather was Major General Alexander C. M. Pennington, West Point, '60. He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War. Young Cronkhite's uncle, Colonel John T. Greble, was the first officer of the Union army to be killed in action. Two of the Penningtons were governors of New Jersey, while others went to Congress. A great-uncle, Joseph C. Swift, stood first in the West Point class of 1802. The first Cronkhite reached America from Holland in 1642. Two fine strains meeting in a splendid boy, the young major.

Alexander P. Cronkhite finished the Brooklyn Poly-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE TARGET RANGE
Continued from page fifty-three

technic Preparatory Institute and was appointed to West Point in 1911, being graduated in 1915, seventh in a class of 164 members. He became a second lieutenant, engineering corps; and was promoted on July 1, 1916. In May, 1917, he was made a captain and served as senior instructor in the new training camps and to officers, some of them far older than he. On January 4, 1918, he was made a major.

In August, 1918, he commanded a unit at Camp Forrest, Georgia, and early in October was sent with a skeletonized regiment of engineers, the 213th, to Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, Washington. During his brief career the major was as distinguished for his brilliance and promise as he was beloved by his comrades and his subordinates.

P. & A. photos

Captain Robert Rosenbluth and, at the right, Roland Pothier, who were jointly charged with having murdered Cronkhite.

Robert Rosenbluth was born on January 17, 1887, in New York City. He was the son of Selig Rosenbluth and Anna Glantz, who were married in Odessa, Russia, before they came to America in 1879. There were three other children.

Robert was educated in New York City schools and in 1903 entered Pennsylvania State University. He left there in 1904 to enroll at Pennsylvania Forest Academy. From there he went to the Yale School of Forestry in New Haven, Connecticut, and was graduated, 1907, with the degree of Master of Forestry. He was regarded by his companions and instructors as a desirable student, energetic, vital, friendly, with a faculty for getting things accomplished.

WITH his new degree Rosenbluth went into the United States forestry service in the Philippines. Then he spent a year in Utah. He was next a director of forest investigation, and then worked for the Commissioner of Correction, both in New York.

In 1917 he volunteered and was sent to the camp at Plattsburg, emerging as a first lieutenant, engineering corps, and going to France in December, 1917. On June 1, 1918, with seventy-five other officers, he returned to America to instruct the new drafts. At Camp Humphries, Colonel A. D. Akin, commanding, recommended his promotion; and as a captain he was sent to the 213th Engineers at Camp Forrest, where Colonel Robert S. Thomas commanded and Major Cronkhite was in charge of a battalion.

Early in October the 213th was skeletonized, and Major Cronkhite was assigned to select the officers and noncoms he wanted taken across the country. Cronkhite had become acquainted with Rosenbluth. The record shows that he discussed the captain with fellow officers, and he is quoted as having said: "Rosenbluth may not be popular with his men, but he has been in France and had experience and he certainly gets things done. I think he will do."

When the list came back from headquarters, Major Cronkhite found that Rosenbluth had been transferred elsewhere. He insisted that the captain be restored to the 213th regiment, according to available records.

ON Cronkhite's list was Roland R. Pothier. Pothier was born in 1893, of French-Canadian ancestry. He was no intellectual prodigy and aimed at no particular goal in life.

His military record was bad. In his first enlistment in the regular army, during which he served in Panama, he was court-martialed for some dereliction. This was in 1914 and he was sentenced to three months at hard labor and fined forty dollars. Later he joined the navy, and in July, 1918, was thrown out with a bad-conduct discharge following accusations of larceny. The draft caught him and he showed up at Camp Forrest, where Cronkhite made him a sergeant bugler.

In February, 1919, four months after Major Cronkhite's death, he was court-martialed for a breach of military regulations and penalized with a month in the guardhouse and the forfeit of a month's pay. He drifted to Rhode Island, married, and got a job as a railroad brakeman, where he was working when he was arrested in connection with the charge that he and Rosenbluth not only had conspired to murder Major Cronkhite but had, in fact, murdered him.

The 213th reached Camp Lewis about October 10, in the midst of a flu epidemic. Major Cronkhite went immediately to the hospital. With many of the regiment in bed it was the practice to send out groups daily for training. Whatever senior officer was available would be in command.

Dr. E. A. Luptkin was in charge of the hospital. At Pothier's trial for murder he testified that Cronkhite went to bed on October 10 and was released on October 24. The prosecution showed the doctor his own hospital records, signed by himself, that he had restored Cronkhite to duty as cured on October 21—a discrepancy of no little importance, as will presently be shown.

There is no official record as to what, precisely, Rosenbluth and Pothier were doing from October 10 to October 24. Rosenbluth commanded Company D, though

The First Winners

THE Mystery of the Target Range is the eighth of ten stories of famous mysteries, for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes. For the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti, the first story in the series, Mr. Sutherland has awarded prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
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THIRD PRIZE—$100
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The Examiner, San Francisco, California.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To H. R. Everts,
2828 Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To Robert L. Kerby, 23 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, N. Y.; Clement E. Sutton, Washington, Georgia; Benjamin L. Holladay, Box 462, Carlsbad, New Mexico; and Leslie C. Respess, 468 South Avenue, Rochester, New York.

It is hoped that the prize awards for the second problem —The Mystery of the Underworld King—can be announced in next week's issue.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed.

most of his men were ill; and Pothier was attached to headquarters. There is nothing to show that they knew each other.

The drama now moved speedily to its tragic high spot.

At dinner, the evening of October 24, Major Cronkhite entered the officers' mess, where he was greeted with shouts of congratulation and esteem. Many of the higher officers there present so testified later.

Yet if he was discharged October 21, where was he and what was he doing for three days, that nobody remembers having seen him until he came into the mess hall the eve of his death?

At this meal the work for the next day was discussed. Colonel Thomas laid out a route for the sixty or eighty men able to drill. A march to Lake Nisqually was tentatively planned, each man to cook his lunch in the field, after which they were to march back to camp, rehearsing advance-guard work on the road.

There was talk about Major Cronkhite taking the regiment out, and Colonel Thomas said that as he had just left the hospital he could do as he pleased. When the officers adjourned for the night it was not known whether Cronkhite would go or not.

If he did, he would be in command; if he didn't, the next senior officer on hand, Captain Rosenbluth, would instruct the troop.

At this point it is appropriate to introduce the fact that sinister rumors were printed boldly in the newspapers during the next few years that, in a way, Rosenbluth was on probation as a captain. That is, that his work in France had not been first-rate, that he had been sent home for further training, and that it was Major Cronkhite's duty to observe how he worked out problems and rate him for future classification.

There is not a single word of authentic caliber to substantiate any of the foregoing rumors; yet they persisted and were accepted by many as constituting a sufficient motive for Rosenbluth to kill his superior if the latter was convinced that the captain wouldn't do.

THE next morning, October 25, Sergeant Pothier trumpeted the camp to life. Breakfast was had, and the column fell in. About eight o'clock it marched away. Here arises a dispute. Some of the witnesses say that Cronkhite left with the men. Others say he left an hour later. Others hold that he followed a couple of hundred yards behind the detachment.

It was to be intimated by those hostile to Rosenbluth that Cronkhite sent him off in command with the intention of following to see if the captain was doing his problems properly—with the final rating to be made that day.

It is generally accepted that Cronkhite was first seen by the troop when it halted at an old, abandoned schoolhouse. He arrived with Pothier, whom he had picked up in camp to act as his orderly. Cronkhite and Rosenbluth began to confer above a map. They were out of earshot, but several present said there seemed to be some question as to further progress.

Off at one side and slightly ahead could be heard firing—for the machine-gun target range was in the line of march if the men had proceeded as they were going.

Whether Cronkhite suggested that further advance would result in getting all the men killed, actually or theoretically; or whether ignorance at headquarters had exposed the men to this danger; or whether Rosenbluth had wandered off the right direction, probably never will be known.

When the column resumed its march it went at almost a right angle to its previous advance, and plunged into an old road where it was necessary to march two abreast.

Fifty or sixty yards ahead of the troop walked Cronkhite and Pothier, with Rosenbluth near the file leaders. As they advanced up a slight incline the major continued in the van.

It was a little before noon. The men were halted—whether Rosenbluth stopped them of his own volition or was signaled to do so by Cronkhite is not clear—but suddenly Cronkhite and Pothier stepped off the old road and disappeared behind some dense shrubbery.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF THE TARGET RANGE
Continued from page fifty-five

Rosenbluth seems to have continued walking forward, when there was a shot from the direction the major and the orderly had gone. Rosenbluth trotted quickly to the little path and also vanished in the undergrowth.

There was a brief interval, and then another shot. Another silent interim and a third shot was heard. Nobody ever could definitely say thereafter whether there was a fourth shot.

Anyhow, a moment later Rosenbluth appeared in the road and called for Lieutenant Elmer W. Seaburg, medical officer with the detachment. Seaburg and two men ran forward, Sergeant George W. Root and Bugler Charles F. Wurthenow. They came to a little clearing.

This picture of Major Cronkhite, a cadet when it was taken, is from The Howitzer, the West Point annual, of 1915.

Cronkhite lay on the ground and Pothier stood a few yards to one side. Seaburg knelt beside the motionless body. Rosenbluth said something about the major probably succumbing to a heart weakened by his illness and fatigue and urged Seaburg to use strychnine or ammonia. He said the major had fallen, after shooting at a target and then apparently accidentally shooting himself.

There was no blood and no sign of a wound. Seaburg prepared a hypodermic of strychnine sulphate and injected it into Cronkhite's arm. By that time they saw the major was dead. The captain told Root and Wurthenow to try artificial respiration, at the same time ordering somebody to run for an ambulance.

They unbuttoned the major's blouse and shirt and trousers and the two noncoms tried to restore respiration, when Wurthenow noticed the bullet wound between the major's right breast and the armpit.

Presently the ambulance men came and the body was removed. Root picked up three or four empty cartridge shells, one or two near the body and one or two near where Pothier was standing. The major's gun—a regulation .45-caliber army Colt revolver which Cronkhite had borrowed that very morning from Sergeant Root—was lying near the dead man's shoulder. Root picked that up, too. He also picked up the can which Rosenbluth said the major was shooting at.

ALL of these things were put into the ambulance with the body. Everything, except the dead officer's hat. Nobody ever remembers seeing the hat—and this becomes an engrossing fact a little later on.

At three o'clock that afternoon Captain E. A. Sommer, medical corps, performed the autopsy. He found:

> Three inches from the right nipple in a line drawn from the nipple to the greater tuberosity of the right humerus there is a circular wound. . . . By dissecting and probing it was found that the bullet passed in a course slightly upward and slightly backward and stopped in the left supraspinatus muscle, whence it was removed. It was found to be a .45-caliber, jacketed, revolver bullet. A shallow diagonal depression was noted in the jacket.
>
> The bullet had passed through the third rib one inch from the cartilaginous junction, on the right side, through the border of the upper lobe of the right lung, through the arch of the aorta one inch below the innominate artery, through the inner border of the upper lobe of the left lung, through the left scapula below its superior border, and into the muscle in the supraspinous fossa. The right fourth rib was fractured in its middle third. . . . Cause of death: Gunshot wound, as above, said to be accidental.

That evening Rosenbluth, Pothier, and Seaburg wrote out reports of what had happened and turned them in to their superior officer.

Nobody, from that day to this, knows what became of those reports.

On October 30, Colonel Thomas appointed a military board of inquiry, consisting of Lieutenant Colonel William J. Howard, Major Henry Tucker, medical corps, and Major John F. Zajicek. Rosenbluth, Seaburg, and Pothier were questioned. The first question put to Rosenbluth was:

" You were present when the major shot himself? "

Rosenbluth's story was to this effect:

". . . Major Cronkhite was with us, not acting as commander, as he wished to give problems and look around a bit. A few times he had taken out his revolver and just pointed it. I believe he had no bullets because he snapped the trigger a few times. We picked out a place for lunch and I was about fifty yards behind the major. I called to him that that was the place to lunch and he signaled to hold it. He pulled out his revolver and this time one of the shots went off and I thought there had been an accident and I ran to him. I asked what he shot at and he said he was shooting at a tin can on a post. I told him he made a clean miss. So he shot again. The first shot he missed, then raised the pistol and turned around. I was about two feet behind him on his left."

" YOU said before that you heard a shot and you were some distance from him? "

" Yes, sir, I was about fifty yards from him. . . . On the second shot after I reached him I was about two feet behind him to his left. He came down with his pistol and shot a second time and that time the can dropped off the post. He lifted his pistol again, well up and slightly back, and then turned, or rather twisted to the left and rear, and told me he got it that time.

" I take it that the extra movement, swinging around to the left and rear, twisted the pistol down, and also that he had a slighter pistol squeeze than he calculated. So the bullet fired.

" He staggered and I grabbed him. He exclaimed, ' My God, I'm shot.'

" About the same instant that the shot went off and while reaching for him I hollered at the column to send up Dr. Seaburg.

" I opened his shirt to see around the heart if there was any wound, and then the neck, and then opened his pants, while the sergeant bugler took off his puttees. I also told them to send the fastest runner they had for an ambulance.

" When the doctor came I told him I thought the major was dying and that I couldn't see the wound and to get some ammonia or strychnine right away. . . ."

" Was there anyone near when this accident took place, besides yourself? "

" The sergeant bugler was near by . . . possibly four to six paces away."

Pothier was then questioned:

" Were you present with Major Cronkhite at the time of the accident? "

" Yes, sir. We were walking down through a path and he and I were about fifty yards ahead of the company. The major picked up an empty Piper Heidsick tobacco can, and said he thought he would try his shot. He put the can on a fence post and shot and missed it. I turned around and looked for the company. The next shot he said to Captain Rosenbluth that he got it that time. I turned around to see if Captain Rosenbluth was near by, and then I heard another shot, and heard the major say he was shot."

"How near to him were you?"

"About six paces."

"Where was Captain Rosenbluth?"

"I didn't see him until the major was shot. The captain ran up and took the major's pack and coat off."

"How many shots did he fire, altogether?"

"Three, I think. I don't know for sure."

Lieutenant Seaburg's testimony added nothing one way or the other to support either the belief that it was murder or that it was accidental death.

It will be noted that the first questions put to Rosenbluth and Pothier established the "accidental" nature of the wound without waiting for their answers.

Major Tucker appears to have spoken a few words, and he is thus quoted: "There was a powder burn on the inner surface of the right sleeve of the major's coat, in line with where muzzle of gun would have been, or at entrance of bullet, which proves that gun was in his right hand when fired. It is absolutely confirmatory evidence of position of the gun."

The above statements—I have not quoted them in full—were typewritten, and there is nothing to indicate that the witnesses were under oath, or that anybody ever signed the four pages.

ON another typewritten sheet of paper, and signed in pen by the board of inquiry, are these findings:

1. Death occurred, Oct. 25, 1918, in woods on reservation at Camp Lewis; caused by bullet wound in right upper chest, passing through both lungs and severing the aorta.
2. Deceased was shooting at a target with his revolver and while turning to speak to another officer, his revolver accidentally discharged causing wound above named.
3. Death was in line of duty.
4. Death was not the result of deceased's own willful misconduct.

These findings were approved on November 3 by Major General J. D. Leitch camp commandant.

This apparently closed the case. A cable was sent to General Cronkhite, then leading the Eightieth Division through the final great offensive in France. He swallowed his tears, and carried on. Mrs. Cronkhite was notified in her home in Washington, D. C. The major's body was embalmed and sent to West Point, where it was buried.

Came the Armistice, and General Cronkhite went up to the Rhine. Captain Rosenbluth was mustered out on January 18, 1919; and Pothier was soon court-martialed for some breach of regulations and discharged. Rosen-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MYSTERY OF THE TARGET RANGE
Continued from page fifty-seven]

bluth returned East and presently became identified with the Hoover Relief work in Russia. Later he was employed by the Felix Warburg committee for the repatriation of war prisoners in Siberia. The rumor, circulated insistently later, that he was a fugitive and hiding out, was a falsehood. He was never in hiding.

In May, 1919, General Cronkhite returned to the United States and at once began an investigation of his son's death. He deemed it passing strange that so fine a marksman as his brilliant son should accidentally kill himself. His search of the War Department records aroused his suspicions, and he bent his energies to the task of unraveling what, to him, was a death that had criminal aspects, of either criminal negligence or criminal malice.

P. & A. photo
Jonah J. Goldstein, defense attorney.

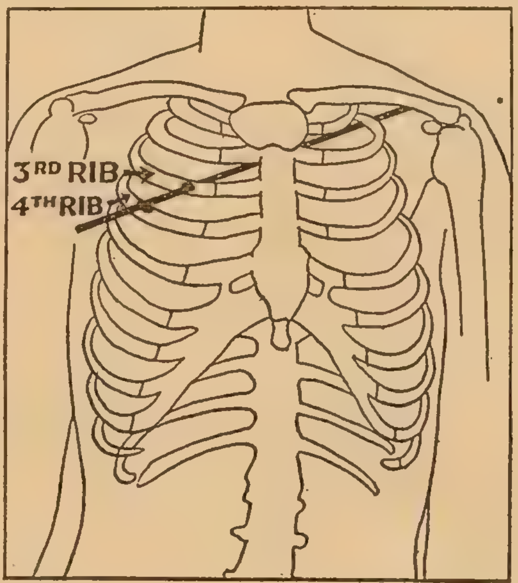
It is of little avail to dilate upon the steps the general took to prove his thesis, since they are involved and prolonged.

Briefly, his charges were these:

That a sinister influence—he meant a Jewish conspiracy—was at work, and had been at work from the start, to conceal the truth of Major Cronkhite's death.

That there was no authenticated record of any investigation, military or civil, of the circumstances of the death on file in the War Department.

That there was no record of an inquest, which is required by both military and civil law.



The course of the bullet that killed Major Cronkhite, as it is described in the findings of Captain Sommer, who performed the autopsy.

That there was no authenticated record of the extensive autopsy performed at the time of the death.

That there was an unauthenticated record of an autopsy which "was soon proved to be false and misleading."

THAT there were indications that records and evidence including vital exhibits had been suppressed or destroyed.

The old general presently became involved in disputes with his superiors because of assignments to service in Panama and other posts in America—all of them far from the records in Washington, D. C. He saw in this a plot to hush up the case.

After appealing to President Harding and getting an extension of time, and after hiring private detectives and having Department of Justice agents assigned to the investigation, the general was finally forced to retire upon reaching the age of sixty-two, in January, 1923.

Meanwhile he had employed William A. Jones, a retired police captain and police expert of New York City, and Dr. Otto H. Schultze, of the New York City district attorney's office, to go to West Point, exhume the major's body, and examine it.

They reported that certain vital organs were missing, and that in any event it was anatomically impossible for a human to hold a pistol in the position necessary to inflict such a wound, unless the trigger were pulled by the thumb, and that in any case there would have been powder burns around the wound. There were no such burns.

The blouse, olive drab shirt, and underwear worn by the major were held for a while at the camp and then were burned, by Lieutenant Donald A. Hanneman on February 15, 1919, in pursuance of orders from a superior officer. Hanneman never could remember who issued that order.

COLONEL THOMAS said he had ordered the clothing kept from Mrs. Cronkhite, in order to spare her pain. He doesn't remember what happened to these important exhibits. He does remember telling his adjutant to send the four empty cartridge shells and the Piper Heidsick tin to Washington with the other documents in the case. But when he examined the file later in the War Department he didn't see the shells or the can.

Dr. Sommer, who performed the autopsy, never signed his findings. He dictated them to somebody present. This man took them down in longhand and afterwards typed them, but Sommer never saw the document.

As a result of the desperate father's activities, the Department of Justice, under Harry M. Daugherty, put some of its special agents on the job. In March, 1921, these agents began to question Pothier, then a railroad brakeman in Providence, Rhode Island. At first Pothier told the story he told at the Camp Lewis hearing. James J. Lee, an indefatigable Federal agent, took Pothier in hand, and after long and arduous sessions got him to make a series of confessions.

Pothier's second story was that he accidentally shot the major. That he had that morning borrowed a .45-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver from Sergeant Kreutz, and from his belt had stolen three cartridges. He said the major shot at the can and missed; that he (Pothier) then shot; that the major shot again; and that while he (Pothier) was sliding the barrel of his own pistol back it went off and the major fell dead.

Told his story was absurd because the barrel doesn't slide back on a revolver, but only on an automatic, he changed the story to say he was pushing the cylinder out when the hammer fell and the accident followed.

Told again he was lying, because the hammer can't fall while the cylinder is being moved, he finally confessed that he had intentionally killed the major at Captain Rosenbluth's orders. He said he had met Rosenbluth the night of October 24; that Rosenbluth had asked him about his experience with firearms, and had instructed him to borrow a gun and kill Cronkhite the next day while on the hike.

P. & A. photo

Major General Cronkhite, the major's father.

Pothier was told that this story was even more ludicrous than the others, because no sane man would believe that Rosenbluth would give such orders the first time he ever spoke to Pothier. Pothier then amended his story to say that they had conspired three or four days before.

While this, too, was absurd, because nobody knew of the hike that far ahead, and nobody knew even an hour before the march started that Cronkhite was going, yet it was sufficient for the investigators to arrest Pothier and pick up Rosenbluth in New York City.

The men were arrested in March, 1921, and the Department of Justice began to prepare the case against them. Colonel Herbert H. Lehman, now lieutenant governor of New York, put up $25,000 bail for Rosenbluth; and Pothier's relatives put up $7,500 for him.

ON March 30, Attorney General Dougherty decided that the Federal government didn't have jurisdiction, since the actual deed from Pierce County transferring the reservation to the Secretary of War hadn't been delivered until November, 1919, a year after the major's death. The pair were then dismissed from bail.

Having relinquished jurisdiction, Daugherty sent some of the papers in the case to James W. Selden, prosecutor of Pierce County. Pothier repudiated his confessions, and Selden issued a long statement completely exonerating Rosenbluth, and flatly declined to prosecute.

As a result of the nation-wide publicity the case was now getting, the Department of Justice presently reasserted jurisdiction and had the two men indicted by a Federal grand jury in Tacoma in October, 1922. Pothier at once fought extradition on jurisdictional grounds, but the United States Supreme Court finally ordered the men to Tacoma to stand trial.

Meantime Louis Marshall, the celebrated lawyer, had got into the case, and Jonah J. Goldstein, Rosenbluth's lawyer, began to prepare a defense. Since Rosenbluth was a pauper, according to his technical plea, the government agreed to subpœna the seventy-odd witnesses he said he needed, and pay all the expenses of their appearance. Some of them came from the Philippines, from Panama, and from all parts of the United States.

James W. Osborne, a well known New York lawyer, was made special prosecutor by Daugherty. Maurice Langhorne, a Tacoma lawyer, was retained to represent Pothier, and L. L. Thompson, former Federal attorney, was employed for Rosenbluth. Goldstein was astute enough to retain local counsel, rather than make himself prominent as "a New York City Jew lawyer defending a Jewish client against a dead Gentile." Pothier went on trial October 1, 1924.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HOWARD testified that the Cronkhite gun was not examined by the board of inquiry; that he examined the blouse closely and saw no powder marks; that it never occurred to anybody that it was other than an accident, because everybody knew of the friendship and mutual admiration between Cronkhite and Rosenbluth. Yet on February 22, 1923, the Providence Journal quoted Colonel Howard as saying in an interview that he was now convinced Cronkhite had been murdered.

All witnesses were vague as to what became of the empty shells, the can, and the papers, other than that they were supposed to have been sent to the War Department.

Pothier's statement, in one of his confessions, that "if they could get the major's hat everything would be cleared up," was never elucidated by him, but it became significant when the witnesses admitted having seen most of the other effects and exhibits but never recalled seeing the hat. Nor was Pothier's statement that "they were all in on it"—referring to the board of inquiry and other officers—ever clarified.

Captain Jones and Dr. Schultze emphasized their contention that Cronkhite could not have shot himself as he was supposed to have done. Nobody seems ever to have tested the weapons involved to see if any of them would leave a "shallow diagonal depression" on a bullet.

Agent Lee admitted finally that he had used Pothier's parish priest, Mrs. Pothier's delicate condition, and other measures to get the series of confessions from Pothier.

When the state closed its case Langhorne asked for withdrawal of all confessions save the first one on the ground of undue influence. The judge overruled this motion because

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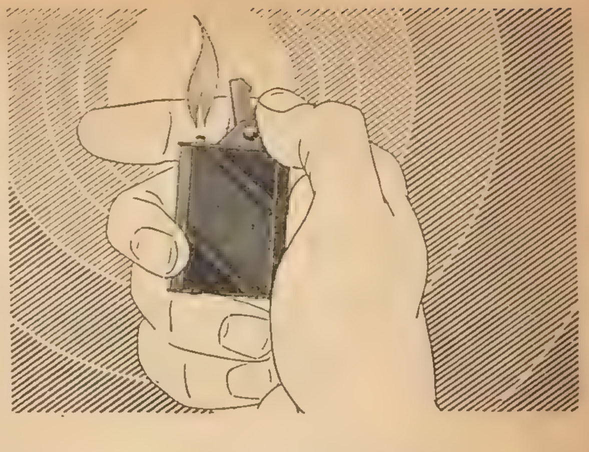

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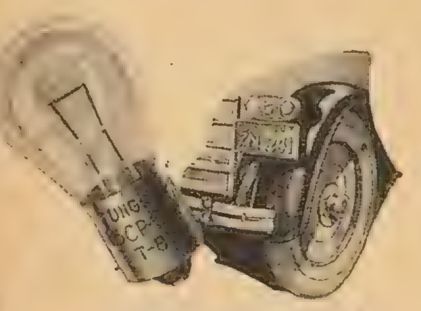

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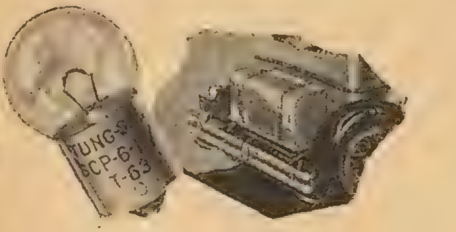

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THE MYSTERY OF THE TARGET RANGE
Continued from page fifty-nine

in one of them Pothier confessed to borrowing a pistol and stealing three cartridges just before the hike started. Langhorne insisted that military regulations required Pothier to have a gun when he was an orderly, to which the judge responded that if that were true Pothier would have been furnished with one.

The defense witnesses, mostly officers from the old 213th, testified to the friendly relations between the dead man and Rosenbluth; to the impossibility of Rosenbluth's knowing Cronkhite would be on the hike; and to the utter lack of grounds for suspicion.

Goldstein staged the climax of the defense and the case in a swift and spectacular fashion. He had Langhorne put the prosecutor, Mr. Osborne, on the stand and bring out the fact that in The Howitzer, the West Point annual, was a picture purporting to show that Major Cronkhite was "double-jointed." While there is no such thing as a double joint, popular usage makes the phrase intelligible. This picture was said to show young Cronkhite lying on his stomach with his feet above his shoulders, in the attitude of a contortionist.

Other witnesses told of seeing Cronkhite manipulate his wrists and legs with appalling flexibility.

That a pistol swung up and toward himself by an officer grown careless through familiarity with the weapon *might* slip down and be discharged, by a man with a "double-jointed" wrist trying to catch the slipping weapon, evidently impressed the jury, for on the morning of October 11 only one ballot was required to acquit Pothier.

On Mr. Thompson's motion, the judge then dismissed the charges against Rosenbluth, and the case was ended. Today, Rosenbluth, married and the father of a three-year-old boy, lives in Albany, New York. He is assistant director of the New York State Department of Social Welfare.

Pothier's destiny is unknown.

General Cronkhite and his ailing wife, lonely and bereaved and bitter, sit in their Baltimore home.

In March, 1925, Carter Glass said in the United States Senate that it was all a case of murder and that he would have had it investigated at the time had not the War Department held up its reports until it was too late.

Oh, yes—one thing that occurs to me as I wind up this story: nobody, since that fatal morning nearly twelve years ago, has ever explained how those empty shells came to be strewn on the ground about the major's corpse.

The story of another real life mystery, told by Mr. Sutherland, will appear in next week's Liberty.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—Mary Todd.

2—Words that are spelled alike but have different meanings.

3—Mercury.

4—When it can be seen by the naked eye.

5—Glasgow.

6—Oslo.

7—Virgin Islands of the United States.

8—Leaders in the Spanish conquest of Mexico and Peru.

9—Chile and Ecuador.

10—Morbid dread of being at a great height.

11—Epitaph.

12—William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98).

13—One is an emigrant from a country which he leaves to live in another; an immigrant into the country he enters.

14—Malicious waste or destruction of an employer's property by workmen during labor troubles.

15—A ragamuffin.

16—Twelfth Night.

17—Larger than life size, but smaller than colossal.

18—An andiron.

19—Journalism.

20—Spoor.

Opium

A Short Short Story

By

EDGAR SNOW

who mailed this story from China, where he has paused to do some newspaper work before vagabonding further about the world. He is twenty-four. Since student days at the University of Missouri and at Columbia he has been seaman, stowaway, pineapple merchant, and editor.

SPEEDING out from the customs jetty on the Shanghai Bund, a silver-gray launch leaped across the dun-colored waves of the Whangpoo River. Presently it idled to starboard of the S. S. Kuling, which had just come down from its fortnightly run on the Yangtse River.

Officer Wescott, a fair-haired American, with eyes that were both blue and happy, agilely clambered up the monkey ladder. He was impeccably clad in a uniform of white Shantung silk and on his shoulder shone the gold bar of the Customs Service. Others followed him, all of them Chinese. This was the "Number One" Opium and Narcotics Searching Party of the Shanghai Maritime Customs.

"You picked up my radio?" Wescott asked the skipper.

The latter nodded. He was used to this. But today's prize must be important. It was not often that the authorities requested all the passengers to remain on board.

"How much?" he queried.

"One hundred catties—refined."

The master of the Kuling whistled softly. "One—hundred—catties," he repeated with slow emphasis. "Where'd it come on?"

"You tell *me*," laughed the other. "How would I know? But the tip is sound. Got it from a rival gang, as usual."

"Must be worth eighty thousand, at least."

"At least," Wescott echoed, and set his men to work. They sounded the bulkheads, tapped the forepeak, rummaged the stores, uncovered the lifeboats, tested the preservers, scanned the scuppers, dragged the forecastle, and combed the engine room. They went through the cabins, looked for hollow bedposts, peered into closets—nothing escaped them.

Wescott went above to interview the first-class passengers—a dozen foreigners. At the door of the saloon he paused. Over there, coiled on a divan of vermilion brocade, was a girl who reminded him of someone who was nearly always on his mind. As he looked, she lifted her eyes to his. He gave a gasp of surprise.

Almost at once she called out, "John-ny!" in an accent unmistakably Russian. Amused, the other passengers stared as the slender, raven-haired Elsa melted into the embrace of the pleasant young American. After a time he asked:

"But why are you here, angel? And why didn't you let me know?"

IN Elsa's deep eyes there was pain and despair. Her mother's chronic illness had become dangerously acute, she said. The doctor had wired to her and she had come back by the first boat, breaking her visit with a sister in Hankow. As for not notifying Johnny—she had wished to give him a surprise. She had known he would meet her. Had he forgotten giving her a list of all the boats his squad inspected? Vaguely he remembered.

A slight twitter from the audience. Wescott became aware of rows of English eyebrows, arched in mingled curiosity and disapproval. Releasing Elsa, he rescued his lost dignity and returned to his tasks.

After a time he asked: "But why are you here, angel?"

By the time the baggage was brought above, the Kuling had been tied up at the lower wharf. While his helpers went through the steerage, Wescott swiftly inspected the leather bags and trunks of the foreigners.

He approached Elsa, who appeared impatient to get ashore and be at her mother's bedside. He winked at the skipper who was standing near by and who now knew all about it: this was the girl young Wescott was going to marry.

Wescott poised the stamp of approval over her trunk. Then, thinking that it might appear irregular to the others, he made a pretense at examination.

"You needn't have taken the large trunk after all, eh, dear?" As he lifted the lid he was thinking that it was too bad Elsa was obliged to return so soon. She had planned a four months' visit. But lucky for him! Suddenly he bent down quickly, sniffed.

The devils! They had put it in *her* trunk! An old trick. This explained the tip to inspect the baggage closely. He glanced up to see if anyone had witnessed his discovery. It must not be known. Not now, for Elsa would have to be taken into custody. It might be impossible to prove her innocence. He snapped the trunk shut, marked it O. K., and called two coolies to take it to a truck. And only when he had put Elsa in a taxi and sent her homeward did his nerves relax. He had not told her about the opium.

In the truck he stationed four Sikh Indian policemen with orders regarding the trunk. They followed the taxi. He knew that the men who cached that opium would waste no time attempting to get it back. They must be caught, the dope confiscated. Elsa must be saved. Well, the Sikhs would guard her. Duty demanded his presence on the ship till the search was finished.

AFTER two hours there was nothing further to be done till the bilge tank was drained and the cargo unloaded. Wescott felt certain now that it was the real prize that went with Elsa. He gave instructions to his assistants and hailed a taxi.

When he arrived at the house, he found the Sikhs on guard—near the front door. "Idiots!" he bellowed. "Damned sheep! What about the *back* of the house?" He left them startled, a dumb, hurt look in their eyes.

Upstairs he knocked rapidly at her door. He called out her name. He tried the knob. The door was unlocked and he hurried in. No one. But the trunk, Elsa's trunk, was there. He moved toward it and the sickeningly sweet odor of opium reached him in a heavy layer of acrid air. He was quite prepared for the emptiness that greeted him when he peered inside the trunk.

They had got the opium, he thought, and probably had kidnaped Elsa! He strode toward the door, but on a small lacquer table a white square of linen stopped him. Tearing it open, he read, in a handwriting dear and familiar:

JOHNNY BOY:

You are a gentleman and one scholar. Only your great fat Indian make me very scare. But they are stupid. They forget to think of another door. Goodbye. ELSA.

P. S. Never trust a Russian, Johnny.

To the Sikhs, who obediently followed him when he emerged from the house half an hour later, young Wescott, the Customs Officer, appeared to be unchanged. But in his eyes was the look acquired only by men who have visited the abyss of deceit, and have returned to the world clad in the somber mail of profound cynicism.

THE END

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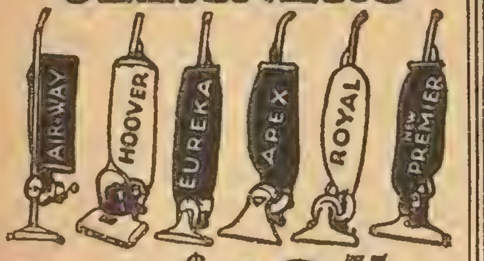

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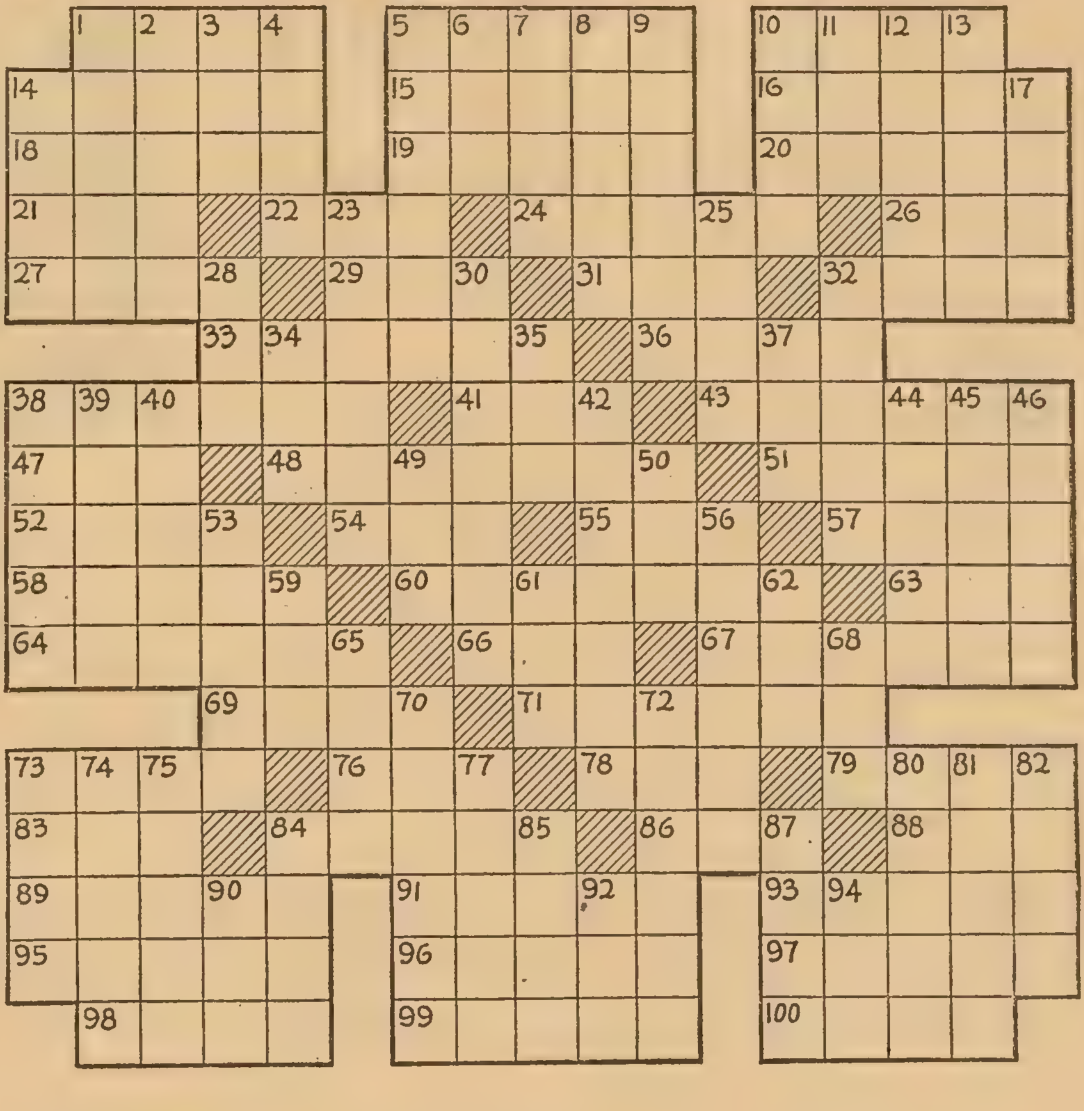
Two New Puzzles

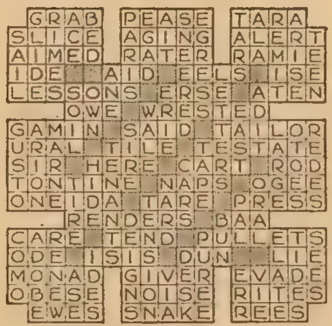


HORIZONTAL

1 To combat
5 Classifier
10 A state
14 Washed
15 Worship
16 Rheumatism remedy
18 Blot out
19 Indian of Brazil
20 Select class
21 Make lace
22 Brood of pheasants
24 Sea mammals
26 Mesh fabric
27 Stalk or stock
29 Sooner than
31 Inclosure
32 Assail with missiles
33 Degrades
36 Assam silkworm
38 Chinese boat
41 Meadow
43 Given to wandering
47 A beverage
48 To regard with honor or deference
51 Mistake
52 Youths
54 Combining form meaning two
55 Type of horse
57 Father
58 Expiate
60 Scattered
63 Peer Gynt's mother
64 Free from immodesty or obscenity
66 Iniquity
67 Annoyed
69 Entrance or passage in a mine
71 Pay attention
73 The margin of a watercourse
76 Immerse
78 Salt
79 Small hollow
83 Crude metal
84 Dries and withers
86 Greek letter
88 Recline
89 Wool fabric
91 Trap
93 Declaim
95 Harbor
96 Ethereal salt
97 Memoranda
98 Ovule
99 Bamboolike grass (plural)
100 Prophet

VERTICAL

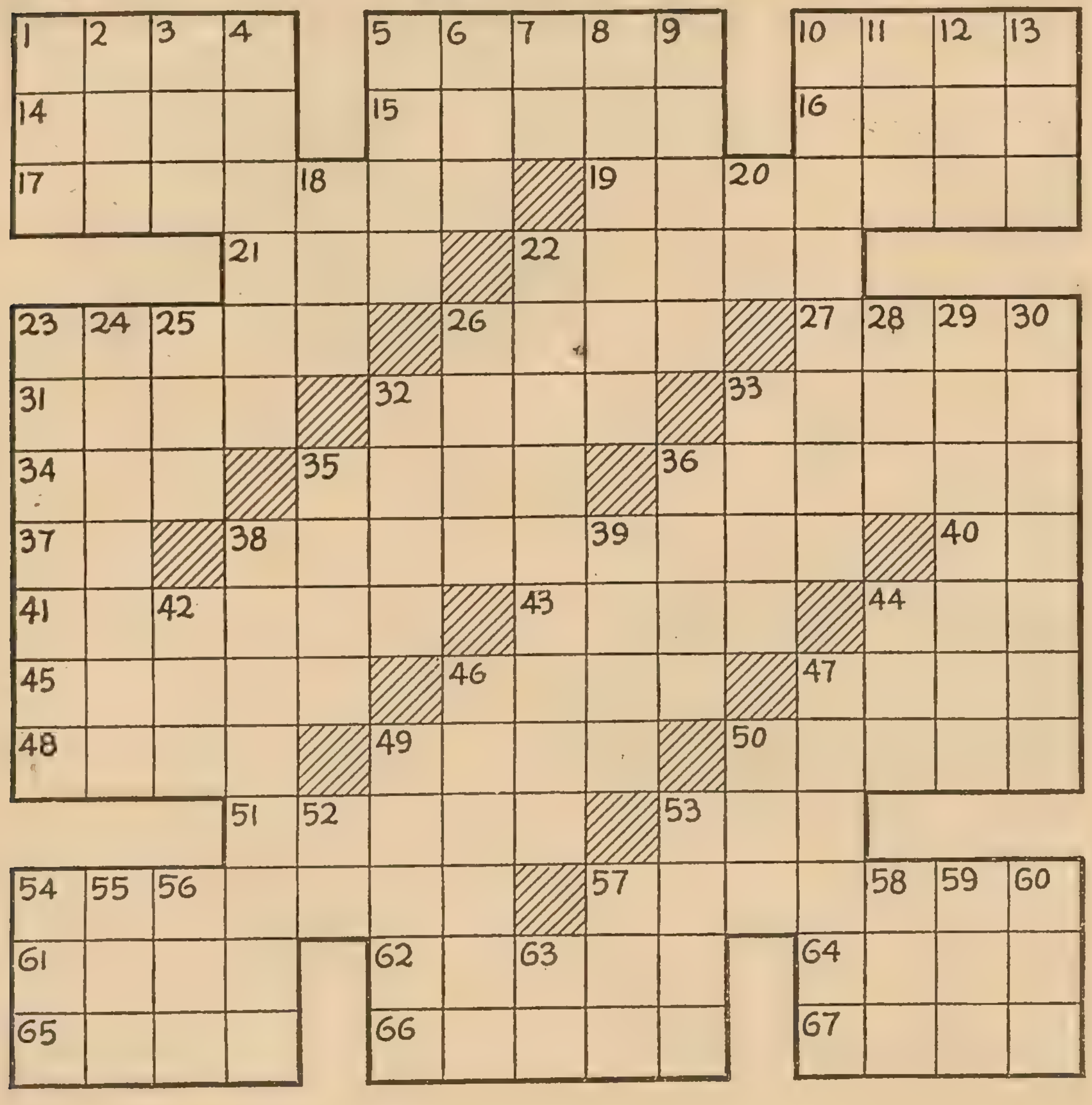
1 Measure of weight
2 Egg-shaped
3 Footlike part
4 State of bliss
5 The American black snake (plural)
6 Woman's name
7 Rocky pinnacles
8 American Indians
9 Remission or payment back
10 Employs
11 The palmyra
12 Set in a row
13 Hostelry
14 Allows
17 Native of Latvia
23 Brought forth young
25 Stringed instrument
28 Chart
30 Traps used for catching eels
32 Young salmon (pl.)
34 Exclude
35 Comprehend
37 Anger
38 Article of food served cold
39 Like a wing
40 Kind of wine
42 Stresses
44 Songs
45 Scandinavian
46 Cornered
49 Genus of swine
50 Coarse part of flax
53 Act furtively
56 Palms
59 Terminus
61 An inlet
62 Lair
65 Part of a wheel
68 Augment
70 More concise
72 Candles
73 Empty talk
74 Districts
75 Give courage to
77 Taut
80 Puff up
81 Saltpeter
82 Mounds
84 Transmit
85 Satisfy to repletion
87 Electrified particle (plural)
90 Teamster's word of command
92 A color
94 Fish spawn



GRAB PEASE TARA
SLICE AGING ALERT
AIMED RATER RAMIE
IDE AID EELS ISE
LESSONS ERSE ATEN
OWE WRESTED
GAMIN SAID TAILOR
URAL TILE TESTATE
SIR HERE CART ROD
TONTINE NAPS OGEE
ONEIDA TARE PRESS
RENDERS BAA
CARE TEND PULLETS
ODE ISIS DUN LIE
MONAD GIVER EVADE
OBESE NOISE RITES
EWES SNAKE REES

Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					15						16			
17				18			■	19		20				
			21			■	22							
23	24	25			■	26				■	27	28	29	30
31				■	32				■	33				
34			■	35				■	36					
37		■	38					39				■	40	
41		42				■	43				■	44		
45					■	46				■	47			
48				■	49				■	50				
			51	52				■	53					
54	55	56					■	57				58	59	60
61					62		63				64			
65					66						67			

HORIZONTAL

1 Metal spur for a gamecock
5 Auctions
10 Special state of affairs
14 Imitator
15 Acquire information about
16 City in Arabia
17 Spanish ladies
19 Wanderers
21 Moist
22 Jewish title of respect for a doctor of the law
23 Scottish poet of the eighteenth century
26 Steeps
27 Collection of articles belonging together (plural)
31 Crude metal (plural)
32 God of the supreme Hindu triad
33 French landscape painter
34 To lick up
35 A challenge
36 Containing salt
37 Over and in contact with
38 A roll of tobacco
40 The symbol for an element
41 Medieval tunics
43 Peasants of the Philippine Islands
44 A tree
45 Fastening devices
46 Small bunch, as of hay or straw
47 A trigonometrical ratio
48 Prefix: before
49 To languish
50 Aquatic fish-eating mammal
51 State of falsity
53 Collection of facts
54 Native of Genoa
57 Warded off
61 State to be true
62 Expunge
64 Moved or acted with excited haste
65 One of the natives of Latvia
66 Units of force in the C. G. S. system
67 Comprehended

VERTICAL

1 A fuel
2 A primate
3 Low land overflowed with water
4 Puts on a stern, grim, or surly look
5 Thin, narrow bar of wood or metal
6 Bronze or copper (Roman antiquity)
7 Syllable sounded in solmization
8 Mistakes in writing or printing
9 One who has vulgar regard for social standing (plural)
10 Woman's undergarment
11 American humorist
12 Weight of India
13 Being, in the most abstract sense
18 The matter or thing (law)
20 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
22 Recurring
23 City in Italy
24 Astronomical
25 Corded fabric
26 City in Russia
28 Silkworm
29 Kind of life insurance
30 A guide
32 Droops
33 Domestic animals
35 Snares for game
36 Cease
38 Young cabbage
39 Comfort
42 Cavity
44 Appropriate
46 A wine-making establishment
47 Begins
49 Puzzled
50 Pronoun
52 Note of the scale
53 Salutations
54 Girl (colloq.)
55 Woman's name
56 Free of charges or deductions
57 Peer Gynt's mother
58 Digit
59 Before
60 Lair
63 One indefinitely of a number

C	O	R	R	U	P	T	S		B	I	N	D	E	R	
A	M	E	E	R	■	O	T	T	E	R	■	I	R	O	N
A	B	E	T	■	S	N	A	I	L	■	E	V	A	D	E
B	E	D	■	S	P	I	L	E	■	R	A	I	S	E	D
A	R	■	S	P	I	T	E	■	B	O	R	N	E		
		S	P	A	C	E	■	A	L	O	N	E	■	M	A
S	A	L	I	N	E	■	C	R	A	S	S	■	R	O	M
T	R	U	N	K	■	H	O	I	S	T	■	G	A	T	E
O	D	E	S	■	C	O	R	O	T	■	H	A	V	E	N
P	E	S	■	D	I	V	A	N	■	C	O	M	E	T	S
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	S	E	N	D	E	R		T	S	A	R	I	N	A	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

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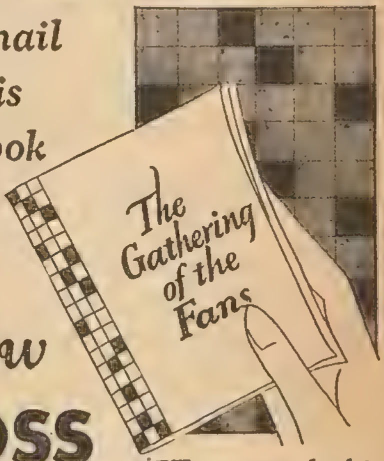

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Mother's Day OUT

By

ETHEL SOMERS

PROBABLY nothing would be more of a treat for Mother's Day than to have daughter take entire charge of the dinner menu. It is such a practical service and yet it is so seldom thought of among the contributions for Mother's Day.

In order that such a program may be easily accomplished and yet fitting to the occasion, we present, herewith, an appropriate spring menu for six persons.

Springtime Soup **Celery**
Savory Ham Slice **Crab-Apple Garnish**
Carrots **String Beans**
Apricot-Endive Salad **Crackers**
Tapioca Cream **Walnut Wafers** **Coffee**

Springtime Soup

1 cup fresh or canned peas
¼ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups rich milk, diluted evaporated milk, or part cream and part milk
1/16 teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
⅛ to ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot
⅛ to ¼ cup cooked peas (smaller ones preferred)
Whipped cream
Croutons

COMBINE the first three ingredients and cook gently in a tightly covered kettle until the peas are tender enough to be easily pressed through a sieve. Melt the butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour to form a smooth mixture. Gradually stir in the milk, with the seasonings, and cook and stir over a medium flame until thickened. Rub the peas and milk sauce through a sieve. Add the cooked carrot and the small quantity of peas that have been left unsieved. Keep hot over hot water at least fifteen minutes. Serve hot. Garnish with whipped cream and croutons.

Savory Ham Slice

1 middle cut slice of ham 1 to 1½ inches thick
12 whole cloves
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons dry mustard
½ cup water
⅓ to ½ cup vinegar

REMOVE the fat from the ham. Using a sharp knife and cutting one-fourth inch deep, mark one side of the ham into squares or diamonds (see picture). Insert a whole clove in the middle of each section. Place the ham slice in a baking dish, and after mincing the ham fat sprinkle it over the top of the ham. Cover the baking dish and place in a hot oven (400° F.) for thirty minutes, or until slightly browned. Mix the remaining ingredients. Pour over the ham. Cover and continue the baking at the same temperature for one hour and a half.

Glazed crab apples set in a border of parsley surrounding the ham slice form a delicate garnish and are a delicious relish.

Dressing for Ham Slice

2 cups crumbled stale bread
2 tablespoons chopped carrot tops or parsley
1 cup raisins
½ cup melted butter, butter substitute, or fat drained from the ham after browning

THOROUGHLY blend the ingredients and bake in a covered baking dish or casserole long enough to warm. Dish the dressing on to the service platter and place the ham slice on top.

DAUGHTERS—send for Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks and tackle the menu responsibilities on Mother's Day. You'll find that, no matter how little cooking experience you've had, Miss Somers' booklets will make easy the preparation of many additional dishes that are tasty and appropriate. Mother deserves a day off from kitchen care. Make it an eventful one by sending for Miss Somers' cookbooks now. And please use the coupon.

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City .... State 5-10-30

Apricot halves placed on a bed of curly endive make an effective salad.

Creole Ham

MIX one green pepper and three onions finely minced with the cut ham fat. Place on an *unseasoned* slice of ham, and when it has been browned, as for savory ham slice, cover with one or two cups of sieved tomatoes which have been seasoned. The tomatoes will take the place of the vinegar and water of the savory ham slice recipe.

Crab-Apple Garnish

12 to 18 canned crab apples
¼ cup currant jelly
Parsley
Bonbon cups
2 ounces cheese (cream cheese; grated American or Roquefort cheese)

AFTER removing the cores and seeds from the apples, fill the cavities with plain cream cheese, or if grated American or Roquefort cheese is used, moisten with milk or cream to form a paste before filling the apples. Heat the currant jelly over hot water until *just* melted. Dip each apple in turn into the hot jelly and set in a bonbon cup. Arrange around the ham slice in a border of parsley.

Apricot-Endive Salad

1 bunch curly endive or three stalks French endive
18 apricot halves

ON a bed of cleaned, chilled endive arrange three apricot halves and place a tuft of endive or a sprig of parsley in the center to garnish. Serve with fruity French dressing.

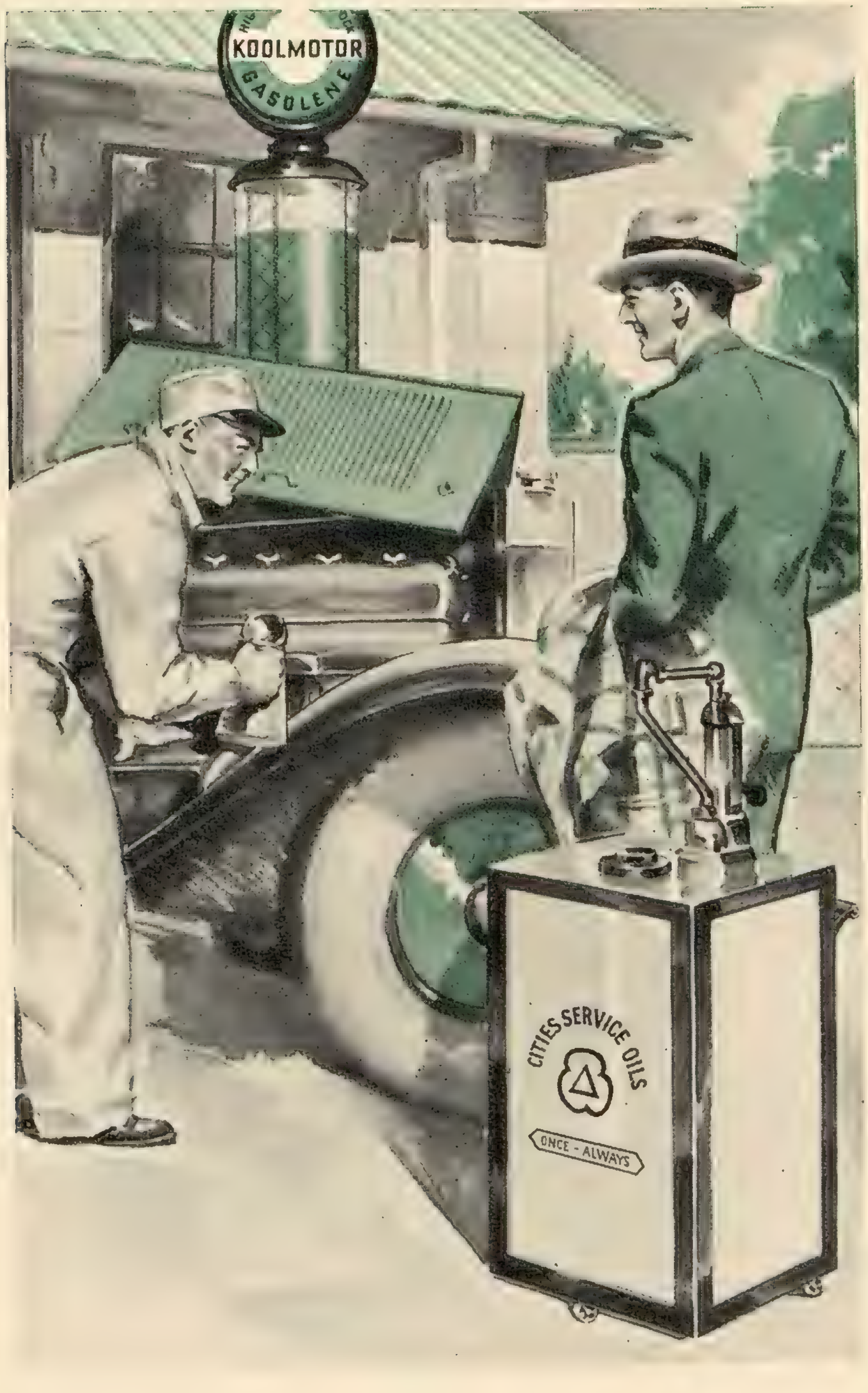
Walnut Wafers

2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup bread or family flour
1 cup walnut meats
¼ teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt

STIR the brown sugar into the well beaten eggs. Mix the baking powder, flour, and salt and blend with the broken walnut meats. When the walnuts are thoroughly floured by stirring, stir into the beaten sugar-and-egg mixture. Drop by teaspoonfuls at least two inches apart on an oiled, floured cooky pan. Place immediately into a moderate oven (375° F.) for ten minutes, when the cookies will be delicately browned. Remove while hot to a cooling rack. If the cookies are to be kept longer than a day, place wax paper between the layers of the cookies and cover tightly.

A perfect *anti-knock combination*

KOOLMOTOR GASOLENE *and* OIL



A KNOCK in your engine is a tap on your pocketbook—it is expensive as well as annoying.

Cities Service experts have found a way to relieve you of this faulty engine performance. It is through the use of Koolmotor Gasolene and Koolmotor Oil—the perfect anti-knock combination.

Koolmotor gasolene is the *original* high test, anti-knock green gas. It is engine-tested in the laboratory for anti-knock performance. As a double check, it is road-tested—forced to climb the steepest hills and respond to impulsive pressure on the accelerator in traffic—to guarantee its performance in actual service—in *your* car.

Koolmotor Oil—the *perfect* Pennsylvania Motor Oil—a rich, full bodied lubricant—resists the searing heat of modern motors without breaking down. This ability to maintain its full body at high temperatures prevents oil from working up past the piston rings and forming excessive carbon—a condition that aggravates fuel knocks.

To save wear and tear on your motor—to guard against unnecessary repair bills—insist on this perfect anti-knock combination—Koolmotor Gasolene and Koolmotor Oil.

CITIES SERVICE OILS
ONCE - ALWAYS

KOOLMOTOR GASOLENE

The *original* high test, anti-knock green gas

Full of power—full of speed—ready to go when you are—rushes to duty at the touch of the starter and delivers full power from then on... This thoroughbred among gasolenes is a notable achievement in motor fuels and is delivering remarkable results to its constantly increasing army of users. Every claim made for it has been proved in actual service tests. Try a tankful of this powerful, clean burning gasolene. You'll like it!

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY... 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Cities Service Radio Concerts, Fridays, 8:00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Over 33 stations of the National Broadcasting Company's Coast-to-Coast and Canadian Network.

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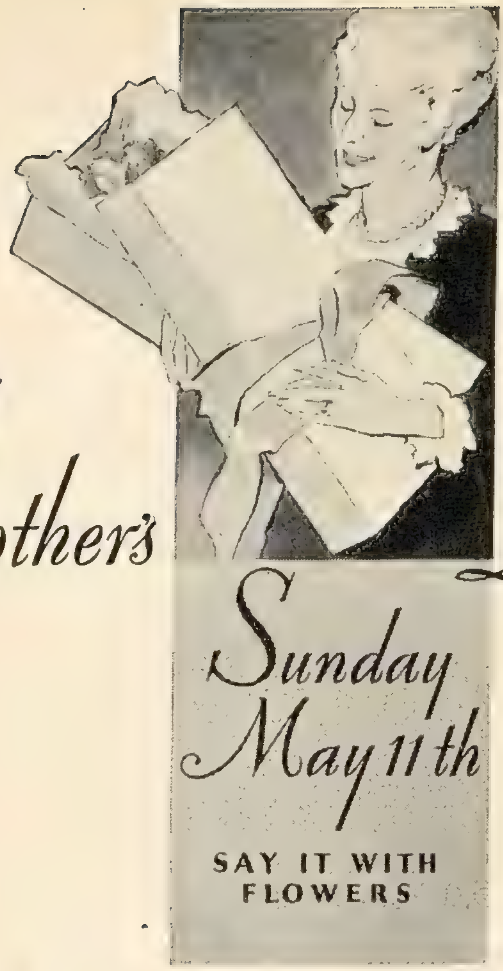


Mother's Day

Sunday May 11th

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

FLOWERS

clear skin

YOU don't have to be beautiful to make a hit! If your skin is clear, if health shines in your face, if your eyes are bright, if you're full of pep and the joy of life—you're a winner!

"Well," you say sadly, "I've tried everything and nothing makes much difference." Bet you haven't. Bet you never gave Nujol a chance to flood your life with sunshine.

Instead of drugging your poor body, give nature a chance! Lubricate your body inside as you would any other intricate machine. When you do this you clear away the poisons (we all have them) that are probably making all the trouble.

Just get yourself a bottle of crystal-clear Nujol. It isn't a medicine, it contains no drugs. Ask for it by name at any drug store. Notice it's in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol."

It's just your happiness in a bottle, that's all, and nobody but you can prove it.

If you want to know how to keep well, send for free 24-page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Nujol Laboratories, Dept. 18-B, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

NATURE'S ● WAY
Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

"GEE!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"MAY bug, May bug, big fat May bug!" Gwendolyn yelled, dancing around on Lil's back lawn. Her arms flopped like ropes and the sprightly shadows of her legs stretched to the daffodil bed at the fence.

"Does she mean me?" Lil wondered. She pinned a newly washed pair of chamois gloves to a curtain.

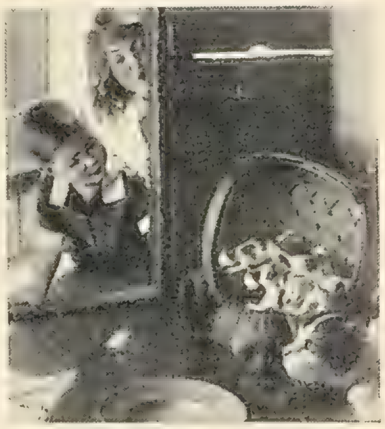
"May bug, come out an' play!" Gwen invited, picking up clothespins and tossing them into a flowerpot.

"Here I is," little Ulysses announced. He appeared at the kitchen door with a piece of loaf cake. "Here I is, May bug."

"You're the bug," she told him, grabbing his cake. "I'm a butterfly. I'm a fairy butterfly an' I can fly. I sleep in trees an' when it's cold I—I sleep in birds' nests." She crammed part of the cake in her mouth. She rolled up a wad of crumbs and handed it to him. "Here, have a stomach ache," she said.

"It's good," U. declared. "Than-kyou."

"Don't eat it, sap. Throw it to the birds. You'll get cramps." Gwen snatched the cake ball and threw it at the wire fence where it broke into a shower of crumbs to the delight of a swarm of sparrows.



This week's cover picture.

"Cramps?" He stared stupidly. "Whata—"

"They're stiff necks in the stomach," she shouted, tossing pebbles to scare the birds away from the cake. "Eat lobsters, ice cream, sas-priller, and tomatoes. Then you'll know what cramps means."

"Oh, see!" he grinned. He pointed to a golden tuft in the grass. "That's nice. I'll take it to my mother." And he squashed four crocus flowers en route to a whopper of a dandelion.

"Your mother?" Gwen squealed with laughter. "Pick it for your cook. Pick a bunch an' ask her to make soup."

"How many, Gwen, how many?"

"One thousand dandylions make one dish of soup. One million dandylions makes a half dish, an'—an' one hundred dandylions makes one cup. But you ain't got that many in your grass. You only got three, ten, four, twenny. So don't pick any or—or you'll get warts, an' witches'll wake you up at night. Tee-hee!"

They watched a worm crawl for miles along the wabbly brick path. He turned pretzel shape and fell into a crack. They collected clothespins and played they were wishbones. They threw a flowerpot down the cellar steps. They stuck a carrot into a rat trap. They caught a black bug and threw it over the fence.

"That's what oughter happen to you," Gwen giggled as the bug landed upside down in a basket of clothesline. Then she whispered: "Come to the woodshed. I'll learn you names to call your father."

They looked slyly at the back windows. No, nobody was watching. They tiptoed behind a lilac bush—and dodged behind the woodshed.

"Watta funny noise," she said as they turned the corner. "Watcha got in there? Chickens?"

She peeked in first. She jumped right back, with her mouth the size of a butter plate.

"Look!" she gasped, pushing U. in ahead of her. "Look, look, look! They just hatched. Your cat has one, two—I don't know how many—kittens. Gee!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Sheik)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

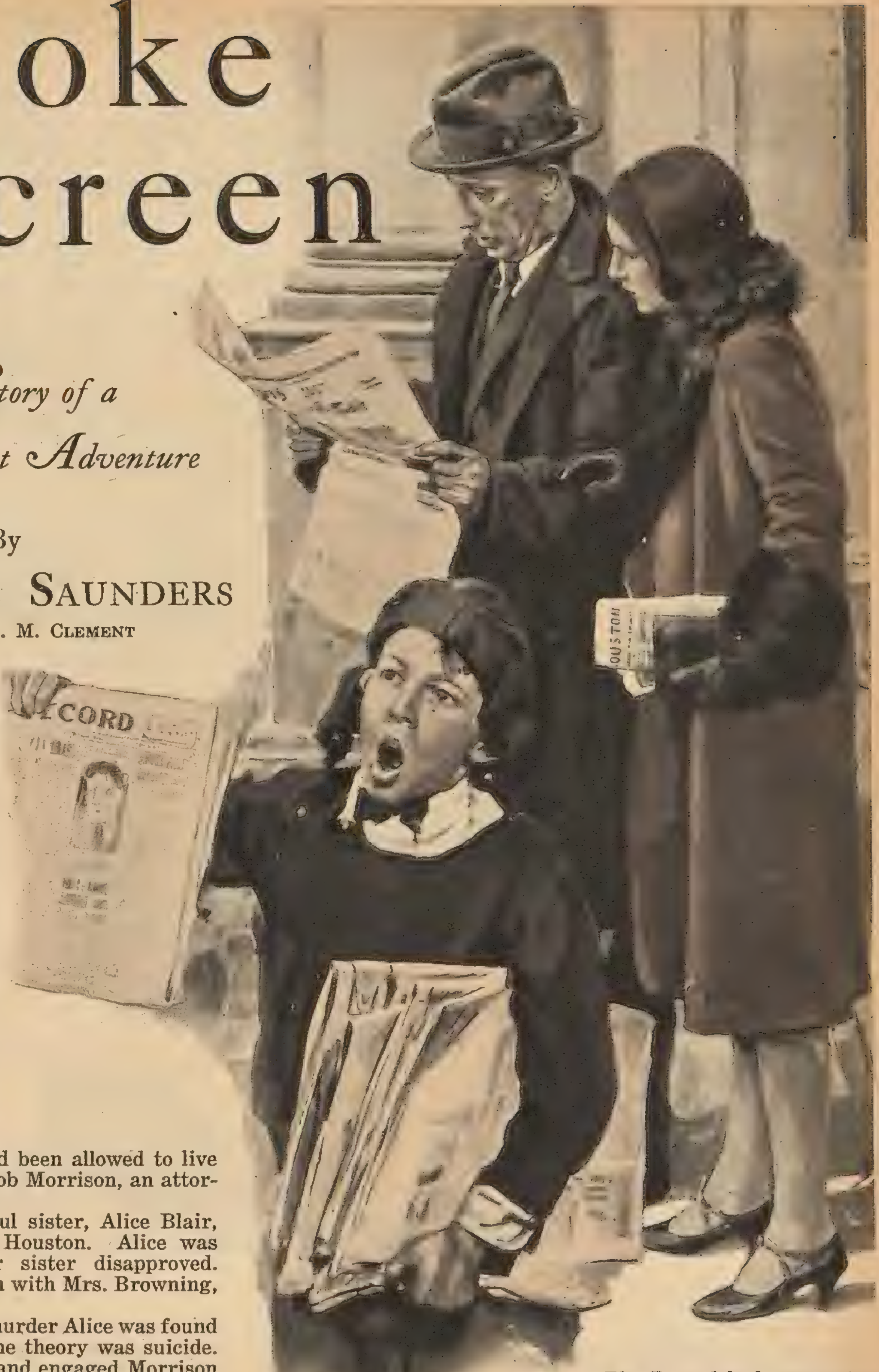
Smoke Screen

The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT



The Record had gone extra with the story that the old house on Telephone Road had caught fire again at four thirty that afternoon.

SALLY LOMAX was a reporter on the Houston Pioneer. She was only a cub, but she had had the luck to uncover most of the details of a story of murder and mystery.

Mrs. Angela Browning and old Martin Fox were found dead in an old shack on Telephone Road, out from Houston, Texas. They had first been poisoned, then the ancient ruin had been discovered burning as an airplane flew over the scene. Mrs. Browning had owned a hospital in Galveston. She was also a bootlegger in partnership with one Terence O'Toole. Martin Fox, a bill collector, had been allowed to live rent free in the shack by Bob Morrison, an attorney, to whom it belonged.

Mrs. Browning's beautiful sister, Alice Blair, had run a dress shop in Houston. Alice was engaged to O'Toole. Her sister disapproved. O'Toole, the last person seen with Mrs. Browning, was suspected.

Shortly after the double murder Alice was found dead in her bed—shot! The theory was suicide.

O'Toole gave himself up and engaged Morrison to defend him, but that busy attorney wished to hand the case over to Potts, his assistant. It was Sally's district attorney brother, Richard Lomax, who would prosecute.

Sally learned from Colonel Robert Patterson, bank president, that in Mrs. Browning's will she left the bulk of her property to a mysterious and unknown daughter.

PART EIGHT—THE TRUTH ABOUT ALICE BLAIR

ANDY pushed back his hat as Sally came up to his desk.

"Get anything, kid?"

"Lots." Her eyes were blazing. She outlined her story briefly. At least one thing she had learned in the week since the fire in the old house on Telephone Road, a thing she was never to forget while she worked for a newspaper: she could outline a story verbally, briefly, and pointedly. It is a pearl of great price to a city editor, that knack.

"I told Colonel Bob we were going to print the story of the daughter," she finished. "Are we?"

"Certainly! Too bad for the kid, but news is news. Come on; let's get at it. No need to name the kid, or tell

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Cont'd from page sixty-seven

exactly where she is in school. Simply say that Angela Browning's daughter is her sole heir. I don't want these other papers to get too much about that; we've got it on ice, and I want to save it, for a reason."

"Shall I put in about the lost letter in the blue envelope?"

"Nope. Going to keep that to ourselves a while. I want you to go back out to that apartment as soon as you have finished this story. Go through that place with a fine-tooth comb. Look under the mattress, the bed, and every place she might have stuck that letter. See if you can find a scrap of it. She may have torn it up, and let a piece of it fall."

"Regular Sherlock Holmes stuff, Andy. Must I take a magnifying glass?"

"I reckon your eyes are good enough. Now hit that machine, kid."

As Sally handed in the last of her story on the will, she reminded Andy of the report the chief of police was to give her.

"Light out and get that first, then. Don't telephone me about it; come in."

THE police chief closed his office door behind Sally.

"I don't know what Andy is after in this case, Miss Sally," he said. "But it looks to me like he has stumbled on something."

"What?"

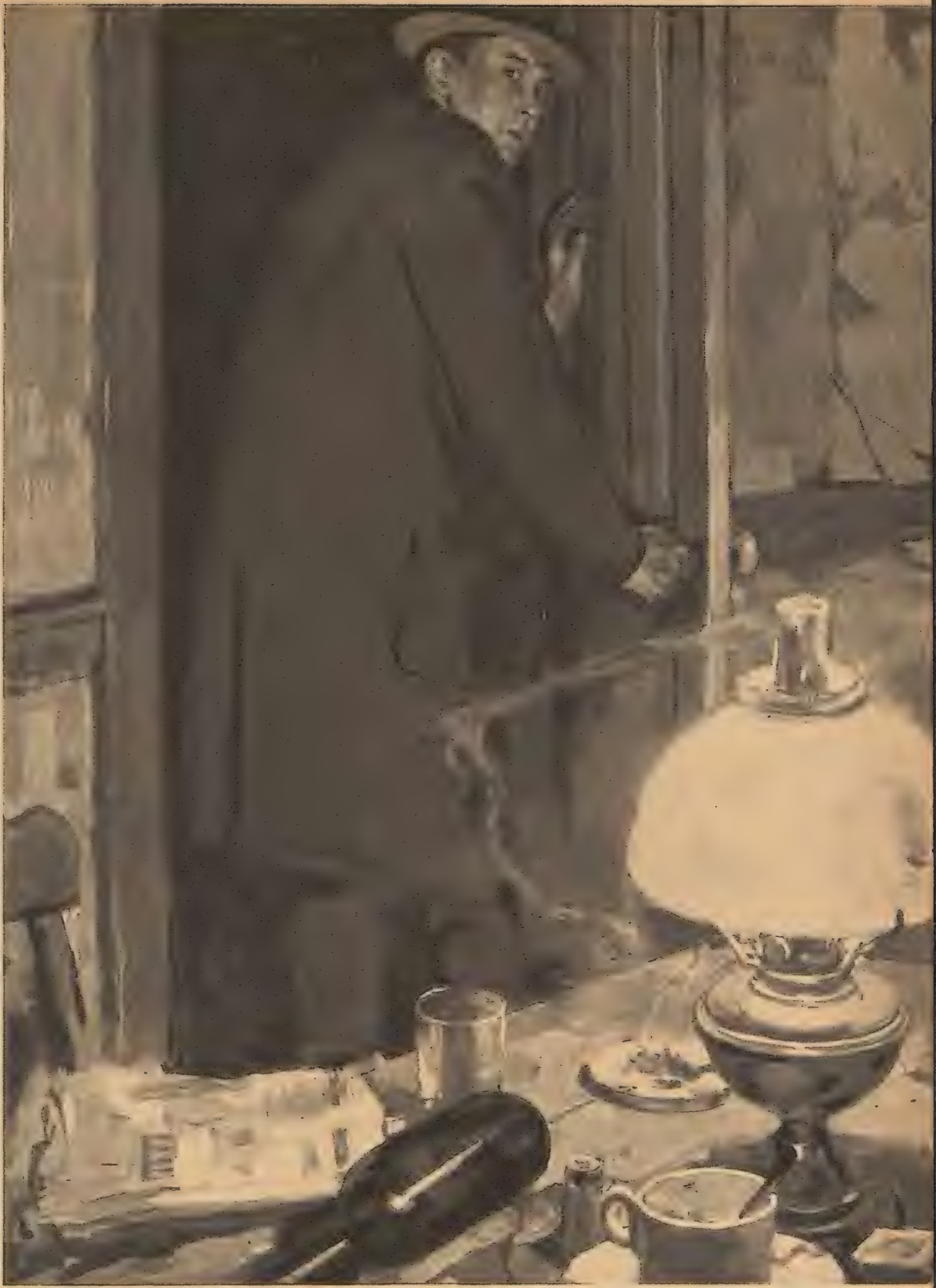
"Old man Fox was a dope peddler, all right, a high-priced wholesaler, with the best retailers for clients. No talcum powder in his snow. It was uncut, just like the best bootleggers tell you their rye is. He got his stuff in regularly about once every two months. My—er—informant swears he didn't know of it, himself. Says he got hold of a man last night who was about nutty because he didn't have any, and hadn't had any for several days. He ranted for an hour against you and your brother, my man said. When I went after my stool last night he was out hunting up some heroin for this guy."

Sally whistled.

"How did Andy get on to this?" the chief wanted to know.

"I can't tell you, chief. Mr. Hunt just asked me to come over here and get a confidential report from you."

"Andy's smart. Well, tell him I'll produce this addict if he wants to talk to him. But he's got to protect my man, you know. His life wouldn't be worth two cents if it got out he was a stool."



"She was pretty nasty by the time she o

"Does this man have any idea where Fox got his drugs?"

"Says he doesn't, and says the happy duster he fixed up last night doesn't, either. All he knows is that Fox got in a big supply every so often."

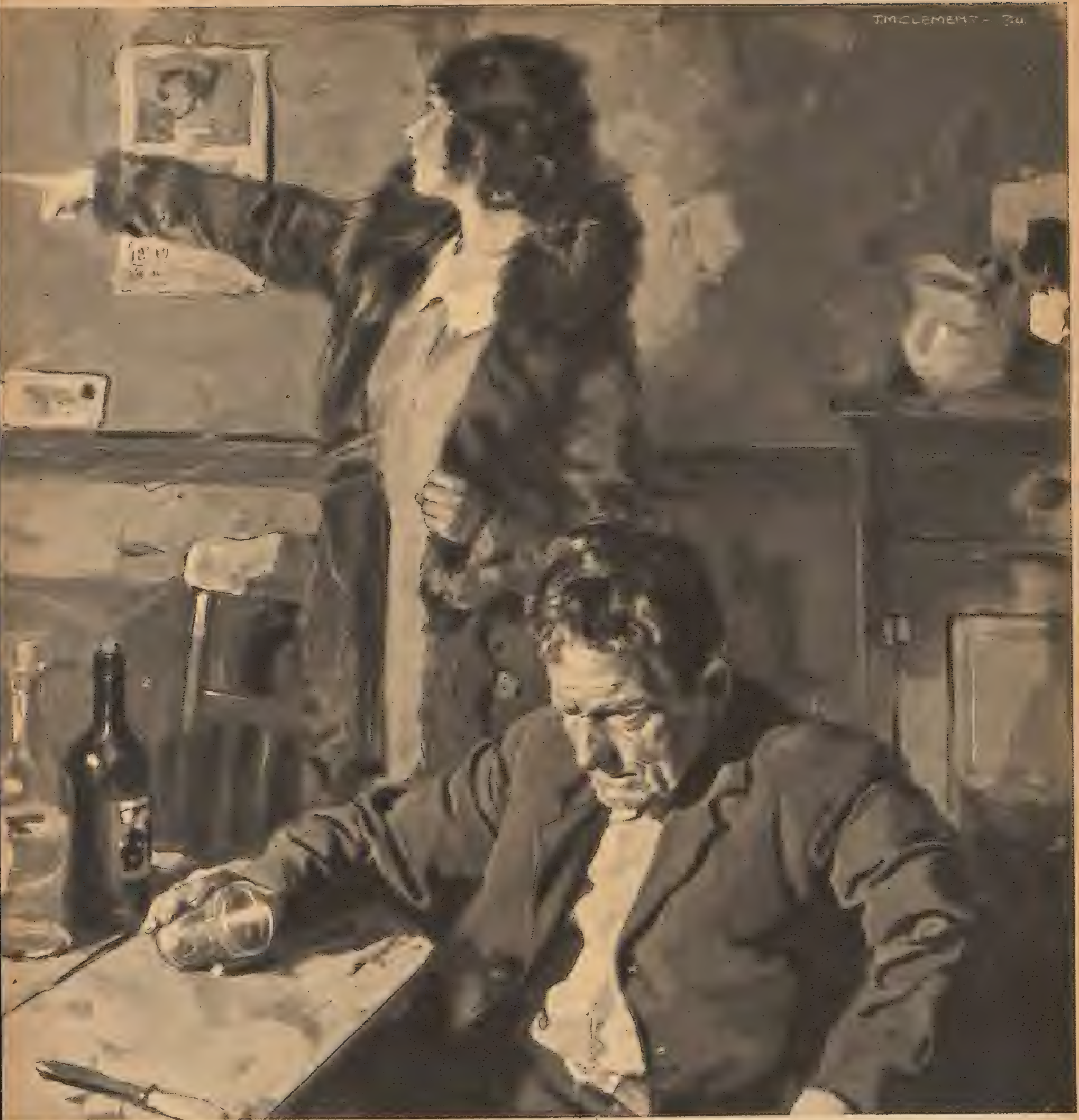
"Did Fox make his deliveries or did they come out to the house for it?"

"Fox delivered. I told you he had high-class trade. No dollar coke snifters on his list, the man said."

"Do you think an addict could have set fire to the house on Telephone Road?"

"The case is in your brother's hands, Miss Sally. I can't make any such predictions, when they have O'Toole under arrest, without 'damaging the state's case,' as they say."

"Oh, bosh!" remarked the district attorney's sister. "Well, anyway, thanks a lot, chief. Mr. Hunt said you'd keep this to yourself."



t. Old man Fox was as drunk as a lord."

"Sure. Forget it. It's a county case. If they want facts, they can get what I've got by asking. But I'm not putting out." The amiable big police chief grinned.

Sally's report to Andy was not used in the home edition. She wondered why. Andy had merely nodded when she recounted it carefully. He went on whittling at a match, and she stood waiting at the corner of his desk.

"Oh, Havens!" Andy bawled across the city room. "I want you to go out with Miss Lomax on a story," he instructed when the reporter had come to his desk. "She'll tell you what to do."

He turned to his newly created star.

"Havens can help you look that apartment over. If you find what we want, I'll buy you a box of cigars."

"Cigars?"

Andy came out of his detachment and grinned.

"All great detectives smoke cigars. Before you go, lend me a cigarette. There's not a clue in a carload."

They looked in every book, on every shelf, in every drawer, under the rugs, behind the pictures, in all the pockets of the smart and dainty garments that had been Alice Blair's, under and behind everything movable, from living room to kitchen cabinet. When they had finished, after two hours of inch-by-inch progress, Sally and Havens were able to tell the city editor that not a scrap of the missing letter was in the Blair apartment. The Pioneer's own Scotland Yard was baffled.

"It's gone entirely," Sally told Andy Hunt over the telephone. "Havens even went out back and searched through the trash cans in the court. But the janitor said she hadn't set out any trash Friday night, and no garbage Thursday night except coffee grounds. There were a lot of coffee grounds in the garbage pail where Manning

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page sixty-nine

found the whisky bottle; we even turned those out on a newspaper. And, Andy—in the coffee grounds there was the butt of a cigar. It struck us as sort of funny. You see, she had set out the garbage pail Thursday night and got it back empty Friday morning, so these must be Friday's coffee grounds. Havens says it's a small panetela shape and very good tobacco; he's got it wrapped up and we'll bring it in."

"Good stuff," commended Andy. "You don't think she smoked a cigar before she shot herself, to steady her nerves, maybe?"

"Andy! Don't be too horrid! Havens and I think it's a clue."

"So do I." Andy was serious again. "The two of you keep it strictly to yourselves. Well, come on in and stick around. Tell Havens I'd like for him to relieve Carter at your brother's office. Nothing particular. Just watch for anything to turn up."

Sally left Havens at the Fannin Street steps of the courthouse and drove on to the office. It was then half-past four. Drake, the assistant city editor, Andy, and the sporting editor over in the corner, were the only men in the city room.

She picked up the Pioneer and the Record final editions from Andy's table and went over to her desk. A two-column head on the front page of the Pioneer, below the fold, caught her eye:

AIRMAN, LOST IN FOG, CRASHES INTO BARN

(Special to The Pioneer)

ALVIN, TEX., Feb. 20.—Losing his way in the fog and coming down to try to get his bearings, Steve Daily, airman, crashed into the silo at the end of the dairy barn of J. R. Jeffries, four miles east of here on the Galveston Road, at two o'clock this morning. The right wing was torn off his machine, a Fairchild cabin monoplane, and it fell into the soft mud of the barnyard.

Daily was bruised and cut about the face and was unconscious when Jeffries, hearing the crash, ran out and picked him up. The dairyman rushed the pilot to Alvin by automobile. His injuries were dressed by Dr. F. R. Winn. He had come to on the ride into town. Jeffries said the aviator told him he was flying from Tampico to Dallas to buy another plane when he lost his bearings in the fog.

Beyond saying that the pilot was not seriously injured, Dr. Winn would not comment on a report that Daily had been taken to Houston by a local county officer before daylight.

THE Record had practically the same story.

Sally went over to the city desk, carrying the papers. Andy looked up from his work and spiked another sheet on the spindle.

"Andy, don't you think this airplane is worth looking into? It's the same make of plane as the one Joe Smits told us about."

Hunt grinned.

"You'll be city editor yet, kid. Where do you think Johnny Rorke has been all day? Not hanging around your distinguished brother's doorstep."

"But why did you get this story so late?"

"It was in the home edition; our Alvin man phoned it in before noon, which was none too speedy of him at that."

Andy picked a home edition off the table and handed it to her.

"Well, I just overlooked it," said Sally. "What did Johnny find out?"

"Now, listen, kid; I haven't got time to gossip right now. But I've got a date at your brother's office at five o'clock, and you can go along if you want to and won't ask any questions of anybody. Here, take this copy out to Dad, will you?" He pulled the papers off the copy spindle.

The foreman of the composing room was at his desk, making out time reports with a stub of a pencil. Besides the regular night operators, already busy at some of the linotype machines, there were two day make-up men idling about who should have been dressed and gone ere this, for the presses had already run the night edition and halted.

"What's the old man got now, Miss Sally?" asked a printer as she started back.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Is he going extra?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"Held the day crew on here and downstairs."

"Well, I don't know a thing about it. How long are you to stay?"

The man shrugged. "Until he tells us to go."

Sally trudged beside Andy on the way to the courthouse, eager to know why the crew was being held, but aware, from Andy's face, that it was wiser to keep silence.

It was threatening rain and growing cold.

They had reached the steps of the courthouse when a newsboy came racing down the street yelling, "Extry! Extry!"

Andy's face turned brick red. He snatched a paper from the boy, leaving Sally to get one for herself and pay for both. She gasped as she read:

MYSTERY HOUSE BURNED DOWN!

The Record had gone extra with the story that the old house on Telephone Road where Angela Blair Browning and Martin Fox, poisoned and partly cremated, had met death, had caught fire again at four thirty that afternoon, and, fanned by the high north wind, had burned to the ground before the fire department could stop it. No clue as to the cause of the second fire had been found.

Sally waited for Andy's explosion.

"Nice story," he said amiably, starting up the steps. "Yeah, nice enough. Our man at the fire station phoned me half an hour ago that he was going out on a fire somewhere on the edge of town. I don't know why he didn't phone this in before I left the office. But Drake will get it."

"Aren't—aren't you going to put out a paper on it, Andy?" Sally asked meekly.

"Nope. Let 'em have one story all their own. They need it."

SALLY swallowed. Unbelievable! Andy scooped and serene! Incredible! Rorke, when she told him this, would call her a liar.

"Where is Johnny?" she demanded suddenly, as they entered the murky hall of justice and taxes.

"Supposed to meet us here."

They approached the foot of the grandiose marble staircase in the rotunda, turned to the right, and ascended in the elevator to the third floor. In the anteroom of Dick Lomax's offices they found Havens playing penny ante with George Monroe and Roscoe Eddy.

"Good evening, Mr. Hunt," chorused the men from the opposition papers. If Monroe saw the Record extras in Andy's and Sally's hands, he was elaborately unaware of them.

"Nice scoop, Monroe," said the Pioneer's city editor, handing over his copy. "Dick send for you two?"

The three men looked up from their eager scanning of the extra. Eddy nodded.

At that minute Terence O'Toole came in, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff. Released, he shook hands with Sally and then with Hunt. The city editor drew him off into a corner to talk in low tones. As Andy turned from O'Toole, with a hearty slap on the man's shoulder, Bob Morrison came in.

"Hello! Hello, folks! Well, Andy, I see you've got my client in a better mood. Miss Sally! How's the clever girl reporter today? Dick will have to look to his laurels. Andy, I hope you've given this girl a raise. She's the best man on your staff."

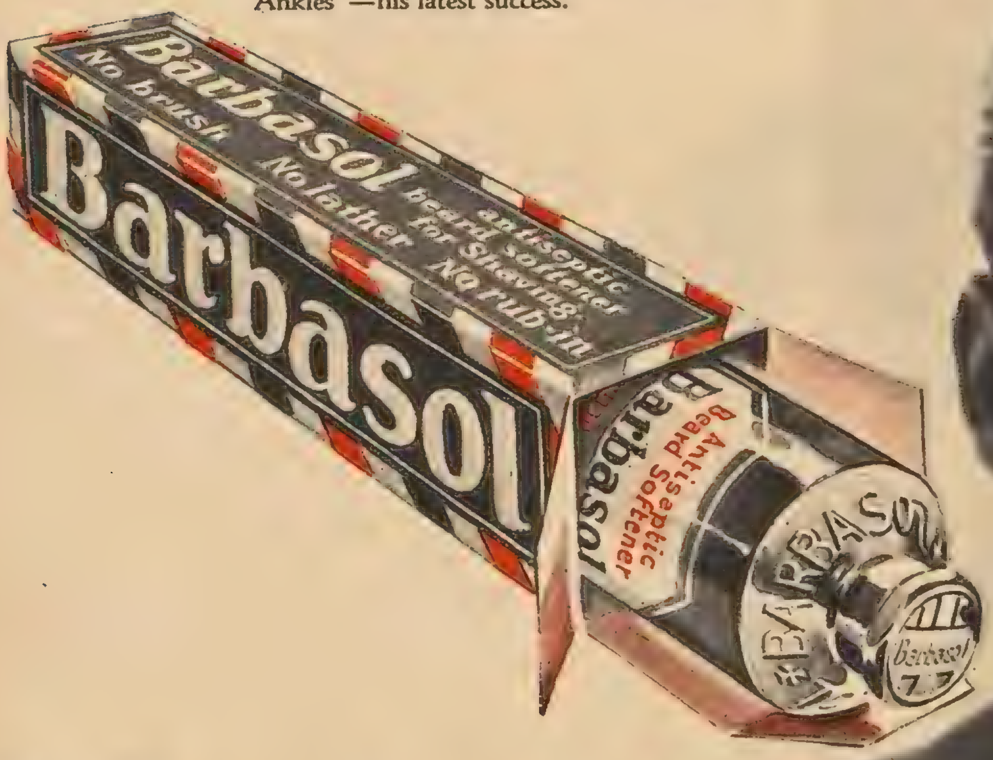
"I'll give her another and send you the bill if you don't stop putting big ideas in little girls' heads," Andy growled. "Where's Potts? Isn't he coming to this tea party?"

"Henry telephoned me that he would be delayed, but he'll be here."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. who is adding fame to an already famous name with his talking pictures. He married the screen beauty, Joan Crawford, not so long ago, and can be seen these days in "Loose Ankles"—his latest success.


Barbasol
Barbasol antiseptic beard softener for Shaving
No brush No lather No rub-in
Barbasol Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL

"Shaving is a pleasure with Barbasol"

says Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

* ***"Shaving with Barbasol is indeed a pleasure. No brush. No lather. Just Barbasol and a trusty blade . . . and the shave is quick and comfortable."***

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

**** Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.***

WHY do men write Barbasol letters bursting with praise of this modern shaving cream? It must be genuine enthusiasm, because their shouts of joy over this easy, quick, *clean* shave are *voluntary.*

Listen to this: "I'd rather drive an auto without a self-starter than go back to the old shaving brush"—W. E. L., of New York. "Wonderful results . . . the smooth and clean shave from Barbasol"—M. W., of New Jersey. "I have a tough beard, but with Barbasol the razor doesn't pull"—N. R. G., of California. (Yes, names on request if you like.)

YOU can join the crowd of Barbasol believers and get the shaving surprise of your life, *but* you must follow these directions. At that, *you'll be following along with the crowd.* Here they are:

1 Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in. **3** Wet a good blade and—*Shave.*

It's as simple as that. Easy, quick; no lathering-up; no brushing or rubbing. And the results are amazing. The blade slides along *easy.* The beard comes off close, with never a pull. Face feels soft, refreshed. And blades last longer. Now *you* try it. Start tomorrow morning. Generous tubes 35¢ and 65¢ at all drug stores. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Skin Freshener

BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

Here's a bracer for the face, morning, noon or night. Slap it on face and neck when tired. It tingles; rejuvenates. Makes a new man of you. Try it!

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy

"Did you see the Record extra, Bob?" Andy went on. "Somebody saved you the trouble of tearing down your wreckage."

"Yes, I saw the paper. There seems to be a jinx on that place."

The door of Lomax's private office opened, and a stenographer came down the passageway to look into the anteroom.

"Mr. Lomax would like to see you, Judge Morrison. Bring O'Toole in with you."

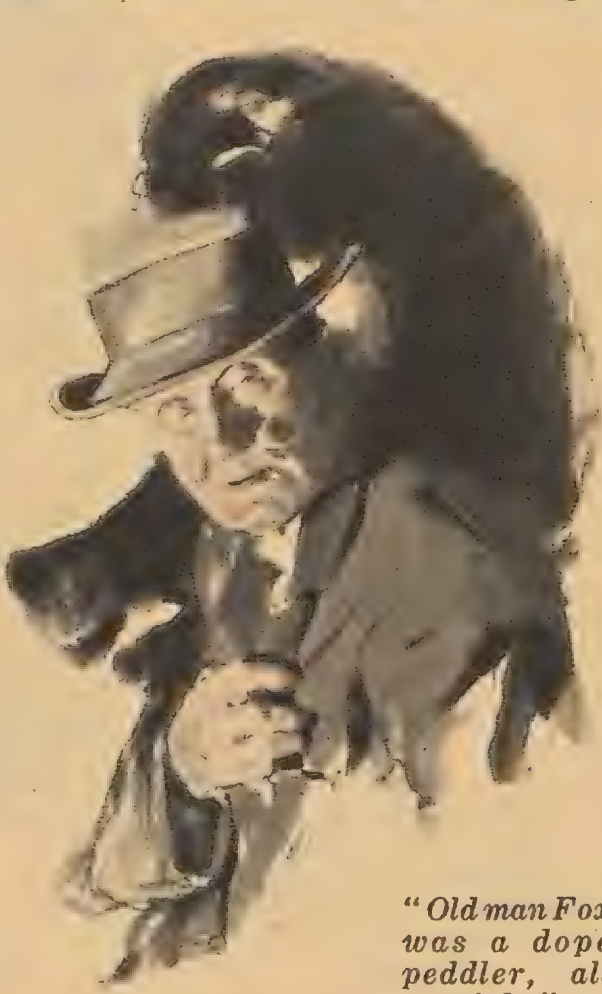
There was a tedious wait of ten minutes. George Monroe fidgeted at a window; Sally sat very quiet at a table, penciling rows of interlaced S's on a sheet of copy paper; Andy read the Record extra as though it were amusing, instructive, and quite new to him; Havens and Eddy dealt poker hands, bet mildly, shuffled the greasy cards. The deputy, seated in a corner, perused the extra.

The door of the district attorney's office was opened again. Lomax came out.

"Good evening," he said, looking around. "Will you folks come into my office?"

The six trooped in through the passageway, and there was a polite shuffle to offer the district attorney's sister a chair, which embarrassed her. Then they were seated, waiting, eying each other.

"O'Toole wants to talk to you newspaper men," said Lomax. "He feels that there is a good deal that you should know; part of it some of you already know, he says. Judge Morrison believes he is making a mistake"—here the district attorney threw his friend a smile—"but he consents, since his client so earnestly wishes it."



"Old man Fox was a dope peddler, all right."

O'Toole appeared at ease. Much of the weariness that Sally had seen in his face on Saturday afternoon had gone.

The district attorney's stenographer, tiptoeing in, seated himself across the table from O'Toole.

"You understand, O'Toole, that this statement you are making in my presence," the district attorney warned, "may be used against you in court?"

O'Toole nodded impatiently.

"I understand that, Mr. Lomax, but I am not under indictment, and if there is any justice in the world, I never will be, so I have no reason for not talking. I intend to tell nothing but the truth, so far as I know it, and the truth can't hurt me."

THE telephone rang. With a word of apology the district attorney picked up one of the instruments on his desk.

"This is Lomax."

Sally was at her brother's left after he had turned in his revolving chair to answer the telephone, which was sitting on the desk slide almost against her arm. She had chosen this chair, a little in the background, out of a desire not to appear too conspicuously at home in her brother's office; she had already embarrassed him enough by her Pioneer connection.

It now appeared that her "rabbit's foot" had followed her even here. The man talking to Dick had one of those vibrant, metallic voices that make a telephone receiver fairly clang; he was evidently one of those who invariably talk too loud over the wire. The district attorney unconsciously pulled the receiver a little away from his ear, so that he would not be deafened by the brazen voice. And Sally, her left ear not six inches from the receiver, could hear him perhaps a bit more clearly than her brother could.

"Say, this is Hicks at the Federal Building. I've got a prisoner here that wants to talk to you."

"Sorry. I'm busy right now. Who is he?"

"An aviator. He crashed into a silo near Alvin in the fog early this morning."

"Into what?"

"Into a silo on a dairy barn. Busted his machine to glory, but he ain't hurt bad. The town marshal took him over and brought him up to me. He had a satchel of drugs in his plane, worth about twenty thousand dollars, maybe. Biggest haul this year. He was bringin' them in from Mexico."

"Congratulations; but where do I come in? That's a federal case."

"Why, this feller knows something important about the murders in that old house that was set afire—the Browning woman and the old man. He wants to talk to you."

Sally saw Dick's face go tense. He kept his voice carefully casual.

"Well, I've got a conference on now, but I'll be through in maybe half an hour. Why don't you and your friend come on over and wait for me? Just go into Mr. Morton's office; he's gone for the day. And I'll be with you as soon as I get through with these gentlemen. Right."

HE hung up and turned to face the table again.

"A fellow wants me to use my influence with Judge Henderson; as if anybody had any. He doesn't know the judge." It shocked Sally, catching her brother in such a barefaced lie; he was always so brutally honest at home. Well, that was the way the game was played. She had been a sneak and an eavesdropper and felt proud of herself.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Dick went on. "Go ahead, O'Toole."

O'Toole plunged into the middle of his story.

"I brought Angela Browning from Galveston to Houston on the evening before she was poisoned and burned. She was my partner in my business. She had loaned me the money to start off with, and she had kept on backing me and taking half the profits. I came up here to make arrangements for the delivery of a load of booze that was due in on a freighter Saturday night. We kept our supplies in a cellar we had dug under that old house on Telephone Road. Old man Fox was the caretaker of the house. If you want to prosecute me for bootlegging"—he looked at the district attorney—"go ahead. I'll tell the truth and take the consequences later."

The district attorney said nothing. Judge Morrison cleared his throat. His face was beet red.

"You should make no statements here that you haven't already discussed with me," he addressed O'Toole sharply. He looked around the room. "You will pardon my interruption, gentlemen, but this man is confessing to things that he hadn't confided even to his lawyer. I may say that I took this case at the solicitation of Mr. Hunt, whose paper I represent as attorney, but I did not anticipate being made a fool of in this way. I really don't feel—"

"That's all right, Judge Morrison," O'Toole put in hastily. "Mr. Hunt and Miss Lomax heard that part of the story on Saturday night before they turned me over to the state authorities. I just supposed they had passed it on to you. You will recollect that I told you everything but the part about Mrs. Browning's being my partner in the business. I just thought I wouldn't bring that up any more; it looks like I was trying to blacken the name of a dead woman who was mighty kind to me. But when I started to talk just now, you gentlemen were sitting there so plainly expecting me to give you a cock-and-bull story that I got sore in spite of myself and started spilling the beans."

"Let the boy alone, Bob," Hunt cut in. "If he tells only what he told me, he won't be hanging himself."

O'Toole went on more calmly, a little awkward when he came to telling of his love affair with Alice, of his plan to be married and go to California, but doggedly determined, it seemed to Sally, to withhold nothing. He told of Angela's bitter attack upon him on the ride up from Galveston, of her dull fury after she began drinking with old Fox at the old house, of her rising temper as she drank more.

"She was pretty nasty by the time she ordered me to get out. Old man Fox was as drunk as a lord."

"Why did she order you to leave?" Eddy wanted to know.

"She was expecting a visitor to meet her out there. The old man told her: 'You ought to know he won't come in while they's a car parked outside.'"

"You have no idea who this visitor was?"

"No, I have not. If I knew who he was, I'd know enough to solve this thing.

"I believe that person poisoned Mrs. Browning and the old man and set the house afire, and had the blood of a third innocent person on his hands when Alice Blair . . . shot herself."

"Alice Blair didn't shoot herself, Terry." Andy Hunt's voice was uncommonly gentle. Every person in the room whirled around or looked up to stare at him.

"What did you say?" The district attorney's words were bulletlike.

"I said Alice Blair didn't shoot herself. She was murdered, more coldly than her sister and Martin Fox. Somebody visited Alice Blair on Friday night, with enough morphine in whisky to kill three women, got it down her, laid her out on her bed, unconscious, and shot her through the mouth to make it look like suicide."

There was another stupefied silence.

"The Pioneer had a private autopsy performed and a chemical analysis made of her stomach. The person who killed Angela and the old man also killed Alice."

THE clanging silence that followed this even-voiced judgment was broken by a rap at the door. Hunt leaped to his feet and opened it. A tall thin man, the image of the old-fashioned barrister, stood in the doorway.

"I trust you gentlemen will forgive my being late. I had to go out to the country to see a bedridden client who wanted to make her will."

Lomax arose.

"All of you gentlemen know Mr. Potts, I believe. This is my sister Sally."

Sally took the lean hand he offered. It was cold as ice.

All the installments of Smoke Screen have been moving toward next week's tremendous climax—a climax that solves the mystery and ends the story.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Eric Knew His Etiquette

Eric, aged six, objected to having his napkin tucked in under his chin. One day his mother found him with it across his knees and scolded him.

"But, mother, my pants are newer than my sweater," he said.—Harold J. Strong, 3139 Kalmis St., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

Lost—a Family Resemblance

Jack fell and bumped his head and cried lustily.

"You'd look more like papa if you'd stop crying," said Isbell.

"And you'd act a lot more like mama if you'd thympathize a little," retorted Jack.—Alice Woss, 7110 Ignatius St., Chicago, Ill.

avoid sluggish health

— says CHICK EVANS

"YOU can't keep yourself up to par if your system is clogged," says Chick Evans, famous golf star, in one of his articles on golf.

"The clear eye that helps put the pellet down the center of the fairway is quickly dimmed by intestinal sluggishness. It destroys the steadiness of hand that means so much on the green."

For more than thirty years Pluto Mineral Water has been the favored laxative of noted athletes, professional and amateur. They know its value in combating the evils of constipation. They know, as do millions of other people, how it relieves the most stubborn case in from thirty minutes to two hours.

Doctors recommend Pluto Mineral Water, because it cannot form a habit, cannot gripe, cannot injure delicate tissues. A little each morning upon arising, diluted in plain hot or cold water, helps ward off many serious ailments, and promotes a healthy sense of physical well-being.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs, Ind., and is sold at drug stores and fountains everywhere.

PLUTO WATER

This is the manner in which Paris clothes are chosen. The hour of the mannequin parade chez Cyber.

The Rue Royale is a royal street in prestige and prices.

Avenue Matignon, where are many palaces of the mode.

Paris Burwars

Some Hints for Prospective Shoppers

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

OF the several thousand tourists who come to Paris every year, more than half are women, and one hundred per cent come to buy clothes.

The average feminine tourist fondly imagines that she has only to step out around any corner of Paris to find the most enchanting clothes in the world. This is her first and greatest delusion, and her second is like unto it. She is certain that she can get for herself the exquisite hand-made garments for which Paris is famous, at prices akin to those in bargain basements at home. She is wrong on both counts.

There are no really smart ready-made clothes on tap in Paris, with the exception of model costumes suitable for the tall, size sixteen woman. If you happen to be any other size you must have your Paris clothes made to order—an affair of time and patience.

Paris department stores, unlike those of the United States, do not carry quality merchandise in the way of ready-to-wear clothes. In their dress departments you will find plenty of cheap costumes, as to quality that is, but they do not have genuine Paris chic.

In addition to the department stores there are hundreds of smaller dress shops in Paris, where more or less authentic copies of clothes from the great French dressmakers can be bought. Most of these shops make their clothes to order, and in many of them the prices are just as high as you would have to pay in one of the great Paris dressmaking houses whe fashions are originate These shops live by the tou ist trade; and you must be a shrewd as a Yankee hors trader to get the value your money in such store Real, true, dyed-in-the-woo Paris fashions are to be had only from the Paris *grands couturiers* themselves, or from the model houses selling off the models of these couturiers at the end of the season.

Any woman coming to Paris can go to the great houses, see their models, find out their prices, and order costumes made expressly for her. To see the clothes in one of the great houses like Lelong, Worth, Patou, Vionnet, or Chanel, you must go at eleven in the morning or three in the afternoon. At these hours the mannequins parade.

YOU may enter freely any famous house, except during the first weeks of February and August, when new fashions are being shown for the first time. At such seasons invitation cards are necessary, and difficult to get, because wholesale buyers are making their selections.

When you go into a great dressmaking establishment in Paris you are immediately assigned a *vendeuse* (saleswoman), who stands beside your chair and tries to help you to make a selection. While you are under no obligation to buy, it is not advisable to return to the same house several times without buying. French houses are suspicious of "eye" shoppers, and they have an uncanny memory for faces.

Some of the greatest dressmaking houses in Paris have main-floor shops where you can buy ready-to-wear clothes at less expense. Lucien Lelong has a shop on the main floor of the house in the Avenue Matignon where his main establishment is. In this shop you can buy a simple ready-made dress, designed by Lelong, for from eighty to a hundred dollars. Upstairs in his salons the price would be about $140, made to order. Worth has no downstairs shop for dresses, but in his Rue de la Paix salons the prices range from $160 to $600 for a dress or ensemble. A simple Worth ensemble can be bought for the first price, or an afternoon frock of silken stuff.

THOSE fortunate women who can wear model clothes may go to such a shop as Anna Lowe, on the Avenue Matignon, and buy models from the great houses, ready made, for an average price of forty dollars a garment. Such clothes have usually been worn for a season by the mannequins in the famous house, and will often need cleaning. They are, however, made of the finest materials and best workmanship.

After the *grand couturier* and the model house the best bet is the smaller dressmaker, whose prices average forty dollars for a dress and about fifty for a coat without fur. The best known of these dressmaking houses is the Quartier de l'Europe in Montmartre, a house that does an enormous business with tourists. There are no mannequins in such houses, but you are shown models which you may try on. The copy is usually well fitted and well made. The materials are seldom as fine as those found in the great houses, however.

THE Paris hat gets its supreme allure from the fact that French milliners make all hats on the head. This is a factor to consider. Foolish indeed is the virgin who tries to get a ready-made hat in Paris.

The best place to go for your Paris hat is to one of the good *modistes*, as they are called here. You can buy a real Gaby Mono hat, made for you and you alone, for an average price of eighteen dollars, right in her Place Vendôme shop. You can buy the smartest and most comfortable hat in the world from Agnès in the Rue St. Florentine for an average price of twenty-five dollars. The great Reboux will not touch a hat under forty dollars, but it will be a masterpiece.

Costume jewelry is cheap in Paris, and the department stores and the Rue de Rivoli shops offer it in quantity and variety. French silk stockings are beautiful but extremely fragile, and they average from three to five dollars a pair. French gloves of good quality cost three dollars and upward—mostly upward. Hand bags are as expensive as in the States, and often not so well made.

So, if your time is limited, buy your Paris fashions ready made at home, and spend your time sight-seeing and shopping for those small gifts costing a few francs for which the Paris department store is a gold mine.

THE END

The famous Rue de la Paix—where you pay and pay and pay.

An ensemble like this one from Worth comes high, for you buy an original Paris creation.

For this simple little summer dress from Worth you must pay well because it is embroidered by hand with straw.

The Eternally Attractive Woman

By Eileen Bourne

If you can remember back a dozen or fifteen years, you may recall the fine contempt with which young Miss Efficiency, then in her independent swaddling clothes, used to scorn the fluffy, feminine *She* who held to her girlish wiles regardless of the parade that was passing.

But now look at Miss Efficiency, accomplishing amazing feats, business, professional, and sport—*but* flirting outrageously with the most delightfully idiotic feminine fripperies: beads and bangles, ear ornaments and arm-long gloves and sweeping skirt lengths, and hair leaning toward curl and fluff as it hasn't done in a long time. Proving what?

That you cannot down the feminine instinct to be feminine for long.

Just as an example. A certain young woman became so completely involved in making a success of a business of her own—and a rather unique one for a woman—that she unconsciously wrote into her clothes orders the practical, durable qualities of the product she manufactured. She met men, many of them, but her product interested them more than she did. Because she has more time now, and more money, she has been taking the advice of a clever saleswoman friend in an exclusive dressmaking place.

The saleswoman has changed our friend from head to foot—made her alter her coiffure and discard the type shoe she was wearing, put her in softer fabrics, and stocked her with lovely perfume and intriguing costume jewelry. And the first man that took her out to dine in all her feminine glory said: "You know, you always seemed more like a machine than a woman. Why, you're lovely!"

We get to thinking of beauty in terms of lotions used and what they do, of the silhouette, of the quality of the hair, the complexion, and the teeth. But there's the lovely ensemble of the woman herself—her dress, her voice, her grace of manner, her perfume, her dainty accessories.

A male acquaintance returned from Palm Beach recently raving about the looks of the women he saw there.

"Gosh," he said, "they're girls for real. Haven't seen 'em like that since I was a boy in grammar school. They're great! They're so darn different and decorative a fellow likes to just look at them!"

So look yourself over. Maybe you've always been the sort of person who instinctively knew the value of being really a girl. But if you haven't, try a few of the feminine subtleties and see what they bring. It's a grand time to go feminine.

Have you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 64-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Here's that New Way of Removing Arm and Leg Hair

So Many Women Are Asking About

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Utterly Avoids Fostering Bristly Re-growth

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called Neet—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

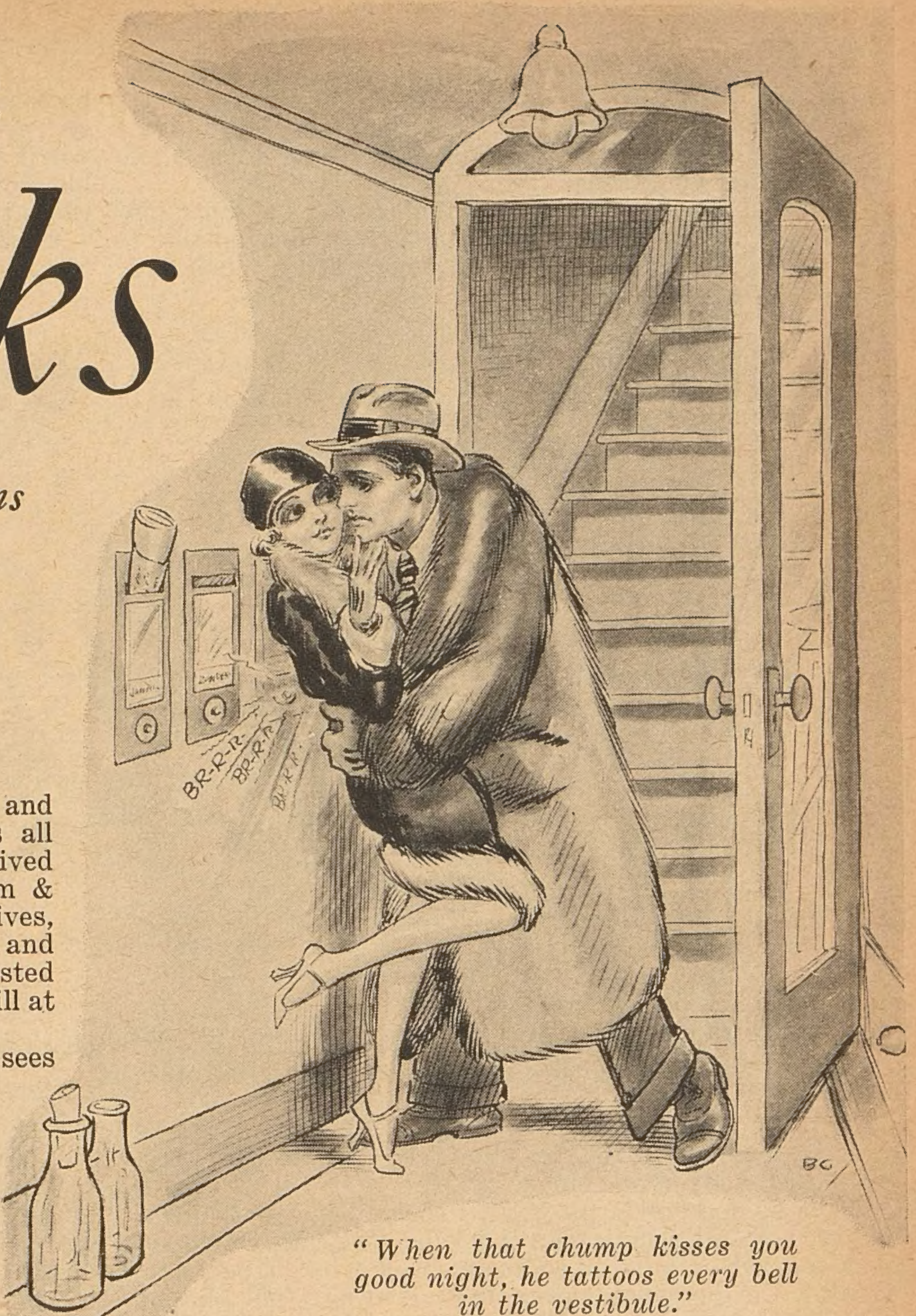
Neet
Cream Hair Remover

The Macks

They Count a Couple of Chickens Before They're Hatched

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN



"When that chump kisses you good night, he tattoos every bell in the vestibule."

PEGGY MACK, the vamp of the Mack family and typewriter crasher in lower Broadway, is all cheered up over the fact that her father has received a letter from the law firm of Hookum, Dooem & Chiselem. The letter states that one of his relatives, a Miss Nellie Stub (seventy-four), has passed on, and that the members of the Mack family are requested to be present at the opening and reading of the will at the surrogate's office.

Peggy is all hopped up over the news. She sees signs of getting that nifty raccoon coat she's always longed for, and is wondering how soon she can put the typewriter in moth balls. Her brother Buddy, who jerks the soda and nuts the sundaes for Mr. Leggett, also has visions of heavy dough and a nifty straight eight.

As for Ma and Pa Mack, they don't know what it's all about. They're just sitting tight. They don't know whether or not Nellie Stub has left them a bag of potatoes or eight or ten yachts.

Let's go up to the Mack family and get a load of the conversation.

"LISTEN here!" remarked Buddy to Pa Mack. "When do we go into the big money?"

"How do I know?" answered the old man, adjusting his tin spectacles. "All I know is that we got a letter about the readin' of the will."

"Maybe we won't get anythin'!" chirped Ma Mack as she closed the holes on a basketful of socks.

"Listen, ma! Don't be like that!" broke in Peggy. "You know very well that that old maid had *plenty* of sugar before she folded up!"

"I'll say she did!" said Buddy. "Didn't you tell us, pop, she inherited that great big Stub contractin' business from her old man?"

"Sure she did. She must have been worth three or four million, if she was worth a dime."

"Sufferin' wildcats!" exclaimed Buddy. "Looks to me like we'll be sittin' on top of the world."

"Now, listen here!" remarked Peg. "The first thing we're goin' to do when we get the dough, is *move*. Yes, and into a better neighborhood."

"You said it!" roared Buddy. "We'll slough this joint an' park in a Ritzy layout up in Westchester or Long Island where the high hats live. Gosh, it sure will be great to look out the window and see trees an' grass, instead of elevated trains and clothes on the line."

"You be still!" snapped Ma Mack. "We've lived in this flat for eighteen years and it's been pretty comfortable. And, besides, we know everybody on the block."

"That's all right," Buddy broke in, "but I ain't goin' to see you puttin' out ashes one minute and gettin' into your limousine the next. Don't be goofy!"

"You're crazy!" squawked the old man. "The likes of you thinkin' we're goin' to be gallivantin' around in a shiny car."

"And why not?" popped Peggy. "If the Owens can do it, we can. And HOW! Look at them! What did they ever have? Why, he used to be a bricklayer!"

"All the more power to him," groaned the old man. "I was a bricklayer once myself, and now I'm an engineer."

"Ho, ho, ho! An engineer! That's a laugh," roared Buddy, lying back in his chair.

"Sure, an engineer!"

"You don't call runnin' a steam shovel an engineer, do you?"

"WHAT! Say, listen here, young fellar, I'll have you know—"

"STOP your fightin', you two!" cried Ma Mack, laying down her basket and shaking her finger. "Your father's a *real* engineer and he's kept the family together ever since you was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"But, ma," persuaded Peggy, "we can't be livin' in a dudy layout an' have pop workin' a steam shovel in a ditch. What will the neighbors say?"

"We should worry about the neighbors! They'll have us in the grease anyway, and, what's more, pop is goin' to retire," said Buddy.

"What d'ya mean—retire? You kids must be out of your mind!"

"Is that so! Well, you'll see. An', what's more, ma's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

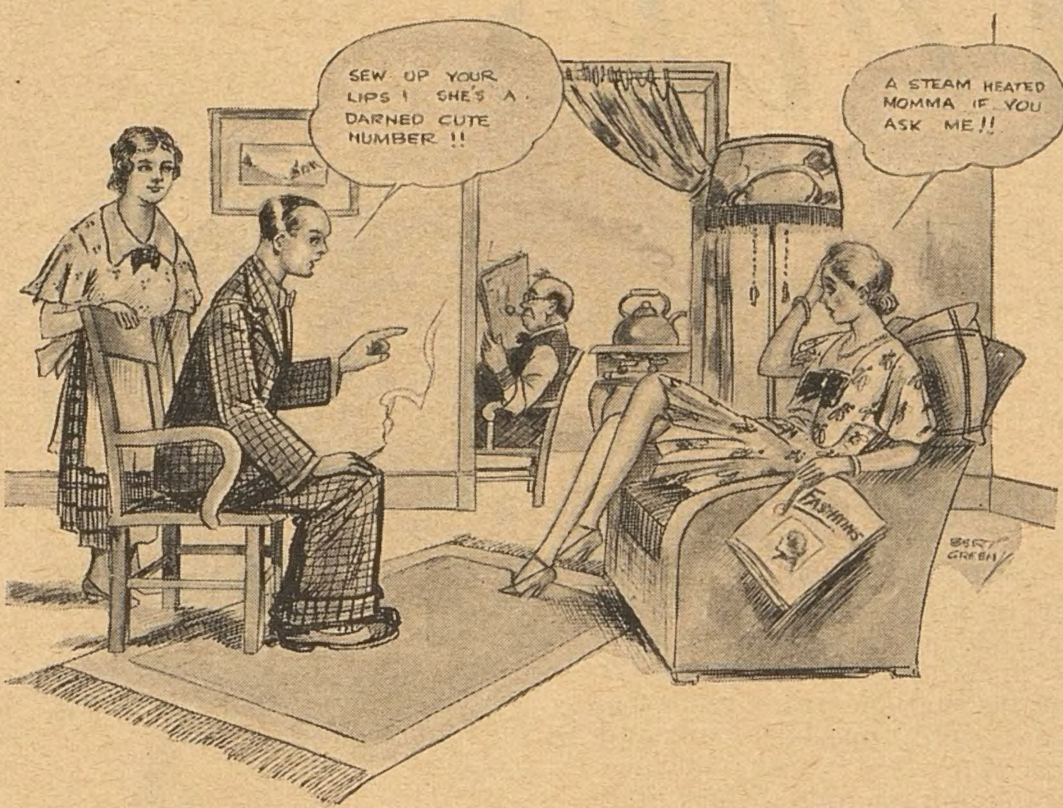
goin' to have a maid!" squawked Peg, laying it on thick.

"An' what would I be doin' with a maid?" laughed Ma Mack, throwing up her hands.

"Bossin' her around, that's what!" laughed Buddy. "You're not goin' to let that fat Mrs. Owen stick it all over you, are you, mom?"

"Well, I like that! Where the devil does she get off sportin' a maid? She used to be a servant once herself."

"I know that—you can't tell 'em apart. When the servant ain't workin', she and Mrs. Owen sit in the livin' room and blow up the butts!" giggled Buddy.


SEW UP YOUR LIPS! SHE'S A DARNED CUTE NUMBER!!
A STEAM HEATED MOMMA IF YOU ASK ME!!
BERT GREEN

"That's a break," laughed Peg. "But honest, ma, we got to move out of this place and grab a nice house in the suburbs."

"You said a mouthful," replied her brother. "One of those nobby places with breakfast rooms, archways, an' hot and cold foldin' beds, an' cedar closets, an' iceless ice boxes, an' pink bathtubs, an' all that kind of stuff."

"Go on!" steamed the old man. "You and your pink bathtubs! You kids are goin' goofy! I'd look swell smokin' a clay pipe in a pink bathtub, wouldn't I?"

"Goofy, my eye!" returned Peg. "But you won't be smokin' a clay pipe, dearie. You'll be smokin' perfectos. That's what Mr. Owen smokes."

"Oh, he does, eh? By golly, I remember when he was glad to smoke linoleum in a clay pipe. Yes, an' I remember, too, when he walked eight blocks for a perfecto, thinkin' the guy would never throw it away. The likes of him smokin' perfectos. Well, if *he* can do it, Tom Mack can!" bellowed the old man, sticking out his chest.

"Atta boy," twittered Peg. "An', another thing, ma will have to have her own car. Yes, an' maybe a turkey in front all dressed up to drive her around!"

"Aw, quit your kiddin'," smiled Ma Mack, blushing.

"WELL, if Mrs. Owen can do it, you can!" squeaked Buddy with a sly wink at his sister.

"Is that so? An' who's after tellin' you that? Why, the only time that that old dame was ever in the inside of an automobile was ridin' to a funeral in a rented car!"

"Well, you should see her now," gasped Peg, going through a bunch of high-hat gestures. "She comes out of her house like this in a sealskin coat, and gets into her limousine while the chauffeur holds the door. Honest, it's a riot! You don't know the half of it."

"I knew her when she didn't even have carfare and was goin' around with a shawl over her head."

"Why, sure, mom. You don't want a false alarm like her high-hattin' you, do you? She's just a mess moll from Tenth Avenue puttin' on the swank," meowed Peg with a wave of her hand.

"You're right. Why, her old man used to janitor over in the Savoy flats. He's just a heel—a regular ham and beaner! Where does he get off to bow into a catzy flop like that?"

"Yes, an' another thing, pa, old dear. Mom's goin' to have her hair bobbed and a permanent wave stuck in it!"

"Go along you, the money's goin' to your head! A nice-lookin' thing she'd be with bobbed hair!" Pa Mack shot back, glaring at his wife.

"And why not?" queried Peg. "She'd be the sweetest little mom in the world with bobbed hair! Don't kid yourself. Gosh, it'll make her look ten years younger. And, besides, nobody goes around these days with a bale of hay on the back of their necks. The first thing you know you'll have robins buildin' a nest in it. Say, with a black velvet Parisian creation and bobbed hair you'd be the cat's spats and *what I mean!*"

"Atta girl!" chuckled Buddy, slapping his sister on the back. "You get her one of those Garbo bobs and she'll look like a million."

"Stop your foolin', you two," Ma Mack said, blushing like a schoolgirl. "I'd look fine, wouldn't I, an old lady like me with bobbed hair?"

"On the up and up, ma, you'd knock 'em for a row—" Buddy tried to finish.

"PAY no attention to 'em, Sarah," gasped the old man, throwing down his specs. "They'll have you all painted up like a wild Indian and drinkin' gin if you listen to 'em. These cake-eatin' kids today are mad, I'm tellin' you! Mad, that's what!" and with that, he walked into the kitchen.

"Yes, and it'll be just too bad for that sax-tootin' boy friend of yours when we move into that Ritzy layout," Buddy chuckled as he addressed his sister.

"What d'ya mean, big boy?"

"Lay off the comedy! Why, you don't suppose for a minute we're goin' in for that low-skull company any more, do you?"

"Is 'at so? Well, I'll have you know that Ted Brown's a gentleman. Yes, an' not like that simple whirling frail, Gracie Lee, you step out with. Why, she's just a twist that used to juggle the wheats in Mr. Childs' pancake department."

"Sew up your lips," sneered Buddy. "She's a darn cute number!"

"A steam-heated mommer, if you ask me," added Peg with a shake of her pretty head.

"Now, listen here, foolish. Don't be catty. I notice you never bring your biggie 'yes and no' chump upstairs, do you?" urged Buddy.

"Well, how can I? I'd look aces anklin' a swell guy like Ted Brown into a joint like this. Why, if he ever blew in and saw pa in his shirt sleeves with his feet in the oven— Honest, I'd swoon."

"What d'ya mean, you'd swoon?"

"You heard me—your ears don't lap!"

"Why, when that varsity chump kisses you good night, it sounds like the breakin' out of a four-alarm fire!"

"Apple gravy!" twittered his sister.

"And how! He tattoos every bell in the vestibule. Talk about your Hunchback of Notre Dame, why, that guy has the Swiss Bell Ringers lashed to the monument, and *what I mean!*"

With that, Peggy, blushing, smiled and left him flat.

Out in the kitchen Pa Mack was trying to read the newspaper as Ma Mack entered.

"D'ya know, Sarah," he said, "maybe we'll be showin' up the Owens at that. Sure, I can't wait fer the readin' of the will."

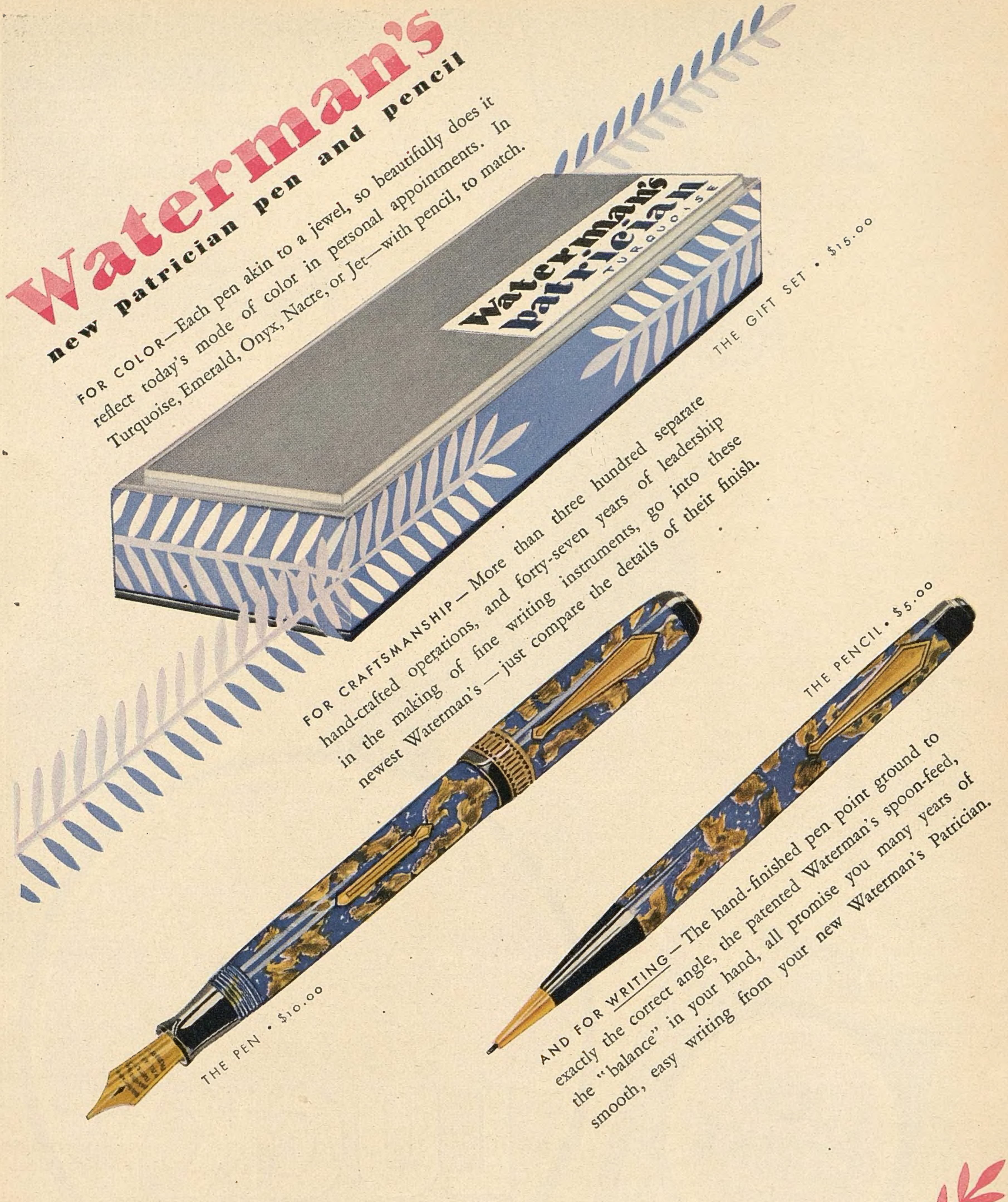
"Neither can I, Tom," remarked Ma Mack as she wrapped her arms about his neck. "But what would you think of your little old lady if she bobbed her hair?"

There'll be more about the Macks in an early issue.

Waterman's

new Patrician pen and pencil

FOR COLOR—Each pen akin to a jewel, so beautifully does it reflect today's mode of color in personal appointments. In Turquoise, Emerald, Onyx, Nacre, or Jet—with pencil, to match.



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Waterman's *No. 7 at $7.* —Seven different pen points are offered for your choice. Ninety-seven per cent of fountain pen users find that *one* of these exactly fits their hand.

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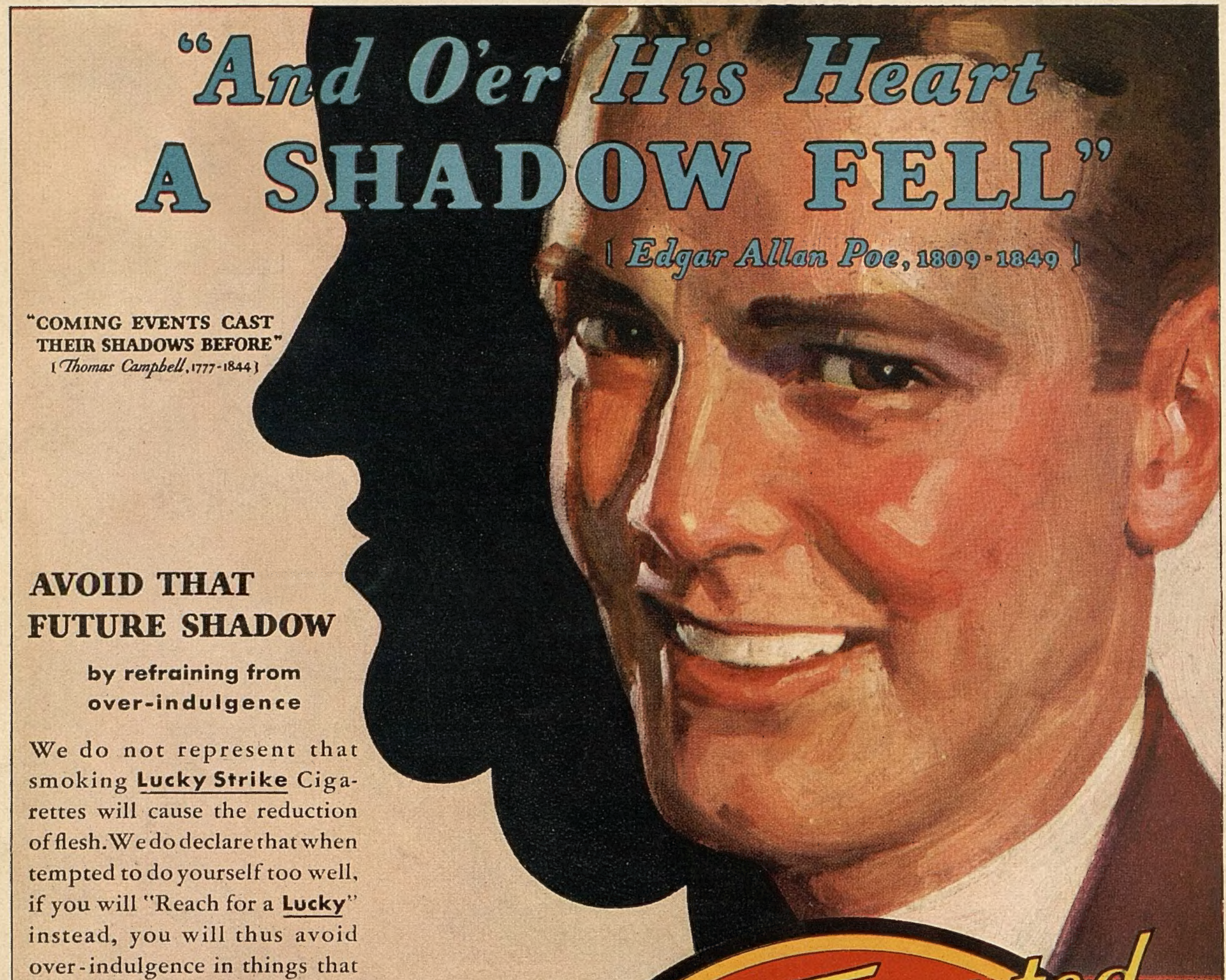
"And O'er His Heart A SHADOW FELL"

(Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849)



"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

When Tempted

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